1980

Lucky Bag

R.G. Smith

1980 LUCKY BAG

United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

1980 LUCKY BAG

Class History 18

Activities:

  Extracurricular 66
  Sports 112
  Social 224
Chain of Command 264
Class of '80 272
The Brigade 354

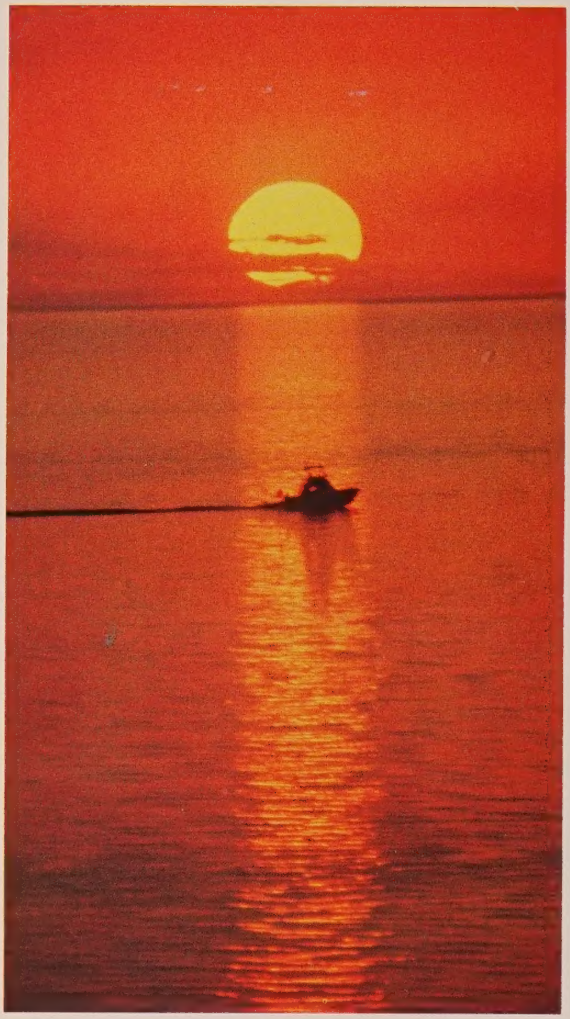
Spec. Coll.
V
415
.J1
L9
1980

4/10/81 Ly

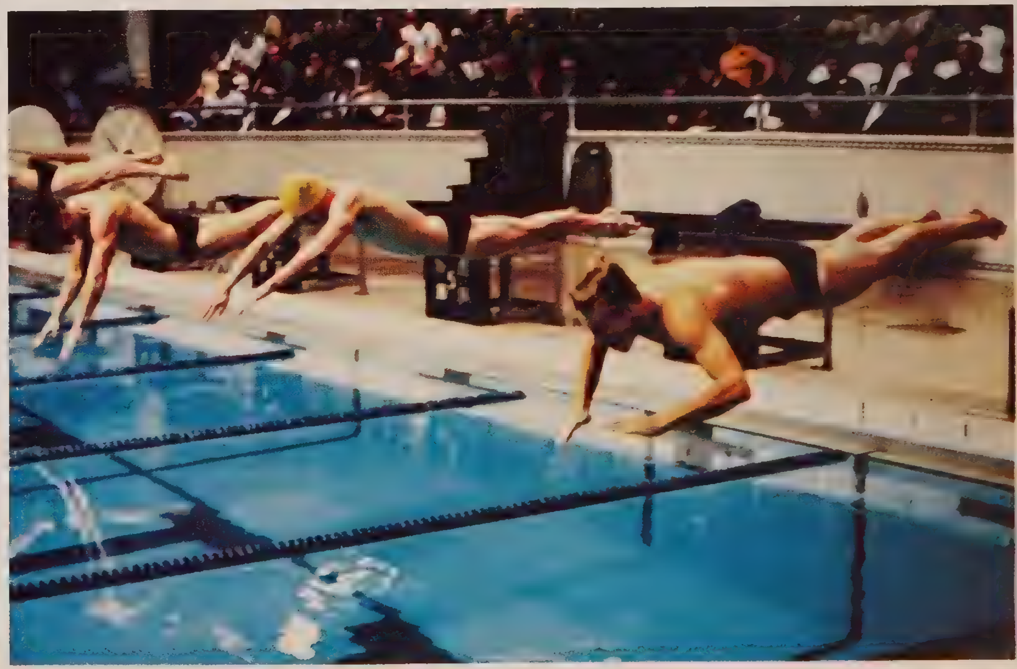
396612

Sign on and Sail with me.
The stature of our homeland is no more than the
measure of ourselves. Our job is to keep her free.
Our will is to keep the torch of freedom burning for all.
To this solemn purpose we call on the young, the brave, and
the strong, and the free. Heed my call. Come to the sea.
Come Sail with me.

JOHN PAUL JONES



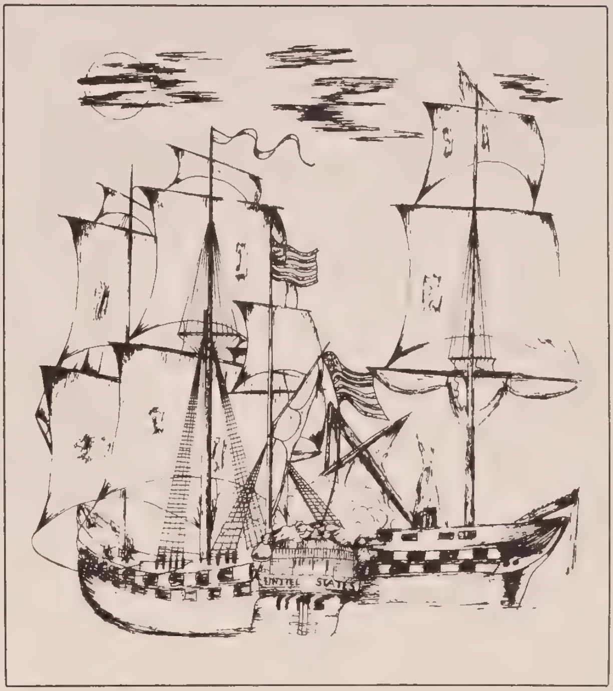
YORK !



N

IGADE OF

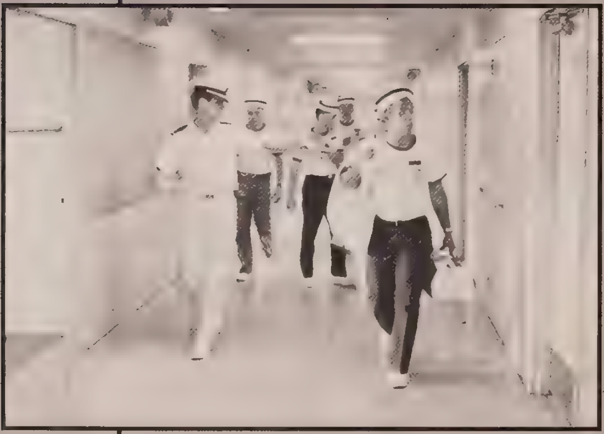
NA 2

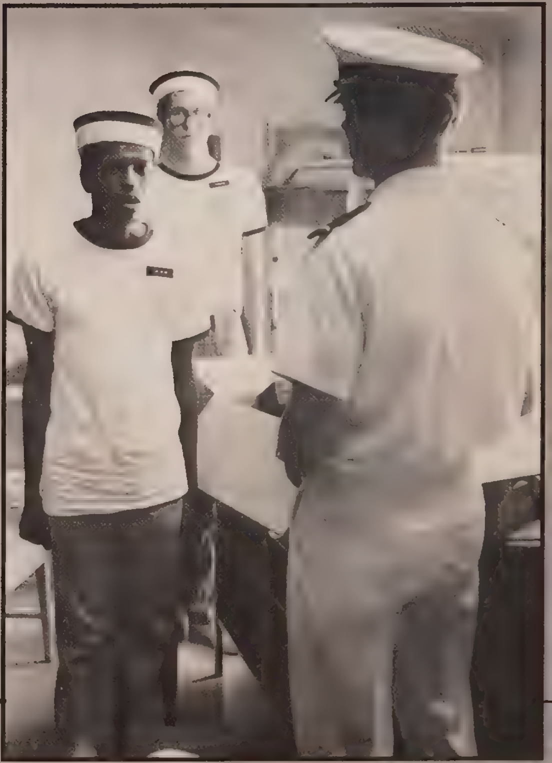

UNITED STATES

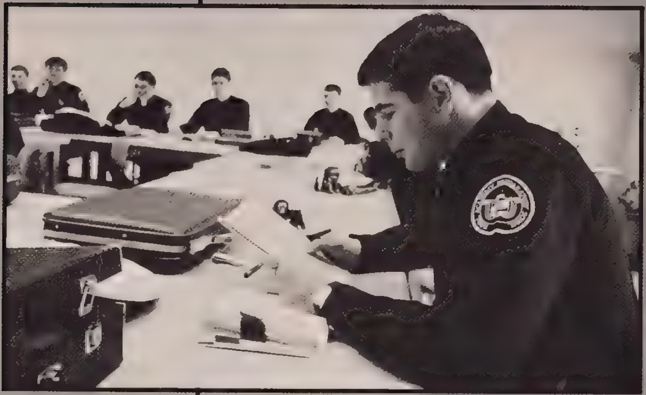
The History of the Class of '80

GATE-1
CLOSED
11PM-7AM

LIBRARY, U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



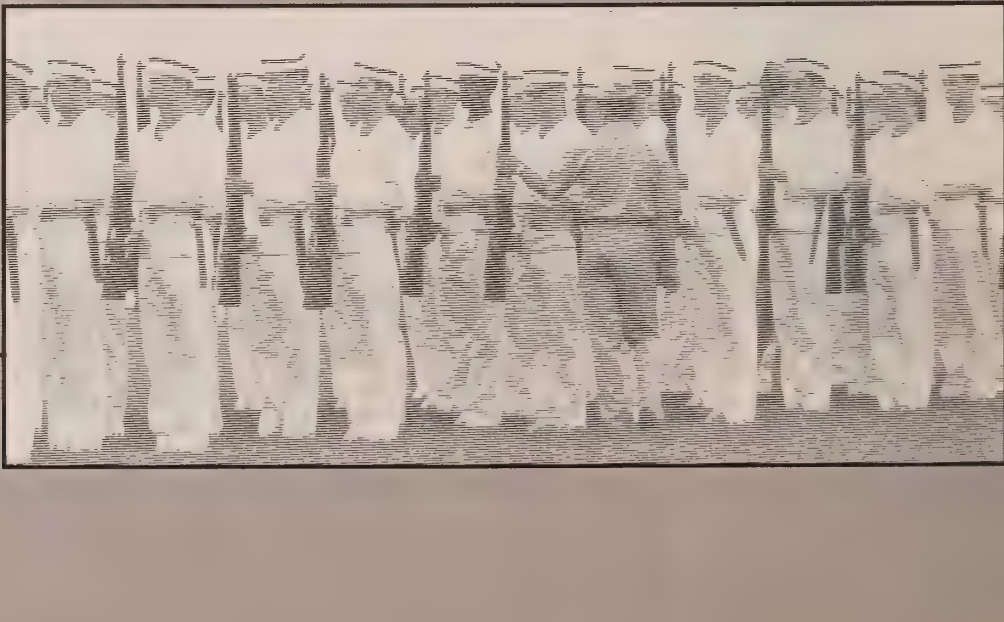


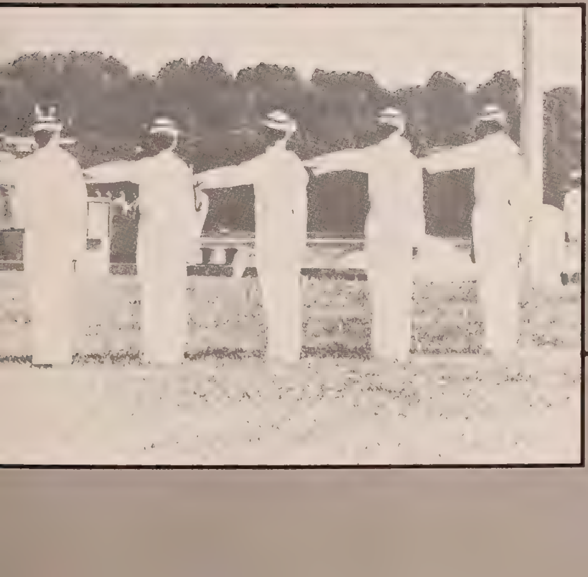


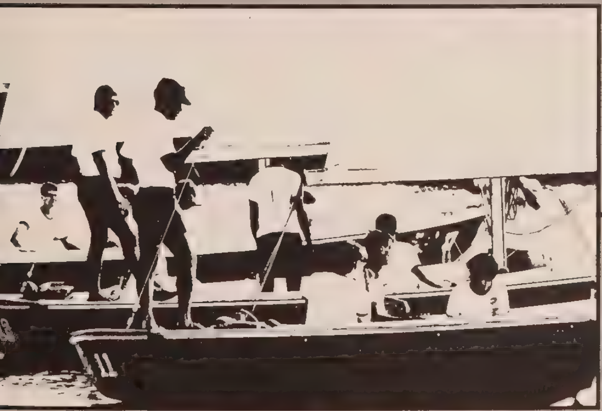
VY PREP

NAVY

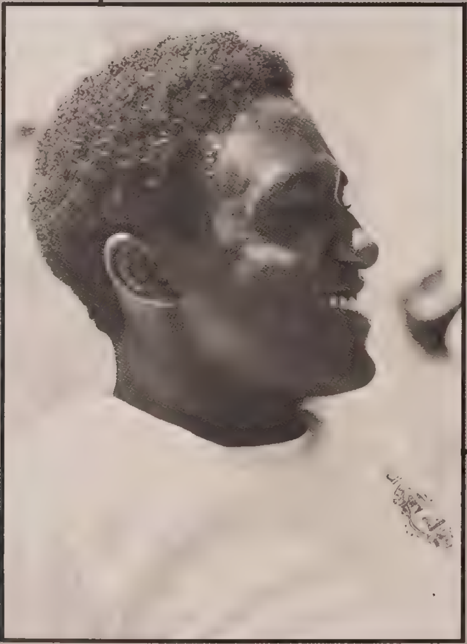
ARNOLD '80

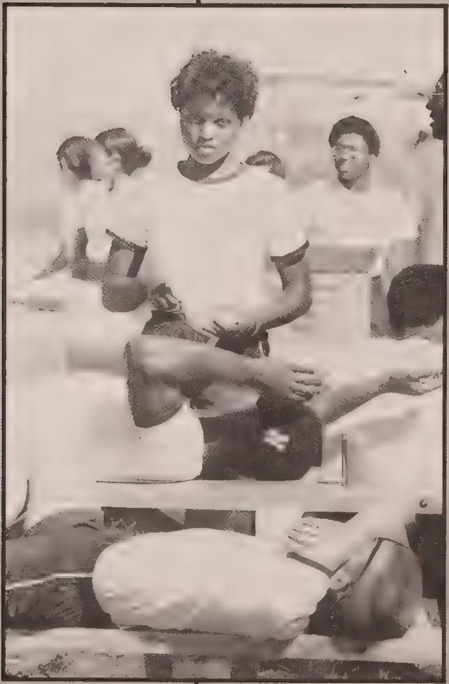


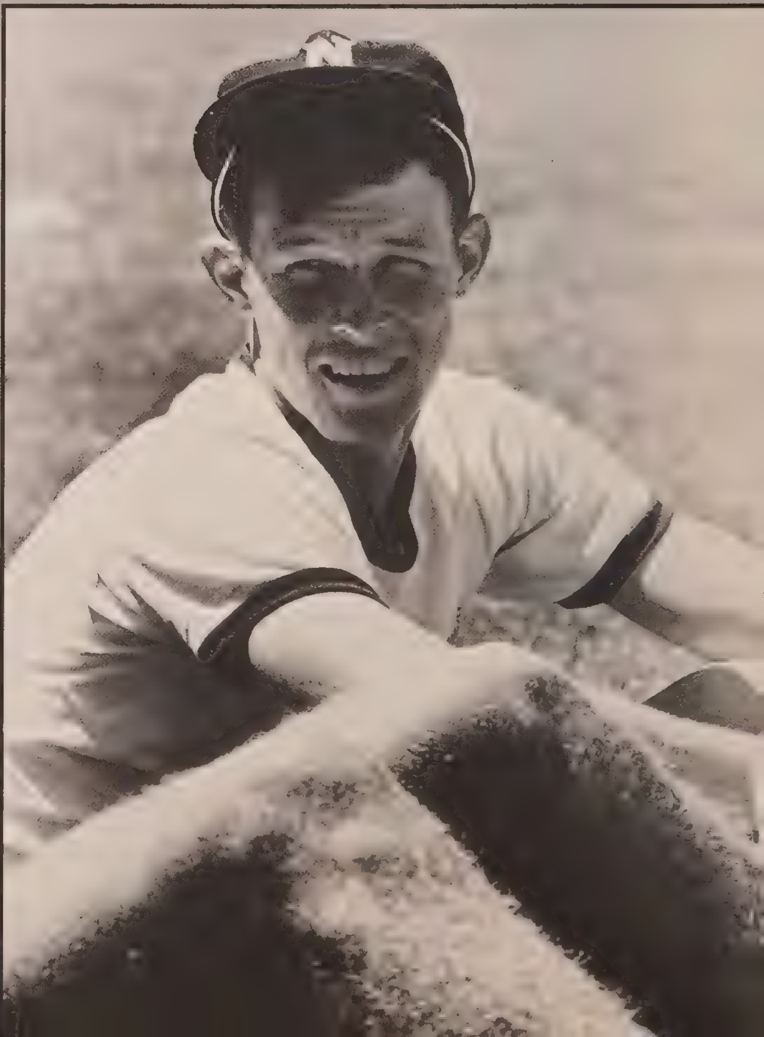




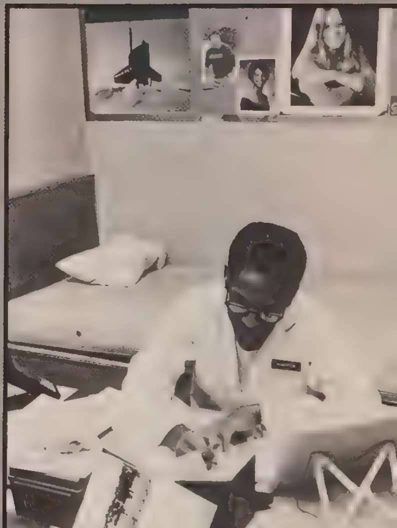
36





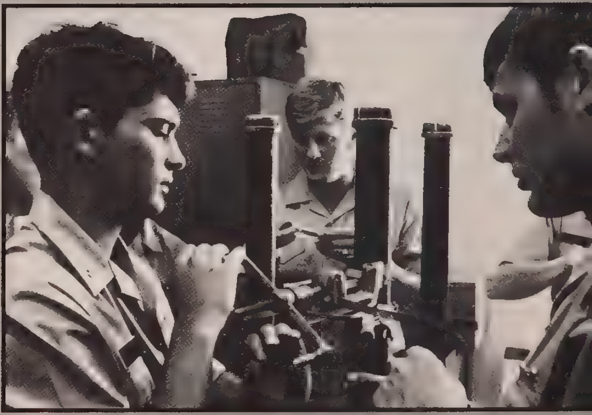


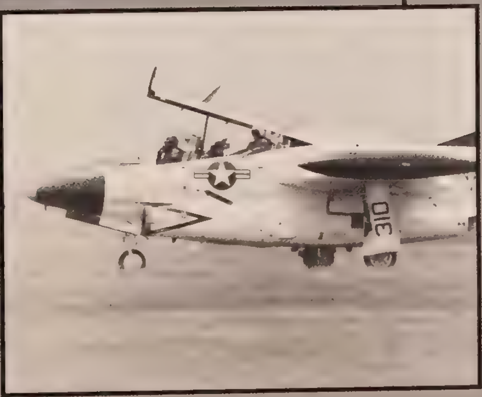
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
10
20

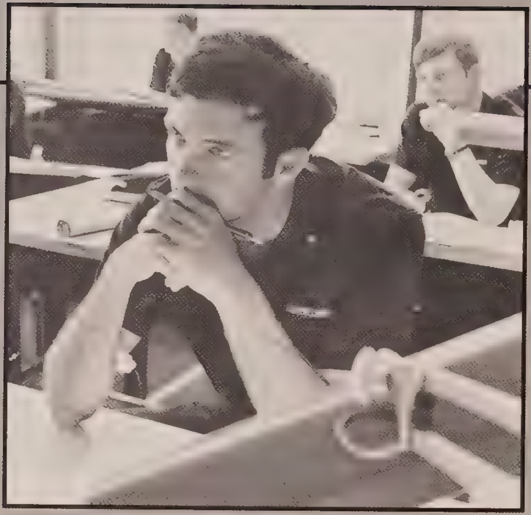


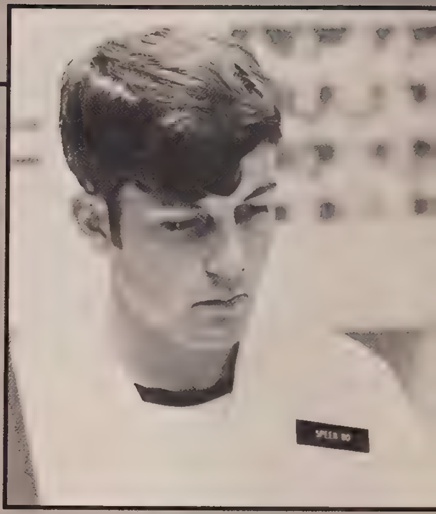
N

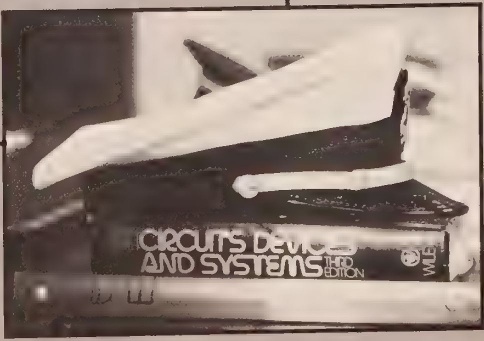
YP 662



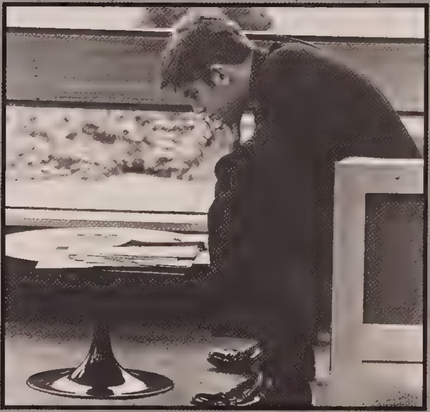

310

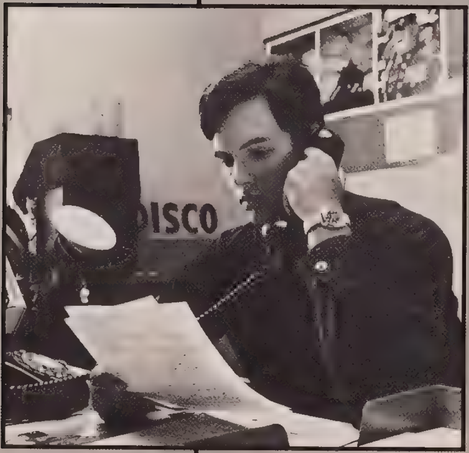




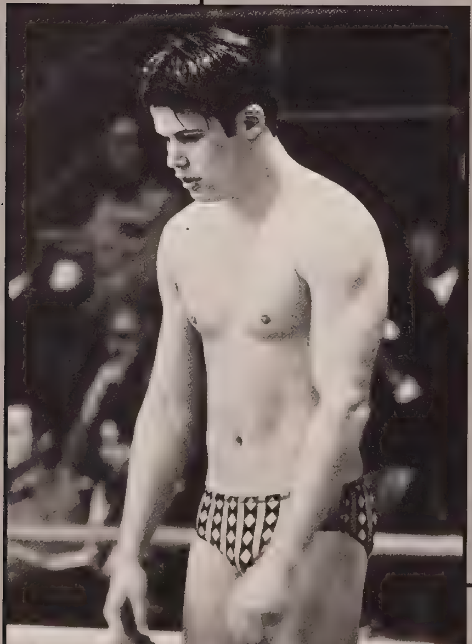

CIRCUITS DEVICES
AND SYSTEMS THIRD EDITION
WILEY

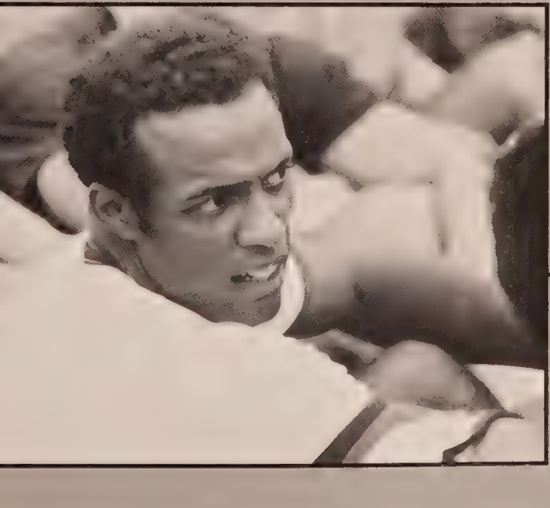
PEP
PEP
PEP

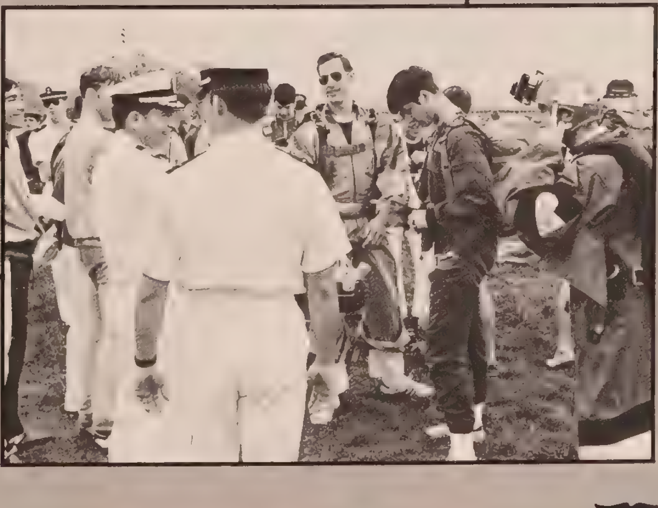



DISCO

91
8







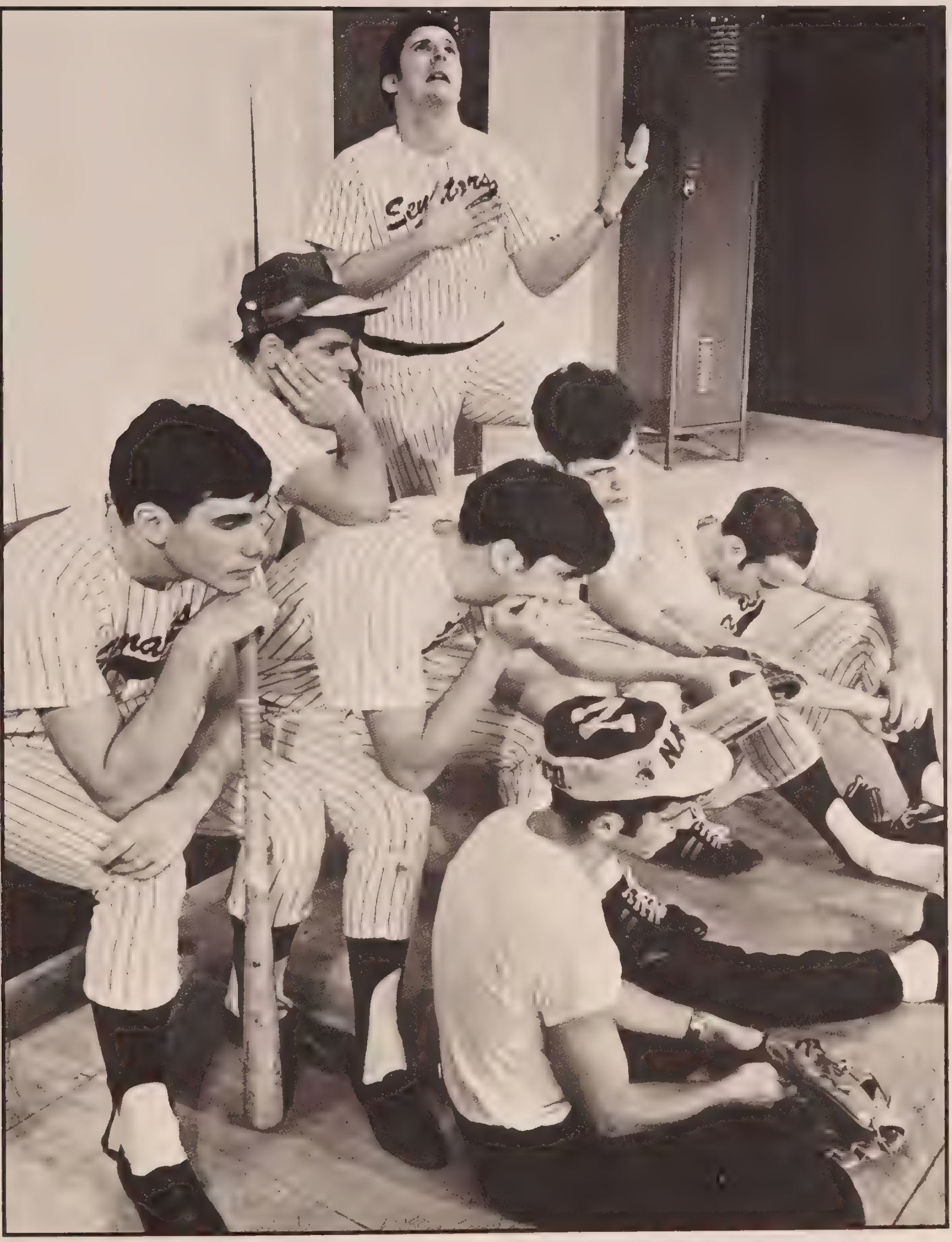
EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Since before the turn of the century the Masqueraders have been performing in Mahan Hall. Usually the Masqueraders present two shows, one the fall and one in the spring.

Behind each production is a group of dedicated Midshipmen who put in long hours in order to put together the shows in such a short time. Midshipmen do all the backstage work from setting up lights to designing the sets. The actors and actresses are also all midshipmen under the direction of Professor Michael Jasperson.

In the fall of 1979 the Masqueraders performed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by William Shakespeare. In the spring of 1980, they performed Jean Anouilh's "Antigone."

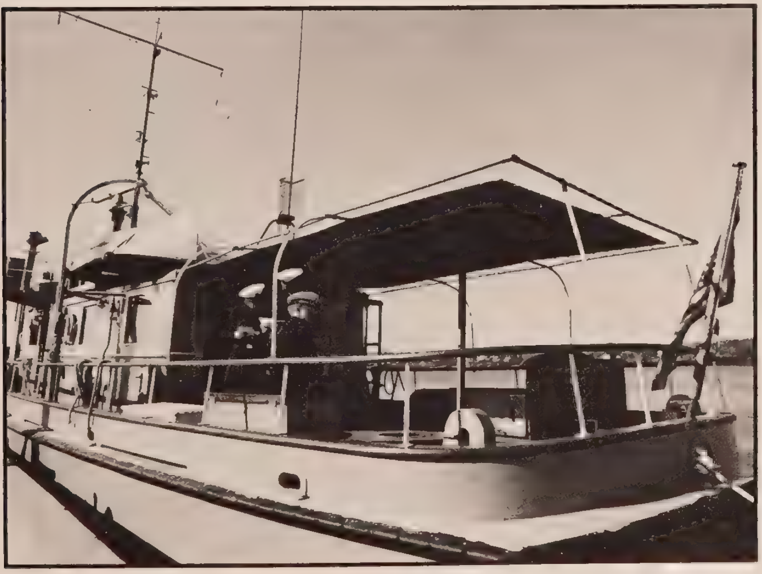
MASQUERADERS



YP 664

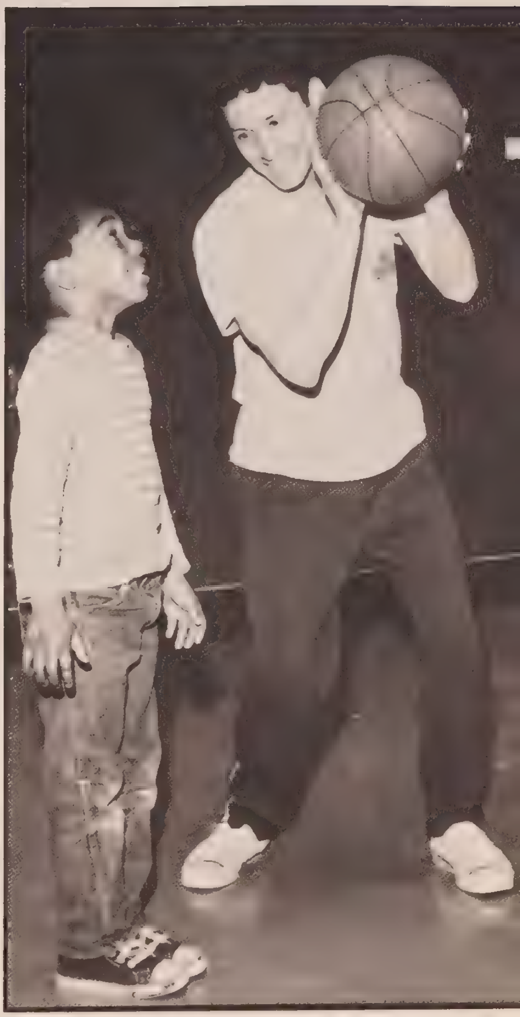
YP 655

YP SQUADRON



BIG BROTHERS
BIG SISTERS

One of the many extracurricular activities available for midshipmen, the Big Brothers/Big Sisters organization has the purpose of service to the community. The group provides a singleparent child with a young adult who will share some time with them - a big brother or sister. At the Naval Academy, midshipmen volunteer their time to spend with local children. Some of this year's activities included bowling, ice skating, movies, a Halloween party, a Christmas party (complete with Santa), and the two long trips: a camping trip and a visit to an amusement park. The emphasis of the club is on individual involvement with the child rather than just participation in group activities. The club is run by midshipmen who work in cojunction with the Anne Arundel Chapter of the National Organization of Big Brothers for the assignment of children in the program.

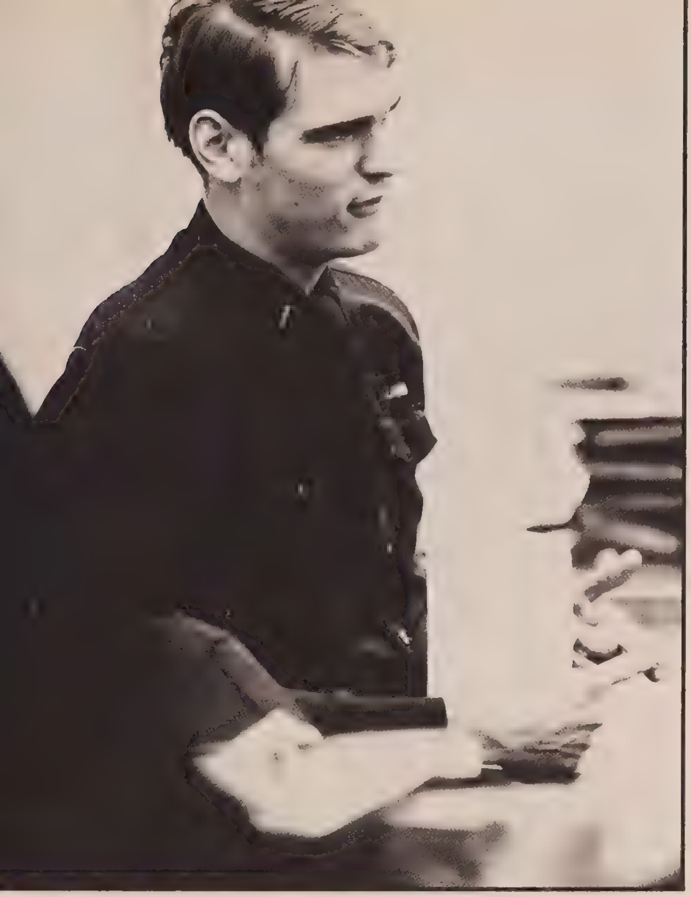


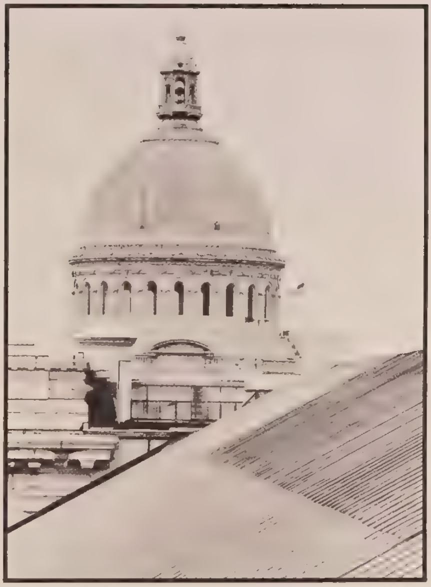
DRILL TEAM

The U.S.N.A. Drill Team is an odd group; one might see them marching slowly and solemnly in the seventh wing L.A. area, or tossing and spinning their rifles on the basketball court in Dalhgren Hall. Devoted to perfection and professionalism, this unit is know as "the varsity E.D. squad." Twenty five individuals using the standard M-1 rifle with fixed bayonets, weighing a total of thirteen and one half pounds, comprise the membership. The precision maneuvers and skillful timing required to insure the safety of each person requires long and tedious practice. To accomplish this, the team practices three hours a day for five days a week in the fall until a strange metamorphosis occurs. The team gradually begins to act as a single entity, thinking and acting as one. Eight weeks in the fall and spring requires dedication and patience, but in the end it pays off. The Drill Team, as of yet, has not received below first place in any competition it has entered.

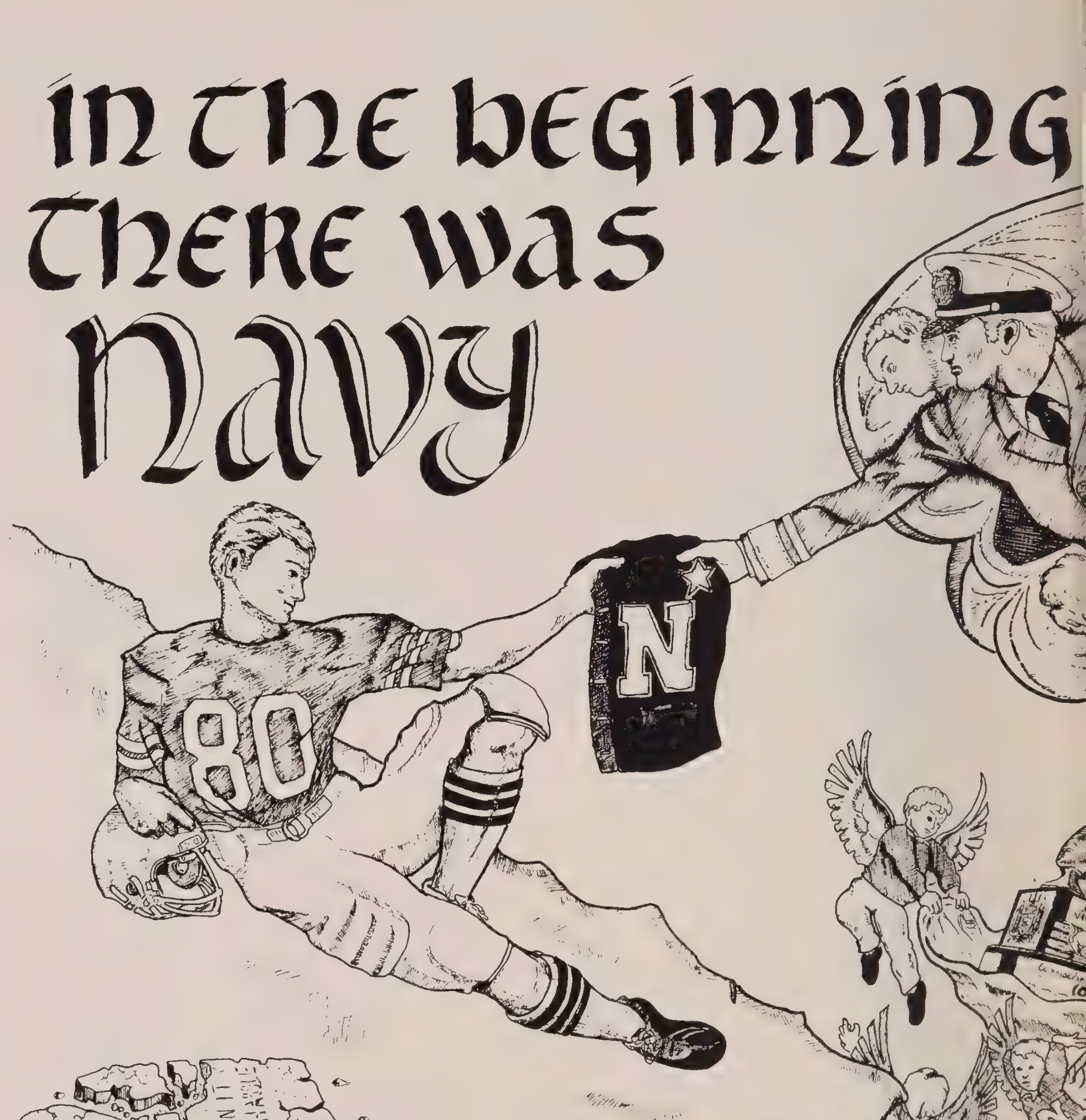
This year the Drill Team has represented the Academy at the annual Appleblossom Festival in Winchester, Virginia, and at the 21st Annual Villanova Invitational Drill Meet, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The team also performs sometime in the spring in T-Court before the Commandant, thus earning the honor of "The Commandant's Own."

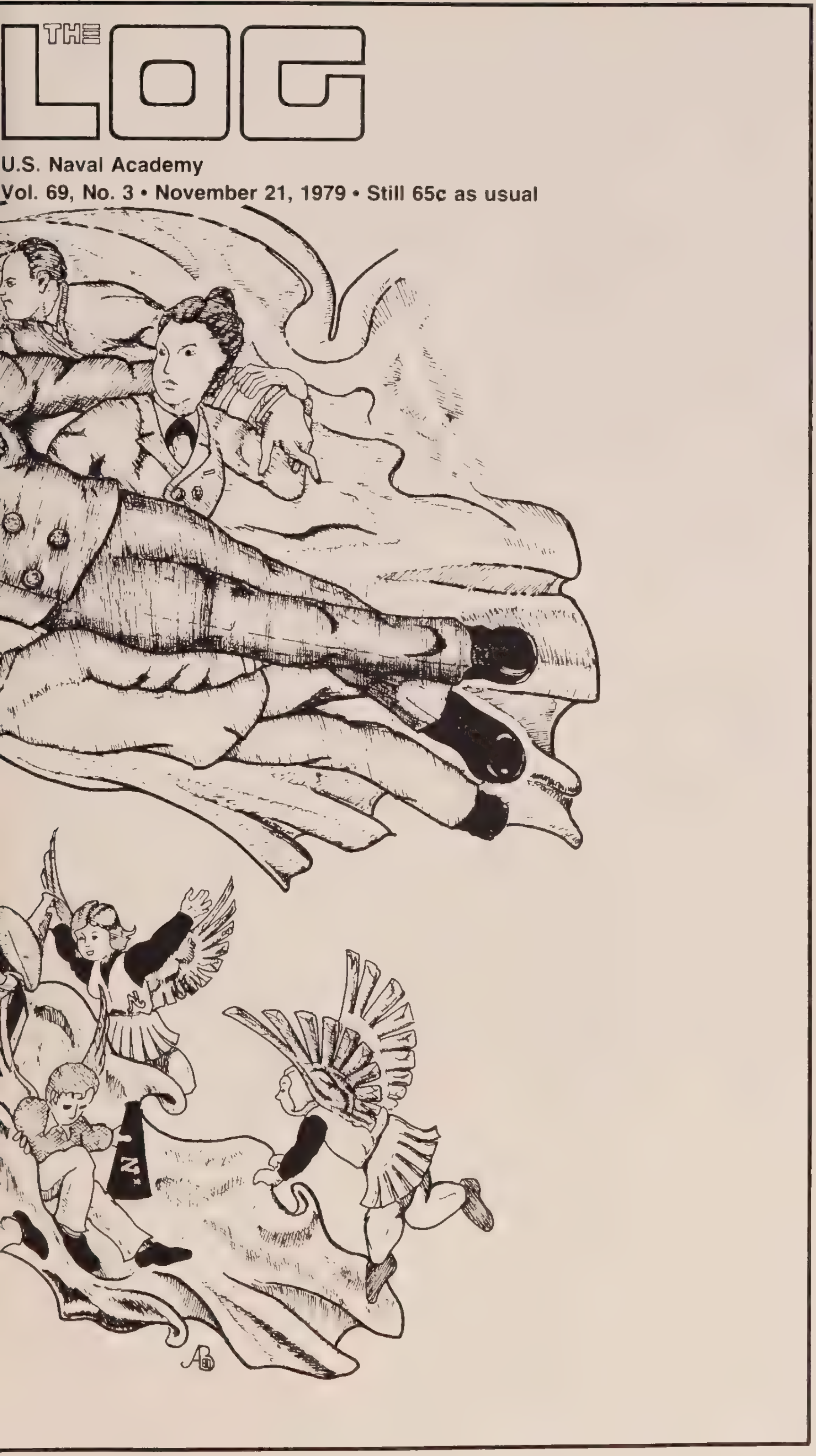
LUCKY BAG





IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS NAVY


80
N
THOU SHALT NOT LOSE



THE LOG

U.S. Naval Academy

Vol. 69, No. 3 • November 21, 1979 • Still 65c as usual

THE LOG

The *LOG* magazine enjoyed one of its finest years ever since its start in 1911. The reason for their success was the presence of several fine artists on the staff dedicated to their task. The Editor-in-Chief, Ted Carter, worked closely with all of his department editors. The *LOG'S* organization was also helped by the experienced Lcdr. J. C. Glutting who was Salty Sam '68.

Issue after issue, the *LOG* received many compliments from the toughest critics known to man — the Brigade of Midshipmen. The men behind the scenes were the key to the magazine's success. Jon Buttram, the Art Editor, totally reorganized the Art department along with compiling the first editor of "The Best of the *LOG* — Art Years." Dennis Murphy helped with layout and added a new dimension of humor to the magazine. Scott Stewart managed the sports column into something that for the first time in years was actually read. Photo Editor Dan Hudson was a big help with his ever ready camera crew. Steve Hooper provided the light reading which soon became a popular column. Finally, Bud Womer was always on hand to include a snappy retort to just about anything.

Overall, the *LOG* had a great year whose success is due in large measure to its class of '80 members: Jon Buttram, Scott Stewart, and of course, Salty Sam '80.

ART AND PRINT CLUB

The brigade's Art and Print Club is a spirit-related function that provides weekly spirit posters during the football season and also for any other major events, such as concerts and demonstrations. All of the posters are printed in their factory in the basement of seventh wing.

Besides printing posters, they are also responsible for the painting of Tecumseh. It takes at least four days to get the bronze Indian ready for Homecoming, Army, and Commissioning Week. Taking pride in their work, the club works hard, having fun at the same time.

TRIDENT CALENDAR

Trident Calendar consists of a small group of midshipmen who put in time and energy to provide the brigade with their most popular calendar. Published primarily for midshipmen, the calendar is complemented by photographs of midshipman life and humorous cartoons. The calendar's annual appearance before Christmas makes it a popular, inexpensive gift for friends and family.

WMID

WMID-TV, the midshipmen's television club, is dedicated to providing the highest standards of entertainment and information to the Brigade. The club's primary production is a five minute weekly information program called Channel Check. Club members shoot and edit film, write scripts, interview guests, and supervise production of each show. Channel Check has been an integral part of several Department of Defense awards won by the Education Resources Center, including the covetted Thomas Jefferson Award in 1978. WMID films all Navy football games for viewing by the Brigade, and use in other shows. During the fall and spring, parades are filmed to assist in the training of judges and drill officers. Recently WMID assisted in the production of Plebe Professional Program films, and has provided technical and logistic support for Army project films.

WRNV

WRNV began as a carrier current station which could only be picked up through the electrical system in Bancroft Hall. Since that humble beginning, it advanced to an AM broadcasting station and then to its present state as a fully operational FM Stereo broadcasting station.

Located at 89.7 on the FM dial, WRNV now services the Brigade, the yard, and the city of Annapolis. They provided twenty-four hours of commerical free music seven days a week. With request lines and a staff comprised of a wide variety of midshipmen, the station rivals local commercial stations for the attention of its listeners.

The Naval Academy's Chess Club has four main objectives. First, it promotes interest in competitive chess within the brigade. Secondly, it provides a means of improving the chess skills of its individual members. It also provides midshipmen with the opportunity and experience of tournament play. Finally, the club establishes a place where members can meet and compete in an atmosphere befitting the game.

To this end, the Chess Club has weekly meetings, sponsors intra-brigade tournaments, and participates in intercollegiate matches, including an annual match with Army. This year, the Navy chess team beat Army and placed first in the class-C division of the Pan-American Intercollegiate tournament.

CHESS CLUB

DISTANCE RUNNING CLUB

The distance running club is designed for everyone from the beginning jogger to the experienced marathon man and meets regularly to discuss training methods, racing tips, strategies, and upcoming events. The club also periodically sponsors guest lecturers.

Club members participated in several runs throughout the year, including the Marine Corps Marathon, the Virginia Beach (Shamrock) Marathon, and the Cherry Blossom Classic. Five of the members did well enough in their races to qualify for the ultimate in distance races, the Boston Marathon.

The club also sponsored the 10-mile Severn River Run, attracting a field of 1300 runners. One of the highlights of the year came when club members teamed with other midshipmen to establish a new world record in the 100-mile relay and a place in Guinness' World Records history.

FORENSICS

The Navy Forensic Activity — better known as the Debate Team — had a very productive and successful year. Debate at the Academy entails hours of work — up to 15 and 20 hours a week for varsity debaters — researching, typing and reproducing evidence, organizing material, and practicing for tournaments. A typical debate tournament begins on a Friday afternoon and extends through Sunday afternoon, with more than sixteen hours of actual debating taking place for the winning teams.

This year, Navy travelled to over fifteen tournaments, ranging from Johns Hopkins University and George Mason University locally, to Emory in Atlanta, West Point in New York, and Western Illinois University in Macomb.

Two midshipmen this year have been invited to participate in the 1980 National Debate Tournament, which annually invites the nation's top debaters to compete. The two, firsties Bruce Incze and Bruce Ross, will travel to the University of Arizona in Tuscon to participate. Ross and Incze have compiled 82 wins and only 38 losses, with a combined total of fourteen top speaker awards, during twelve tournaments this year.

BIKE CLUB

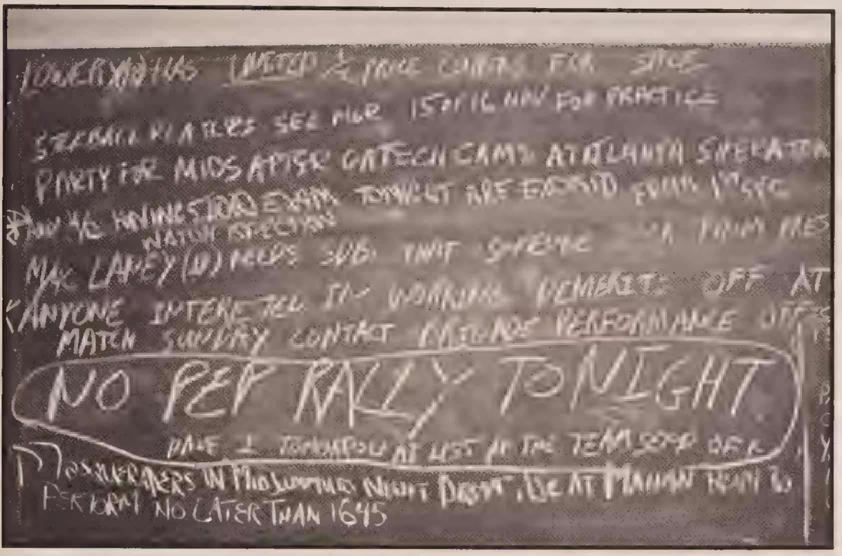
The Bicycle Club is for midshipmen who are interested in organized bicycle tourning and bicycle repair. The club sponsors organized rides in the Fall and Spring, in the immediate and surrounding areas. The club also has a complete repair workshop with a wheel trueing stand, repair stand, and a complete assortment of tools.

STOP
UAW

The U.S. Naval Academy Pep Band is an organization composed of midshipmen dedicated to promoting spirit within the Brigade through music. The band is open to midshipmen of all classes who are willing to volunteer their free time on weekends and selected weekdays to practice and provide support for Navy athletics. Among the band's list of performances are: Navy Football, Cross Country, Soccer, Basketball, Wrestling and Lacrosse contests, pep rallies, Navy team send-offs to away games, the Alumni Banquet (Homecoming weekend), and the Maryland Seafood Festival. The Pep Band travels to several sports contests outside Maryland to provide participating Navy teams the support and spirit they deserve while offering the members of the band the opportunity to travel. Additionally, the Pep Band serves to promote relations between the community and the U.S. Naval Academy. Although performances usually serve the purpose of lending support to Navy-related activities, the U.S. Naval Academy Pep Band welcomes every opportunity to perform for the public and expose the community to one of the Academy's largest musical organizations. The Pep Band is currently under the direction of John Pierce, 1/c, Mark Rogers, 2/c, and Pete Majkowski, 2/c.

PEP BAND

TRIDENT BRASS


PARTY FOR MIDS AFTER GATECH GAME ATLANTA SHERATON
NO PEP RALLY TONIGHT
PERFORM NO LATER THAN 1645

Trident Brass is the brigade's jazz ensemble. Unlike other bands at the academy, Trident Brass specializes in jazz as well as contemporary rock. Composed of close to twenty-five members, the band rehearses two or three times each week and performs both in and out of the academy. Trident Brass' president was Tony Vanaria while Steve Nygaard and Don Ross were vice president and secretary respectively.

CHOIRS

Protestant

Under the direction of Mr. John B. Talley, the Naval Academy Protestant Chapel Choir provides music for the Protestant Chapel Services at 1100 every Sunday. Considered one of the finer all male choirs on the east coast, the group consists of sixty midshipmen representing a cross section of Protestant denominations.

The choir rehearses once a week and preceeding the Sunday services. In addition to the weekly performances, the Chapel Choir has the responsibility of performing at Protestant memorial services held in the yard.

Outside of the chapel community, the choir cooperates every year with the women from Hood Colleges Choir in the traditional "Messiah" performance at Christmas. The choir also participates in services from New York City to Richmond.

Serving not only midshipmen but also the Protestant Chapel Community in the Annapolis area, the choir has been the high point of Naval Academy services for many years.

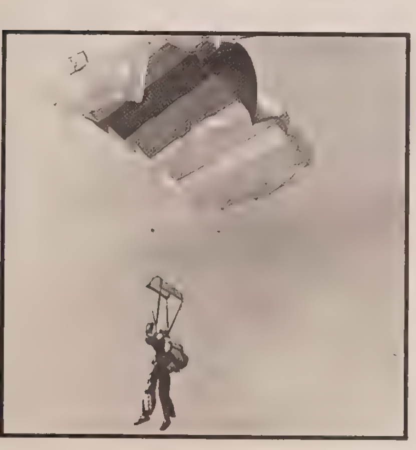
Catholic Choir

The U.S. Naval Academy Catholic Choir is an organization devoted to providing musical worship at Catholic services held in the Chapel. Composed of midshipmen of all classes, the choir occasionally performs in various parts of the U.S., including St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, King Louis Cathedral in New Orleans, the National Shrine in Washington D.C., and many others. Directed by Mr. James Dale, the assistant U.S.N.A. musical director, the Catholic Choir provides the midshipmen with an enjoyalbe E.C.A. in which they can serve the church and the Naval Academy.

ANTIPHONAL

The Protestant Antiphonal Choir is a mixed choir which spends its Sunday mornings in the balcony of the Academy Chapel. Leadership for the last year was provided by Director John Barry Talley, President Edward Settle, Vice President Jeffrey Miller, Secretary Jens Myers, and Librarian Dorothy Zink. The choir exists to take part in the religious services of the Naval Academy Chapel and to participate in programs and activities that promote music and represent the United States Naval Academy. The members belong in order to use their voices to serve God while enjoying each other by sharing their various musical talents.

CANNONEERS
FLYING CLUB
ORIENTEERING CLUB

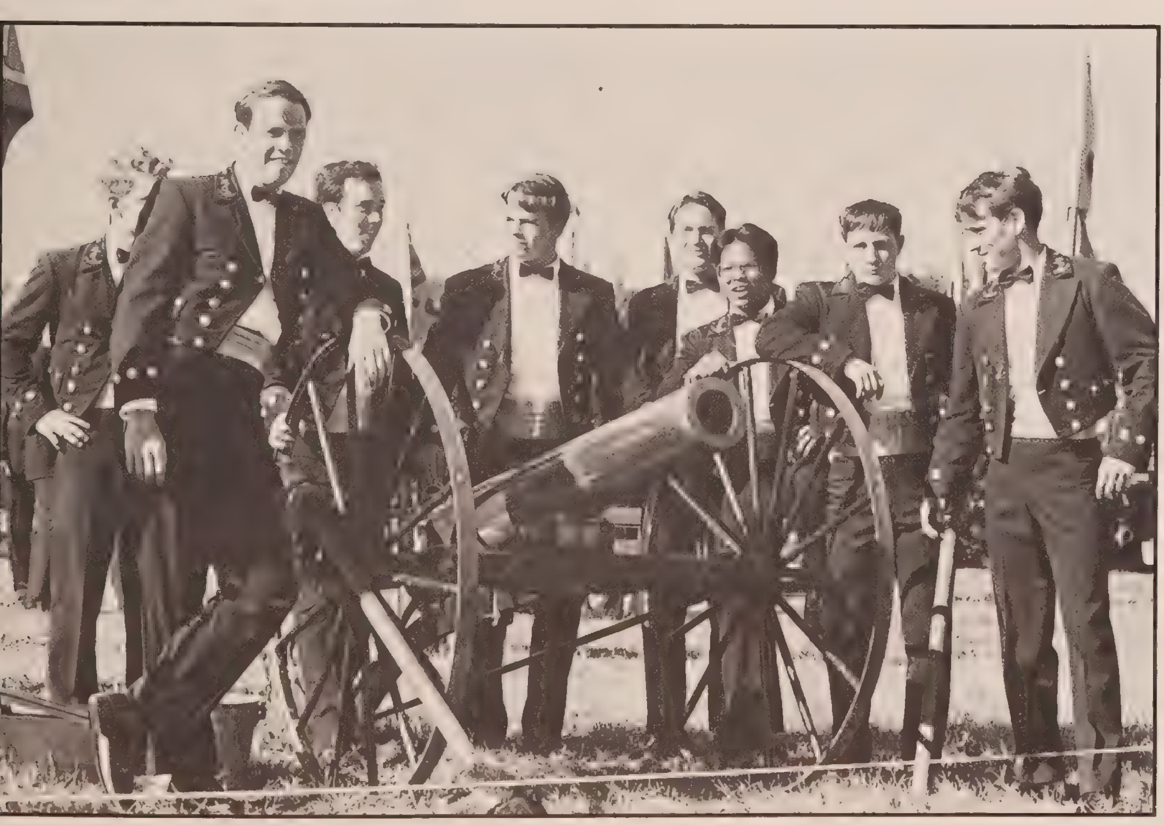


Orienteering Club is a collection of sportsmen interested in learning to navigate in the wilderness. These few courageous midshipmen match their wits in meets across the country, from Indiana to Connecticut. Although they compete actively in national meets, these Daniel Boones and Davey Crockets cherish most their victories over the rival Woops.

Each weekend the members blaze the trails with a canteen, an extra pair of socks, and their prized tools: a map and a compass. With these bare essentials, they sure-footedly seek the quickest path to victory.

The Flying Club is a motley group of flying enthusiasts, including future jet pilots, "grunt" helo worshipers, and prop airdales. They share a common desire to experience the wonders of the heavens.

The members participate regularly in the ground and flight school programs; in addition, they also visit air shows and aviation facilities. Through such activities the members gain much "hands on" experience and a little common sense to help them when they finally reach Pensacola.



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

The Drum and Bugle Corps is a company-sized unit comprised of volunteers from the Brigade. The Corps exists to serve the Brigade by performing at daily formations and parades.

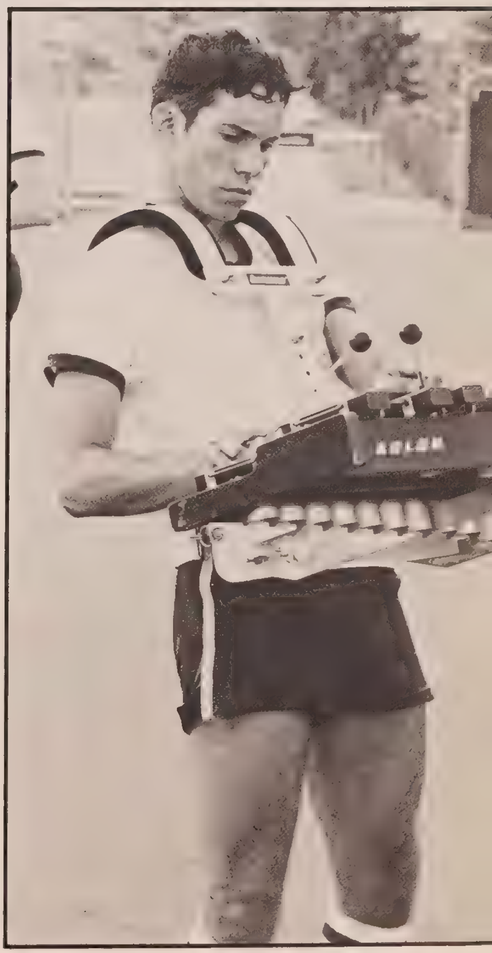
The Corps is better known in the civilian world for its halftime shows and concerts. During the fall of 1979, the Corps performed at several Navy football games, a Cowboys-Steelers game, the CNO's Navy Birthday Ball, and even once for President Carter.

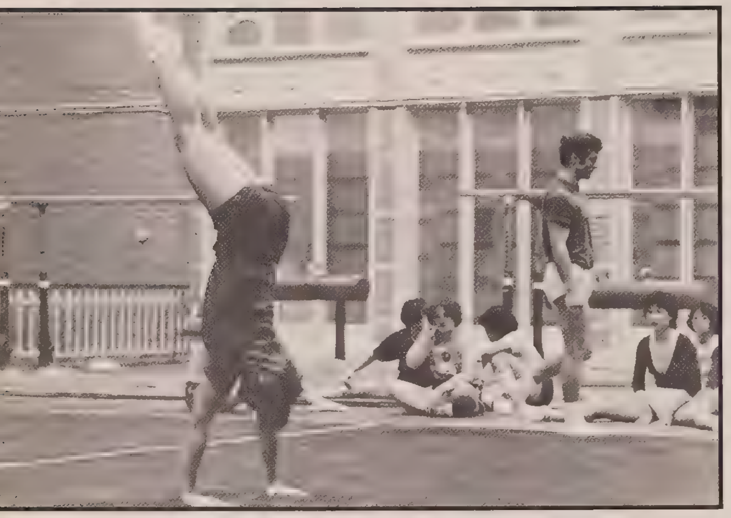
A military organization, the Drum and Bugle Corps' shows combine precision marching, complex maneuvers, and the sound that only they can produce to create an unforgettable experience for the audience. These shows are the result of several weeks of intense practice in the Fall, and a "refresher course" after Christmas leave.

This practice was rewarded with a trip to New Orleans to march in positions of honor in two Mardi Gras parades. The Corps also made its annual appearances in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (in concert with several prominent civilians corps), and in Winchester, Virginia's Apple Blossom Festival.

Wherever it travels, the Drum and Bugle Corps represents the Naval Academy. Every midshipman can be proud of the Corps' quality performances.

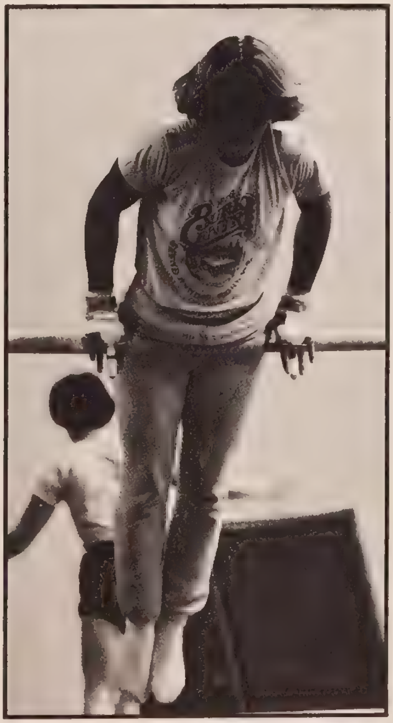
N. JORDAN





WOMENS' GYMNASTICS

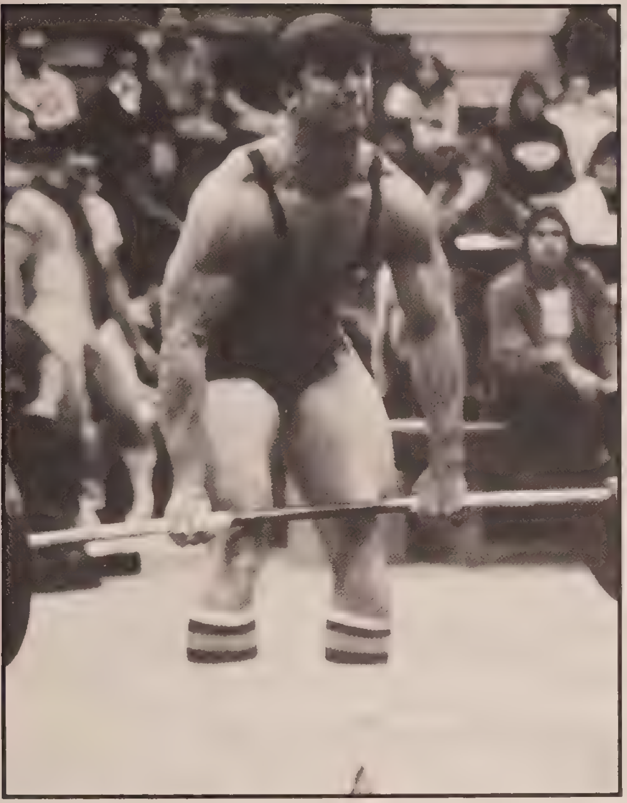
The Womens' Gymnastics team made its debut with six scheduled meets this season. The team, coached by Kaye Quinn, is composed of twenty members. Events for competition include vaulting, balance beam, uneven parallel bars, and floor exercise. The club's officers were Captain Sharon Hanley 1/c, Co-captain Cheryl Sponholtz 1/c, Secretary Mary Hewitt 2/c, and treasurer Loretta Yates 2/c. The officer representative is Lt. Lane Brown.



POWERLIFTING TEAM

The U.S.N.A. Powerlifting Team is a newly recognized varsity E.C.A., recently receiving its letter status. The team competes on a regular collegiate schedule against several northeastern schools. In addition, the young and highly motivated team competes in several well recognized A.A.U. meets.

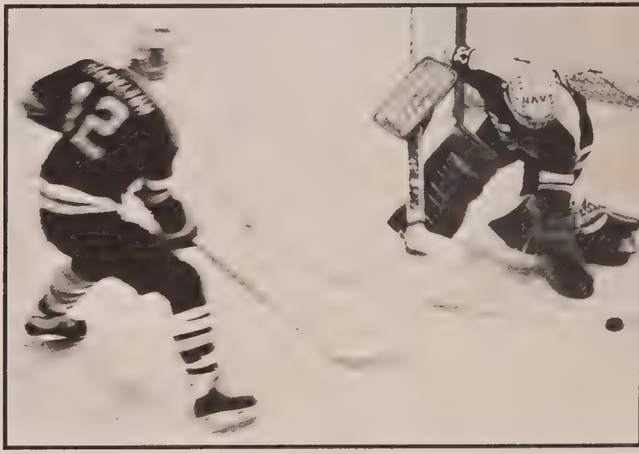
This past year the team has been lucky enough to have two individuals place at the National Collegiate Powerlifting Championships, with one of the members receiving All American honors. This is a rare honor indeed for such a young and inexperienced team.



NAVY

5
KNIGHT
11

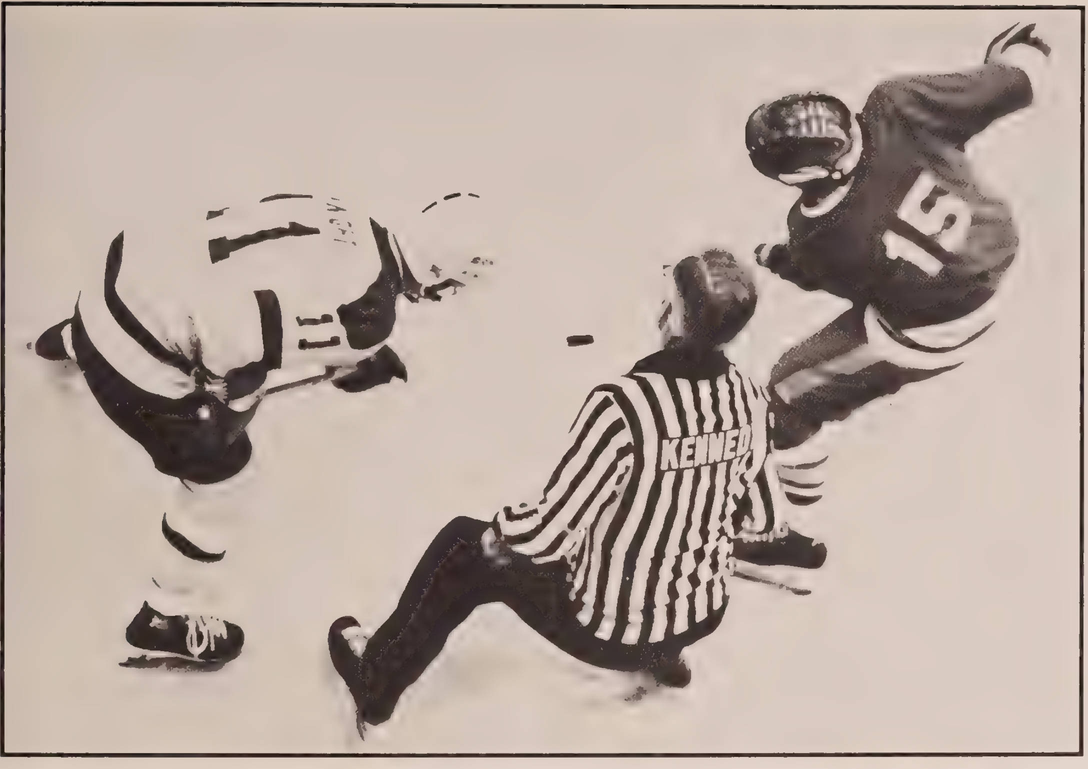
2


12
NAVY

HOCKEY

The Navy Hockey Team finished its season with the best record in the team's history. After a seventeen game schedule, the club ended with sixteen wins and one loss, playing against other clubs and Division III varsity teams from all over the East Coast. This impressive single season brought the team's total record for the past three years to an awesome forty-one wins, nine losses and two ties.

While the team has existed for about ten years, the club has only been a serious competitor in college hockey for the last three years. The team was sparked by the experience of nine firsties, eight of whom played for the past four seasons. While the sting of the Navy team will be lessened with the graduation of these members, hope is not lost, as eleven players remain for next year's ice action. A bright future for Navy Hockey was ensured with the induction of '83, a class which brought six starters to the Navy ice, making it the most talented plebe class since 1980.


KENNED
15

STEWART
2
O'CALLAGHAN
19
6

RUGBY

The graduation of thirteen A-siders in 1979 caused the fall rugby team to begin their season with a big question mark. With the help of two returning members of the A-side, backs Jim Merrill and Jeff Freeman, the fall club was transformed into a highly competitive unit.

Navy ruggers romped to an impressive win over a weaker West Chester State in their first game of the fall season. This was closely followed by the early season showdown with archrival Air Force. The Cadets returned to Colorado Springs after defeating the young and inexperienced team, 12-9. This was the only loss for Navy in a season which boasted a 10-1-1 record.

The highlight of the fall season for the ruggers was the trip to Washington, D.C. to stake claim to the title of Potomac Rugby Union Tournament Champs. Navy did not allow one try to be scored as they posted shutouts in two of three victories.

80
NAVY
80
Navy
80
30
10

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

"Everything else will be forgotten if we beat Army!" These words of defensive end Charlie "Thunder" Thornton, a firstie and honorable mention All-America, spoken just prior to the contest with Army have acquired a certain ring of truth.

As a result of a four-game tailspin following six hard-fought victories, Navy's 31-7 rout of the Cadets was a pleasant footnote to an anxious season. A series of injuries to key personnel contributed to a late season slump, but the Mids still finished 7-4, giving them a highly-creditable 16 wins over the last two years, and providing further evidence that Navy football is again on solid footing.

Nobody was prepared for the way youngster Eddie Meyers, who earned a starting role at tailback in the last two games of the season, punished Army's defensive unit by rushing for 278 yards in 42 carries on his way to breaking three Army-Navy game records and two Naval Academy single game standards. His yardage almost doubled Army's 143-yard total offense figure, making him Navy's top rusher for 1979 with 651 yards and five touchdowns on 106 carries, a 6.1 average.

At the outset of the season, Coach Welsh was hard-pressed to say how closely his 1979 team could mirror his 1978 team's accomplishments. True, most of the same defensive personnel were present, and a big front line suggested a lucrative running game, but the absence of an aerial attack and a "lack of intensity" balanced out some of his optimism.

The first two games of the season against the Citadel and Connecticut substantiated much of Welsh's concern. Following those 26-7 and 21-10 victories, Navy's seventh-year coach remarked, "If we're going to win some more games we are going to have to get better." Twelve fumbles, six of which resulted in turnover, marred the brilliance of Navy's overall defensive contributions and the productivity of second class tailback Mike Sherlock, who rushed for 156 yards in 21 carries against U. Conn. alone. Coach Welsh was more pleased with Navy's defensive standoff against Illinois, resulting a 13-12 victory over the much-improved Fighting Illini, and representing Navy's first win over a Big Ten opponent since 1967. In that game, firstie Charlie Meyers, a brother of tailback Eddie, blocked a point after touchdown and intercepted a two-point conversion trick pass in the end zone to preserve the victory.

Against a winless (0-4) Air Foce team, Navy was again forced to stave off an offensive air attack launched by quarterback Dave Ziebert in the fourth quarter with firstie Chuck Zingler batting down two do-or-die passes in the end zone during the last 30 seconds of play. Second classman Steve Callahan enjoyed his most productive day of the season, sprinting for 50 yards for Navy's first touchdown and running in for another on Navy's second possession from one yard out.

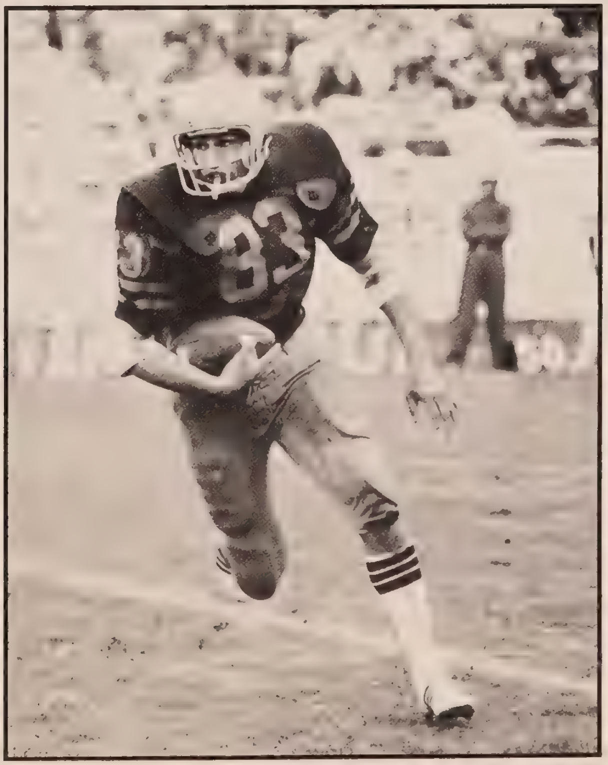
William & Mary proved a costly victory for Navy (24-7) in terms of injuries to key personnel. Behind at the half, 7-0, the Midshipmen burst onto the scoreboard in the third quarter, courtesy of second classman Mike Kronzer's interception, and aided by another fine rushing effort from Sherlock, before leaving his final game of the season with a pulled hamstring. In the battle, defensive tackle John Merrill, a firstie, hobbled off the field with a broken foot and defensive end firstie Reggie Trass suffered a sprained knee. Callahan was removed from the game with a knee sprain, and missed three games while Merrill did not return until the Army battle.

Doing what Welsh described as "something we had not done" all season, Navy marched 80 yards in two minutes and six seconds to score the winning touchdown with 1:20 remaining and turning back feisty Virginia 17-10, making Navy 6-0 on the year. Playing without Callahan and Sherlock, Welsh turned to youngster tailback Duane Flowers, firstie fullback Larry Klawinski, and firstie quarterback Bob Powers to divide up to running chores while Navy's defensive unit shut down the Cavalier's "century twins," running back Tommy Vigorito and Greg Taylor, both of whom came into the game averaging over 100 yards apiece.

UConn
9
29

NAVY		OPPONENT
26	THE CITADEL	7
21	CONNECTICUT	10
13	ILLINOIS	12
13	AIR FORCE	9
24	WILLIAM AND MARY	7
17	VIRGINIA	10
7	PITTSBURGH	24
0	NOTRE DAME	14
14	SYRACUSE	30
14	GEORGIA TECH	24
31	ARMY	7

NAVY: 7-4



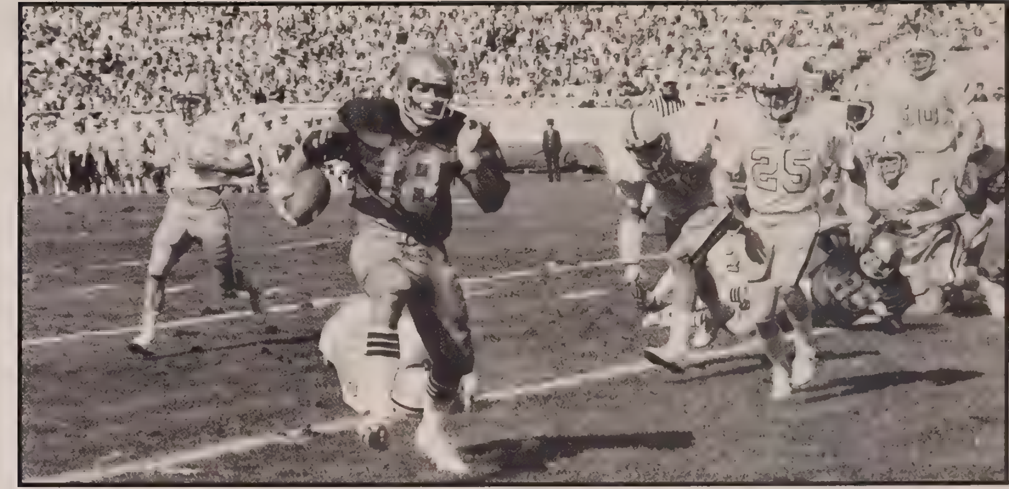
A week later, however, Pittsburgh handed Navy its first loss, 24-7, holding Navy's offense to just 20 yards in the second half. Even more crucial were the injuries that left Navy without the services of firstie defensive back Gregg Milo, an All-America honorable mention, defensive tackle second class Steve Chambers, and defensive tackle second classman Mike Matthes by games' end. Milo and Matthes were not able to play again in 1979.

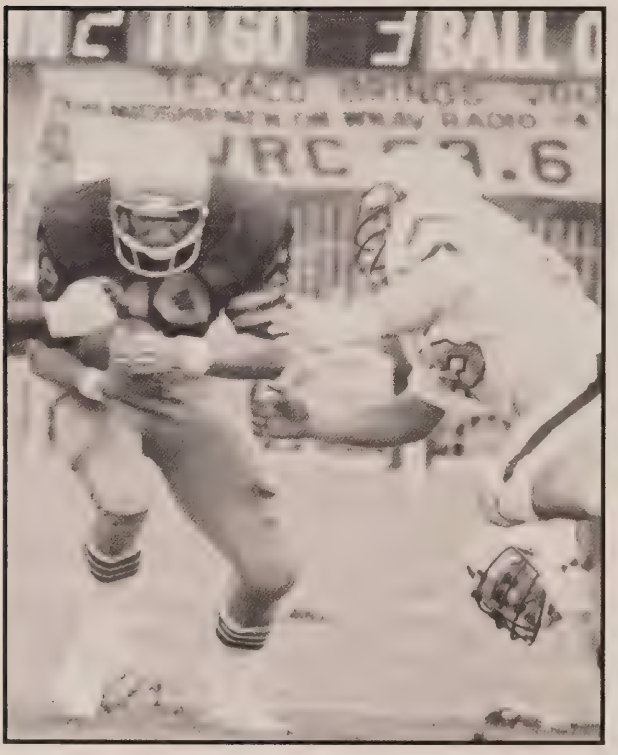
Notre Dame, behind the running of All-America Vagas Ferguson, gave Navy its first shutout in 35 contests, despite a courageous performance from the defensive unit. Tailback Meyers was a pleasant surprise for the Midshipmen, however, by rushing for 99 yards in 17 carries in the 14-0 loss. It was his first extensive appearance for the Mids thus far in the season.

The powerful Syracuse offense, engineered by quarterback Bill Hurley and Joe Morris, next exploded for a 30-14 victory in a game where the previously ranked Navy defense yielded 334 yards on the ground, a far cry from their stingy 762 seven-game statistics.

Following the Orangemen's ground attack, Georgia Tech whipped up a passing attack that accounted for three long touchdowns and extended Navy's losing streak to four games. Tech compiled 503 yards total offense, including 361 yards passing from the arm of quarterback Mike Kelley, who connected with Hris Kenterra for three touchdowns. Although Navy amassed 375 yards offense overall, Georgia Tech repelled three offensive drives late in the second half as the Mids watched bowl hopes fade. Meyers, in his first start of the season, rolled up 183 yards on 26 carries.

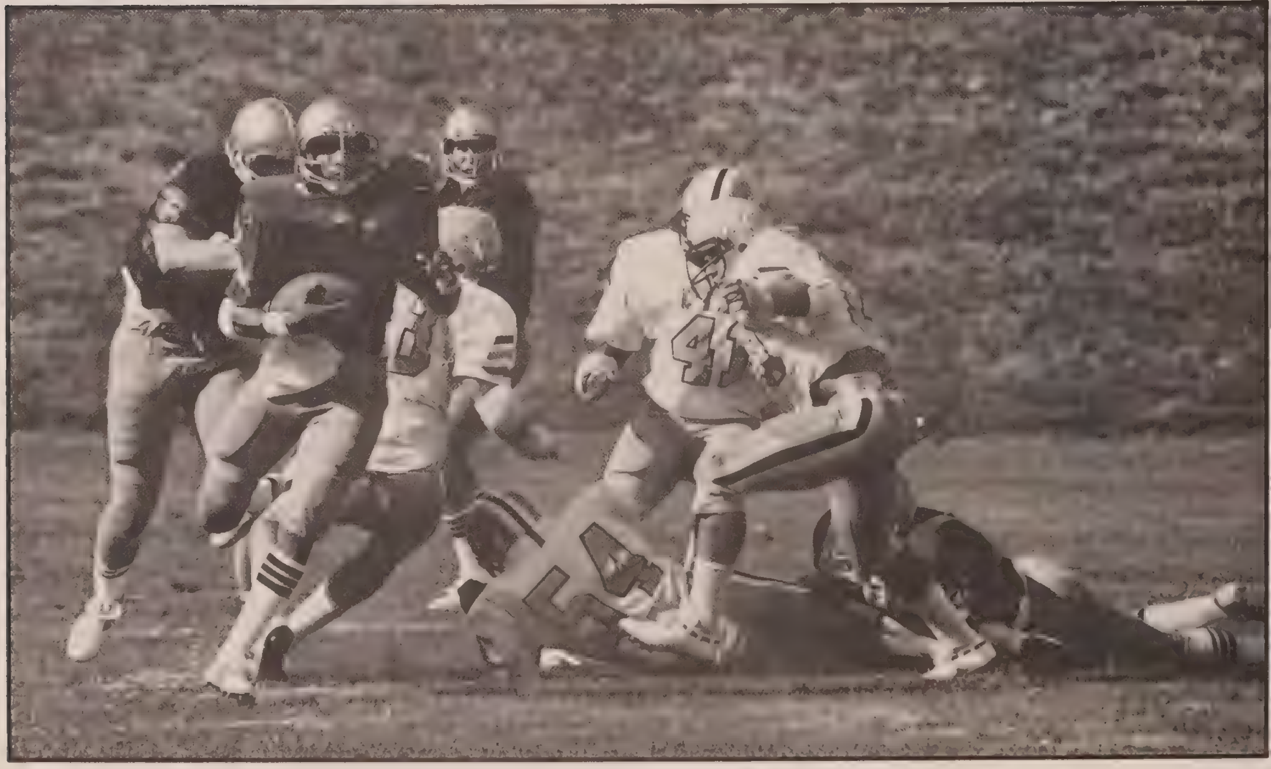
All in all, it was a year of last-minute surprises, last-ditch wins and an anxious moment or two. But, in breaking a four-game losing streak with its dramatic win over Army, Navy finally evened the rivalry with Army at 37 wins apiece for the first time since 1923 when it stood at 12-1-2.


18
25

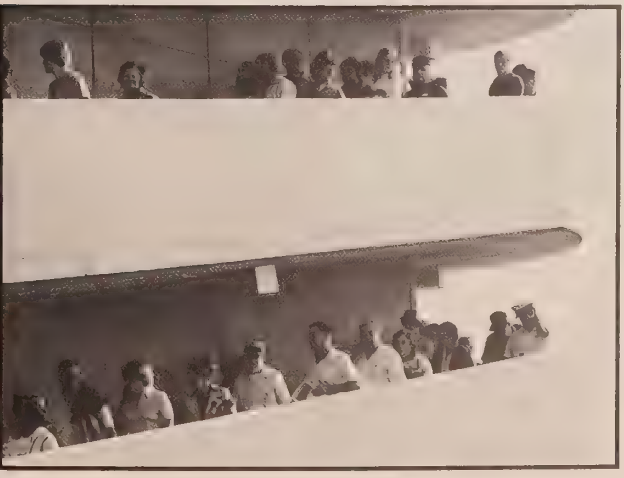

2 TO GO
3 BALL O
TEXACO
RADIO
WRC

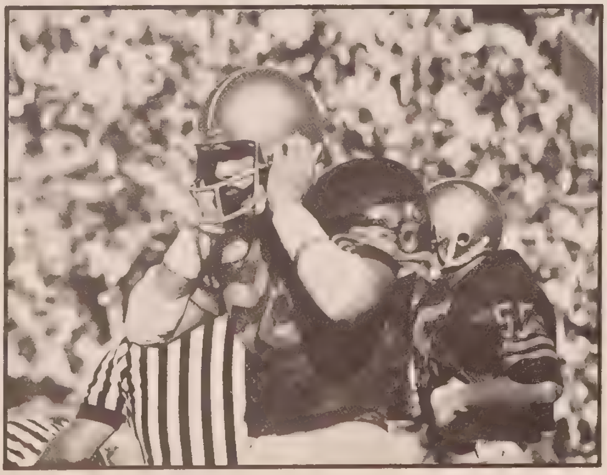
83

18



33



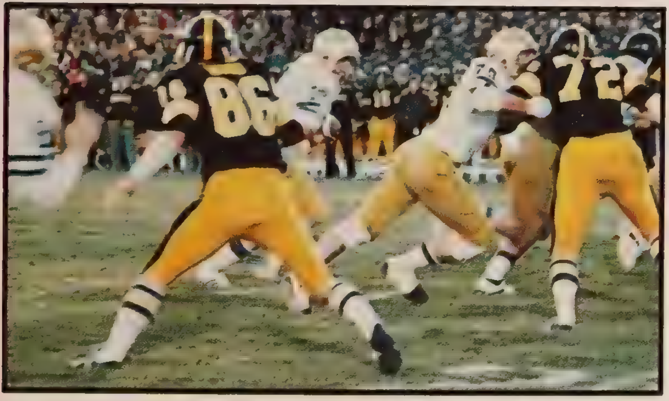


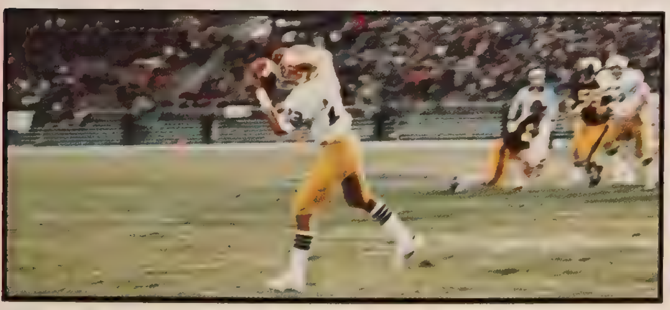
NAVY 31 - ARMY 7

Beat Army

N

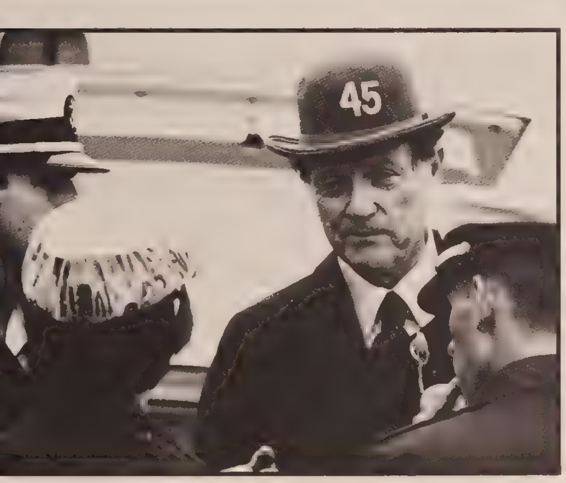
N
ARMY


86
72

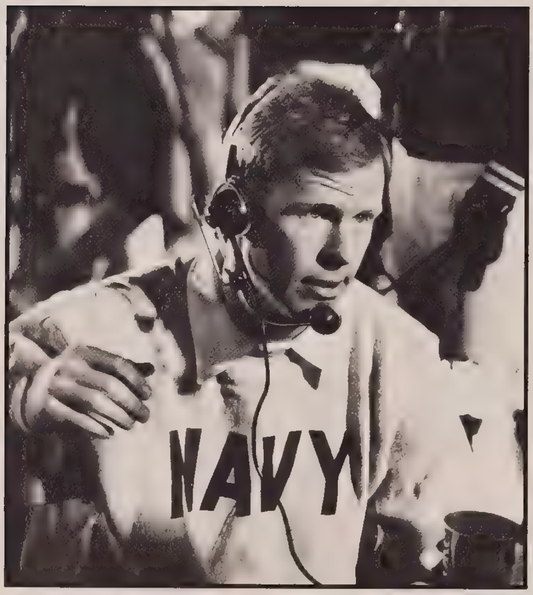


NAVY
THE
MULE HUNTER

10
69

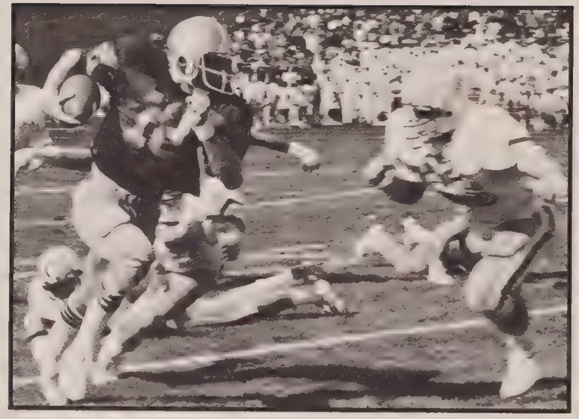

45

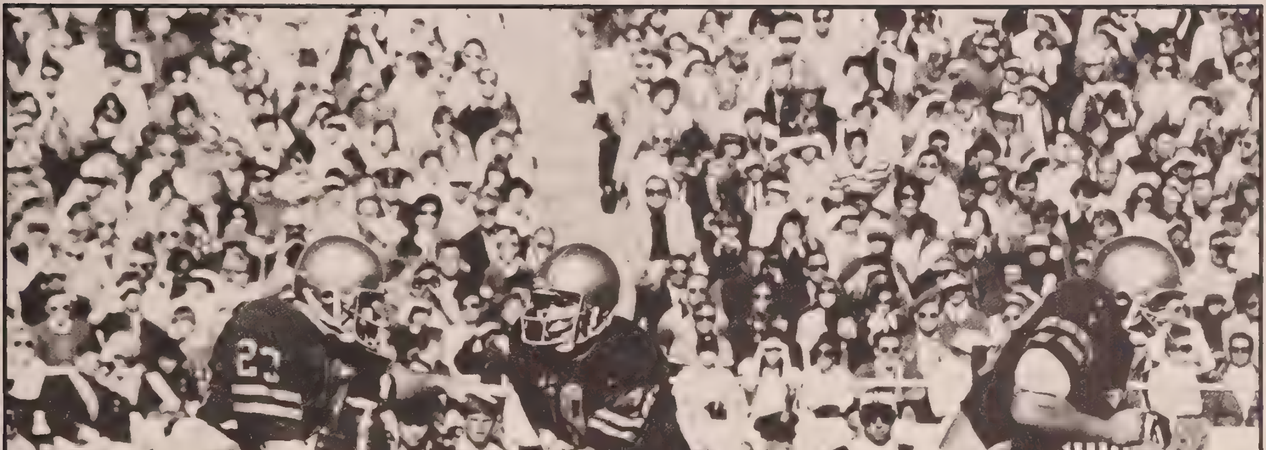
88
7


NAVY

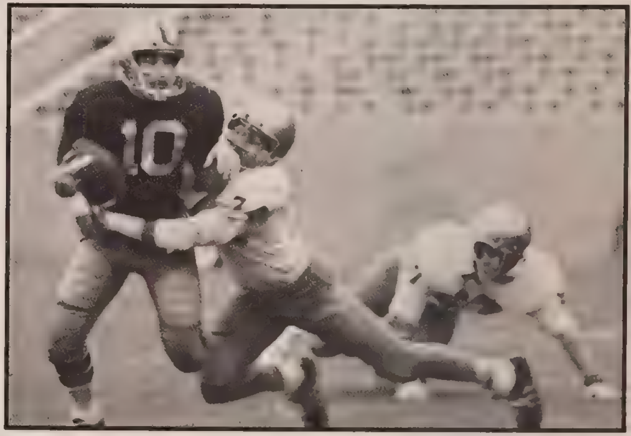
18

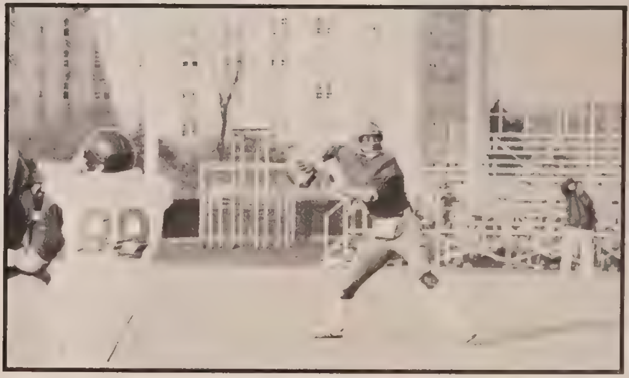
N
7
NAVY
NAVY



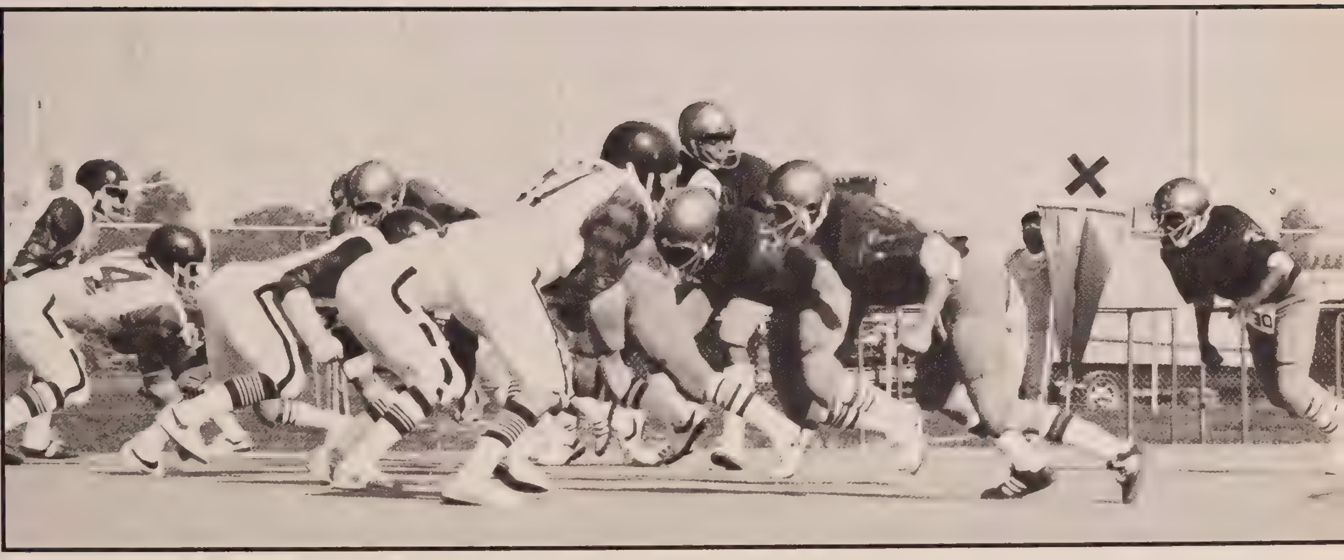


Under the direction of head coach Lieutenant Glen Nardi and the leadership of co-captains Bill Webber and Jerry Dalo the 150 pound football team posted a season record of five wins and one loss. This fine record enabled the 150's to capture the Eastern Lightweight Football League Championship. The offensive team was paced by the running of Frank Kelly and the aerial attack of Vic McCree and Dwayne Dennis. Defensively, Scott Bethmann and Eugene Bradley stalled the opponents' ground game, while Joe Mucci led Navy's defensive secondary. Overall it was a season that proved rewarding and exciting for the players and spectators alike.





150 LB. FOOTBALL

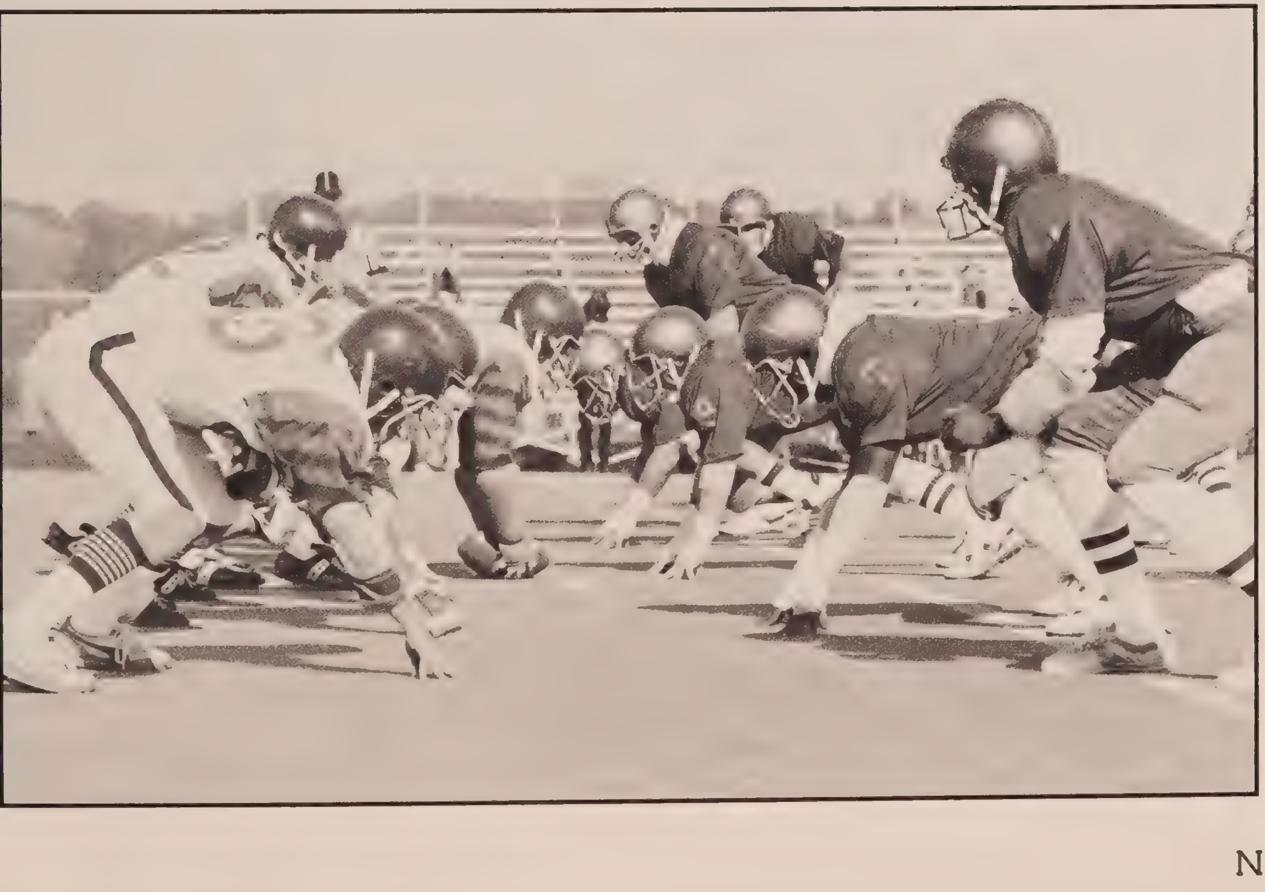


NAVY		OPPONENT
47	PRINCETON	12
24	RUTGERS	6
31	CORNELL	14
45	PENNSYLVANIA	7
14	ARMY	16
13	PENNSYLVANIA	12

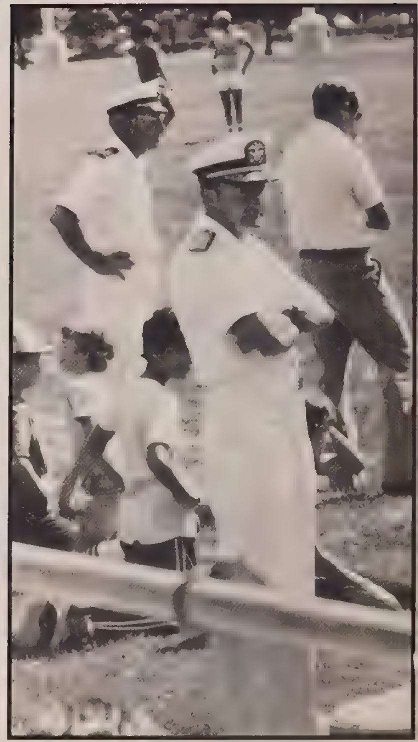
NAVY: 5-1

50
48
27

69
2
70
40



SOCCER



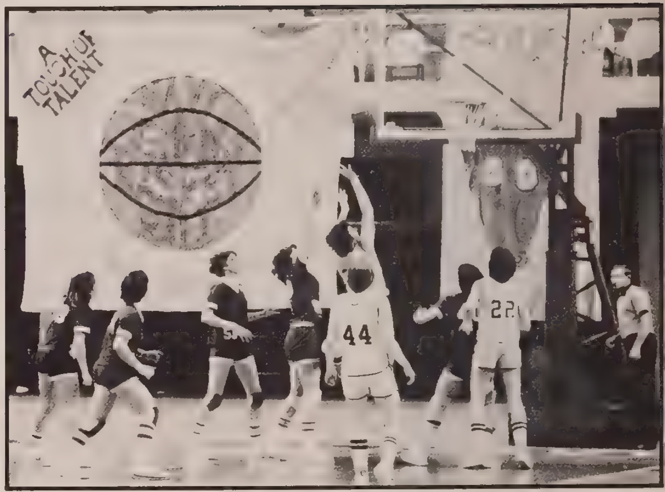
The 1979 soccer team, the best one Navy has seen in many years, completed a fine season by taking championship honors at the post-season ECAC tournament. The overall record of 11-2-4 included a win over high ranking American University and George Washington as well as a 2-0 trouncing of Army. Navy held a tough opponent, Penn State, scoreless until late in the final minutes of that game. Penn State finally edged out the exhausted Mids 1-0 winning the game. Penn State went on to finish fourth in the NCAA post-season tournament. Navy came quite close to gaining a bid to that tournament but failed.

With only two first class, Joe Grace and co-captain Geoff Houck, on the 79 team, the team expects to have a good 1980 season as well with many returning starters. Team standouts included Houck who usually covered the strong player of the opposition, Mike Wilson, co-captain of the defensive team, and Greg Denkler, the team's outstanding goalie. Leading scorers were Danny Humphreys, Jerry Huber, and Walt Silveira.

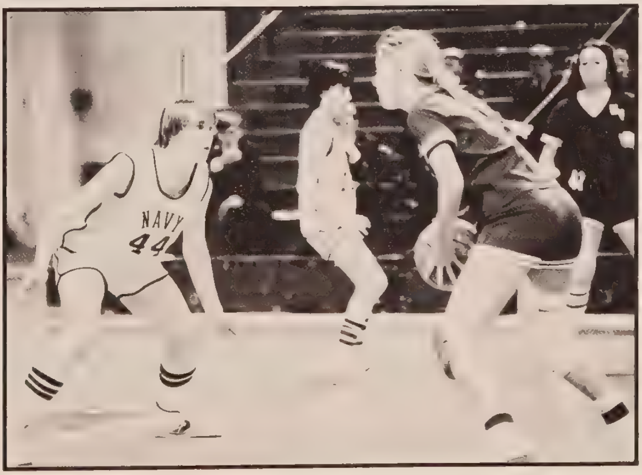
NAVY		OPPONENT
4	HAMPDEN-SYDNEY	1
1	AMERICAN UNIVERSITY	0
0	HOWARD UNIVERSITY	3
1	SWARTHMORE COLLEGE	1
1	MARYLAND	0
2	WASHINGTON COLLEGE	2
1	JAMES MADISON	0
2	GEORGE WASHINGTON	1
3	VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	0
2	WASHINGTON & LEE	0
1	UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA	1
0	PENN STATE UNIVERSITY	1
1	CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY	0
1	DUKE	1
2	ARMY	0
	NAVY: 11-2-4	

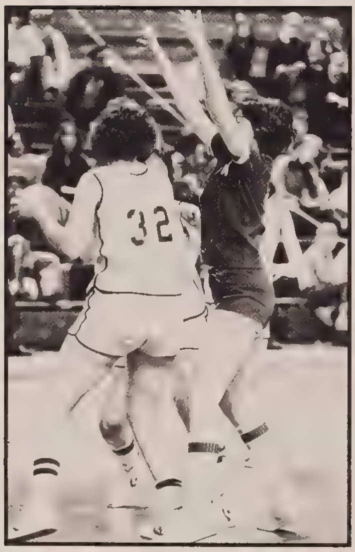
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

NAVY		OPPONENT
96	NOTRE DAME	43
81	AMERICAN UNIVERSITY	77
90	GEORGE MASON	70
66	FROSTBURG STATE	61
71	DARTMOUTH	69
52	UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE	69
67	CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY	72
79	WESTERN MARYLAND	44
58	GEORGE WASHINGTON	52
91	IMMACULATA	67
86	UMES	45
67	UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	93
69	SHIPPENSBURG STATE	61
76	YALE	79
69	GEORGETOWN	74
88	FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL	32
76	MOUNT ST. MARY'S	60
68	LOYOLA	62
58	TOWSON STATE	65
85	LAFAYETTE	63
72	MORGAN STATE	82
82	WILLIAM AND MARY	66
61	CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY	69
67	ST. PETERS (EAIAW Playoffs)	83



WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

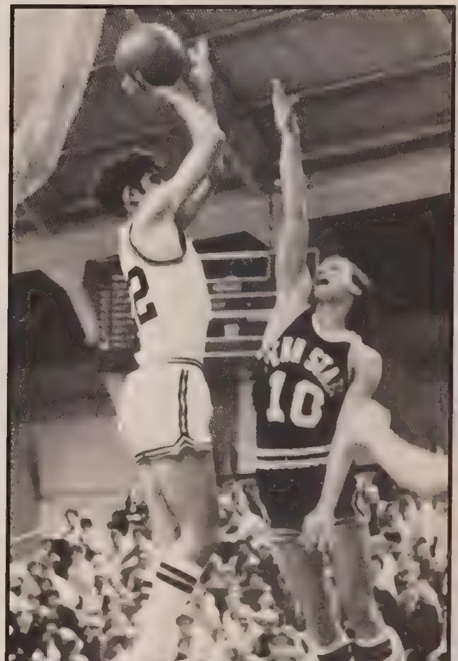


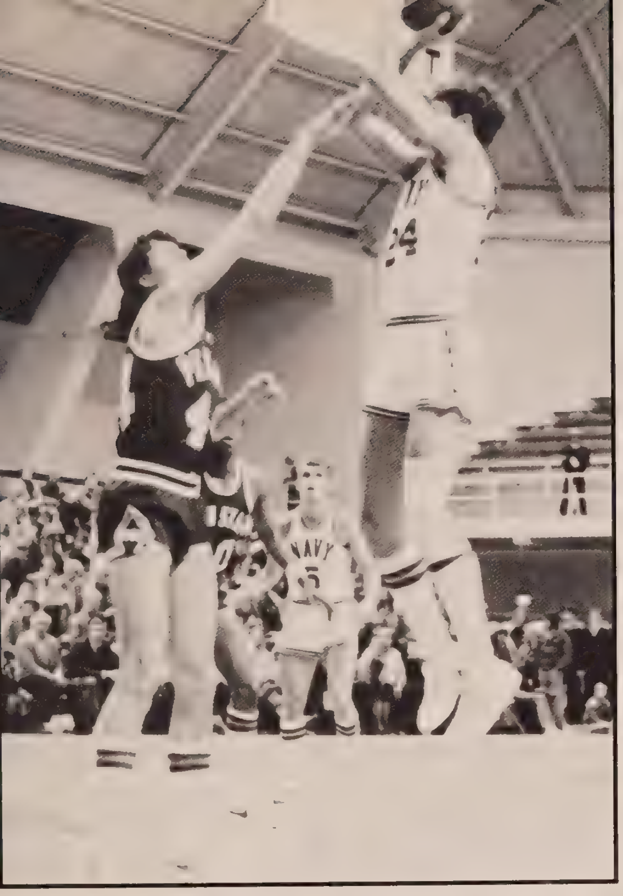

32

41
20
52
12

NAVY
44
22

BASKETBALL

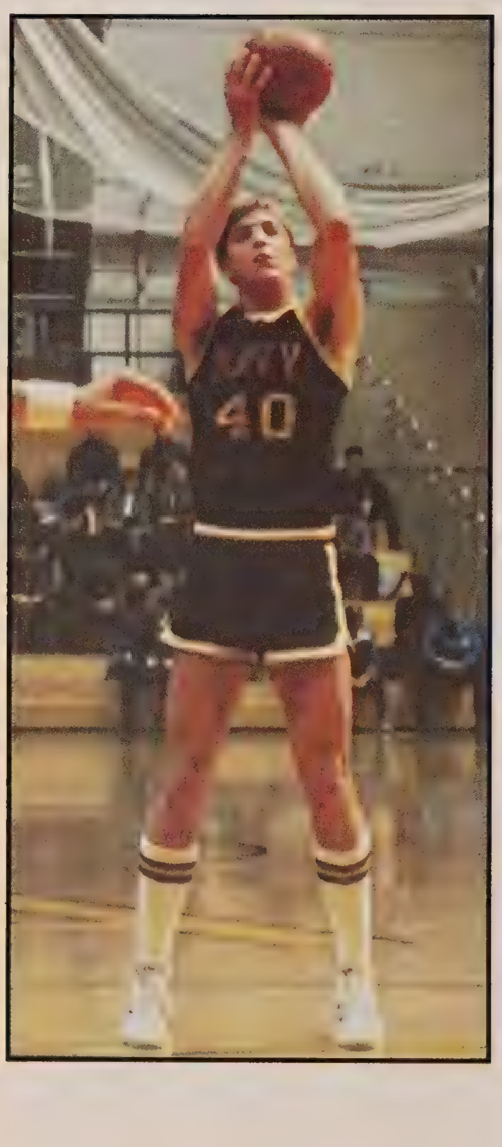




Navy basketball seemed doomed to failure after losing standout Kevin Sinnett to graduation the previous year. However, with hard work and perseverance, another fine team was put together under head coach Bob Hamilton in his last season at Navy. The team finished the season with a respectable 14-13 final reocrd.

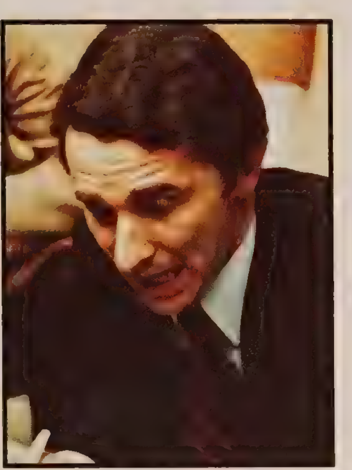
Highlights of the 79-80 season included winning the three round Hatter Christmas Tournament in Florida and bringing home the first tournament championship trophy in nine years. Rival George Washington University also gave the inexperienced team a run for its money, but Navy managed to come out with a 69-65 win, perhaps the most rewarding victory of the season.

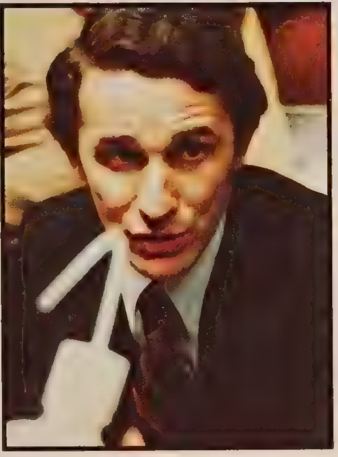
The team received a bid to the ECAC Tournament for post season play. A narrow victory over the University of Baltimore in the first round was followed by a thrashing of St. Francis. In the final round of the tournament, the mids were pitted against powerhouse Old Dominion who had previously defeated the Midshipmen 58-44. Navy fans were pleasantly surprised to see their team hold the Monarchs in check as the game went into overtime. The team was not able to hold on, however, and was defeated 62-51.



NAVY
40

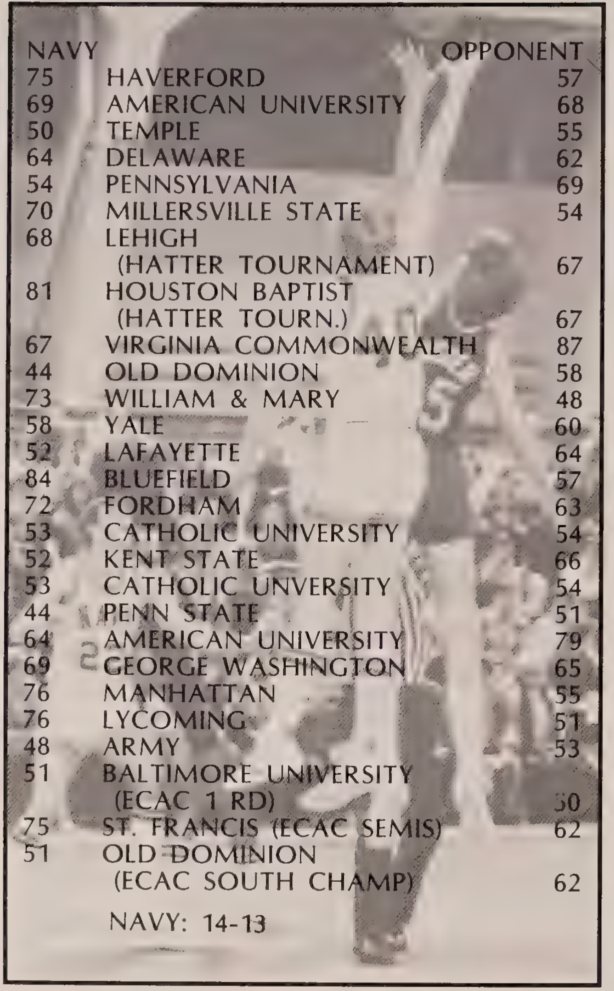
NAVY
60
ZAG





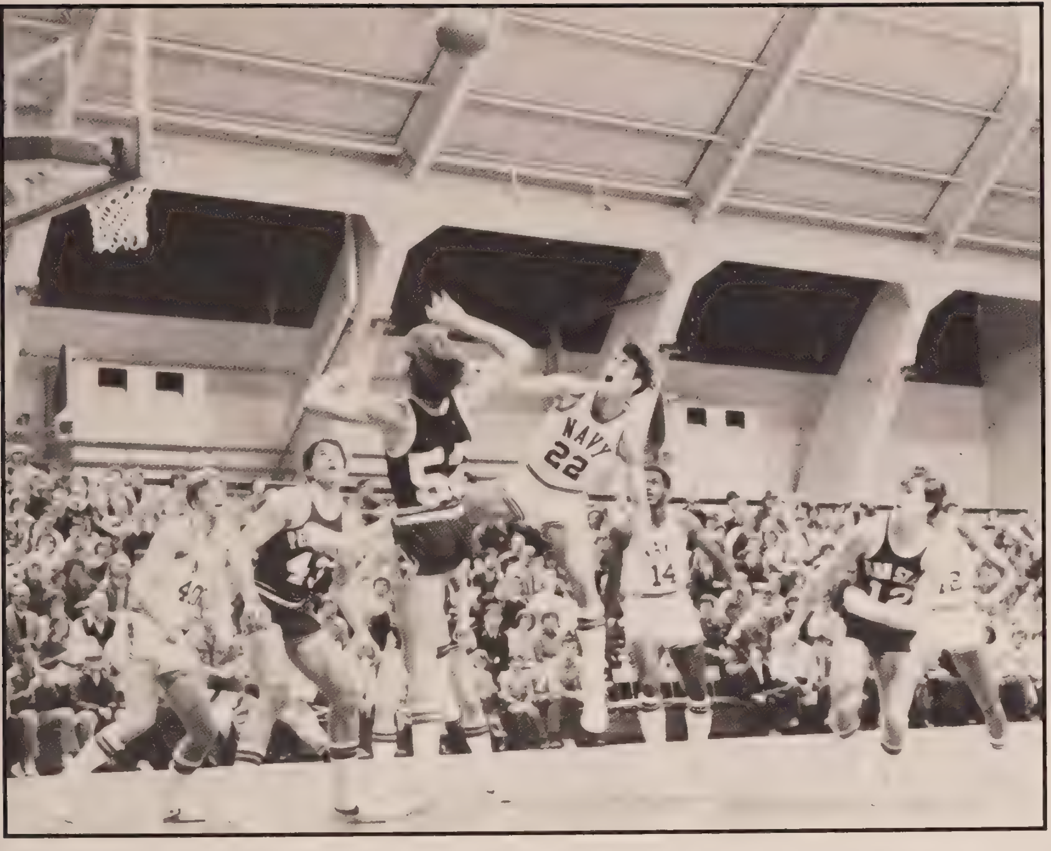
NAVY
30

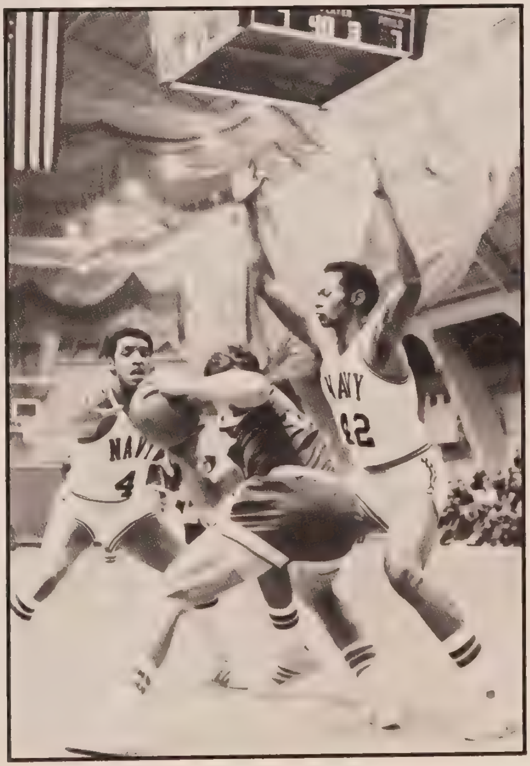
NAVY
24



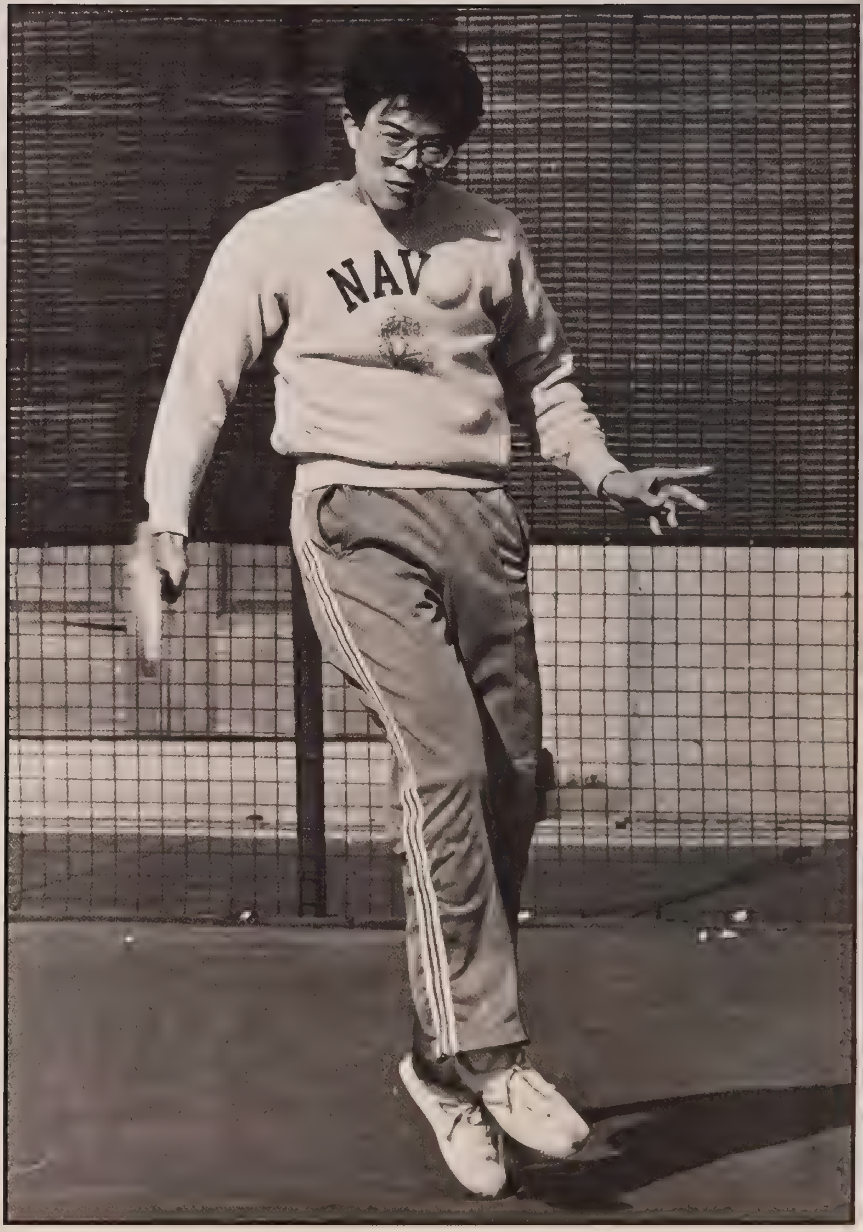
NAVY		OPPONENT
75	HAVERFORD	57
69	AMERICAN UNIVERSITY	68
50	TEMPLE	55
64	DELAWARE	62
54	PENNSYLVANIA	69
70	MILLERSVILLE STATE	54
68	LEHIGH (HATTER TOURNAMENT)	67
81	HOUSTON BAPTIST (HATTER TOURN.)	67
67	VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH	87
44	OLD DOMINION	58
73	WILLIAM & MARY	48
58	YALE	60
52	LAFAYETTE	64
84	BLUEFIELD	57
72	FORDHAM	63
53	CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY	54
52	KENT STATE	66
53	CATHOLIC UNVERSITY	54
44	PENN STATE	51
64	AMERICAN UNIVERSITY	79
69	GEORGE WASHINGTON	65
76	MANHATTAN	55
76	LYCOMING	51
48	ARMY	53
51	BALTIMORE UNIVERSITY (ECAC 1 RD)	50
75	ST. FRANCIS (ECAC SEMIS)	62
51	OLD DOMINION (ECAC SOUTH CHAMP)	62

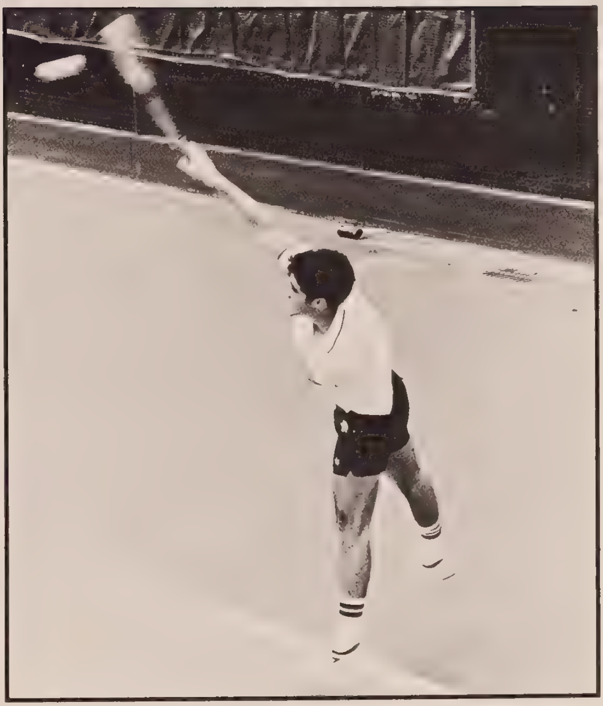
NAVY: 14-13

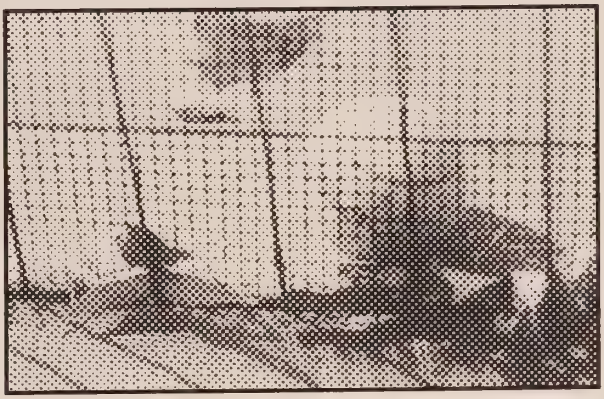

NAVY
22
14

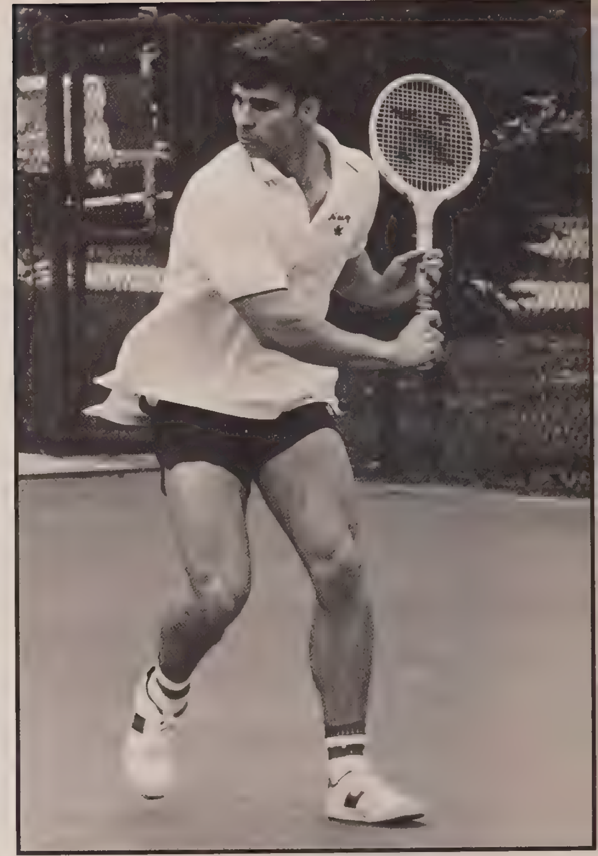

NAVY
42
NAVY
4

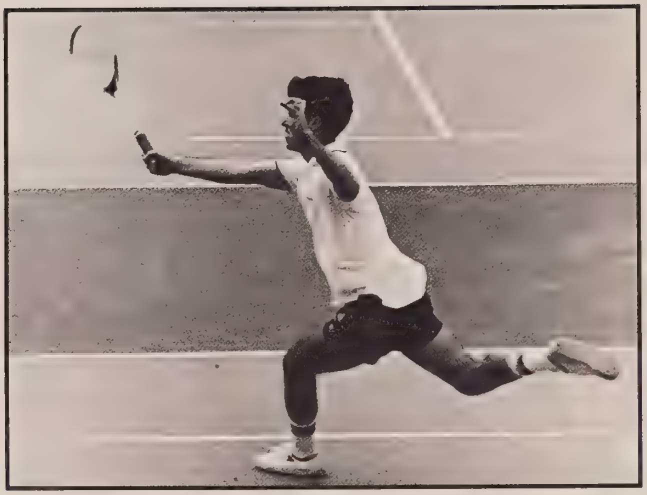
TENNIS

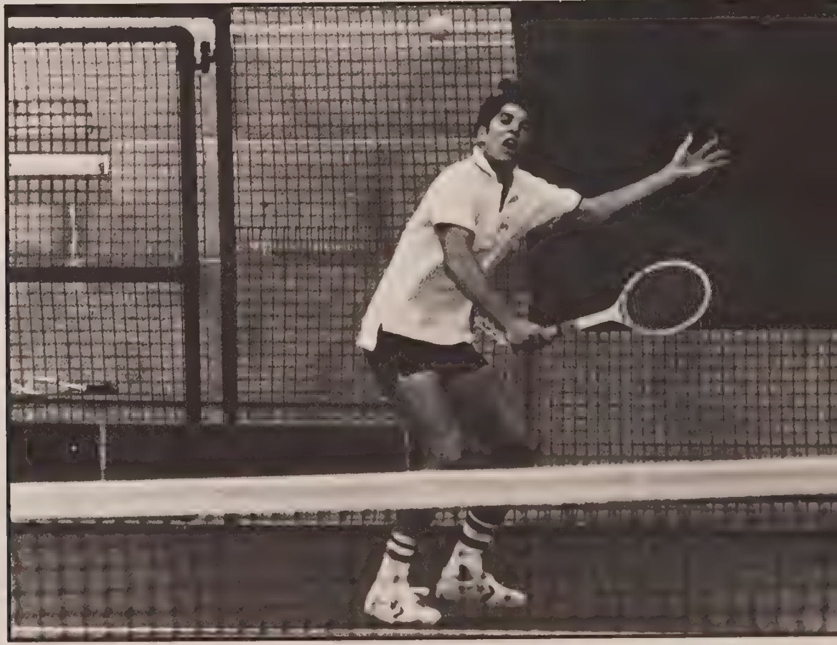




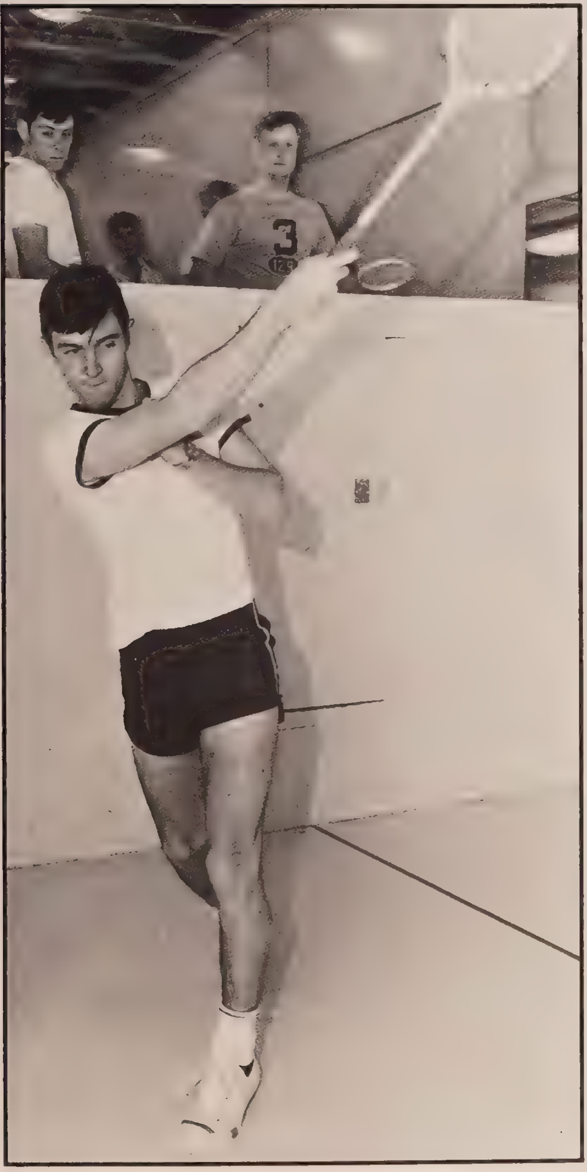








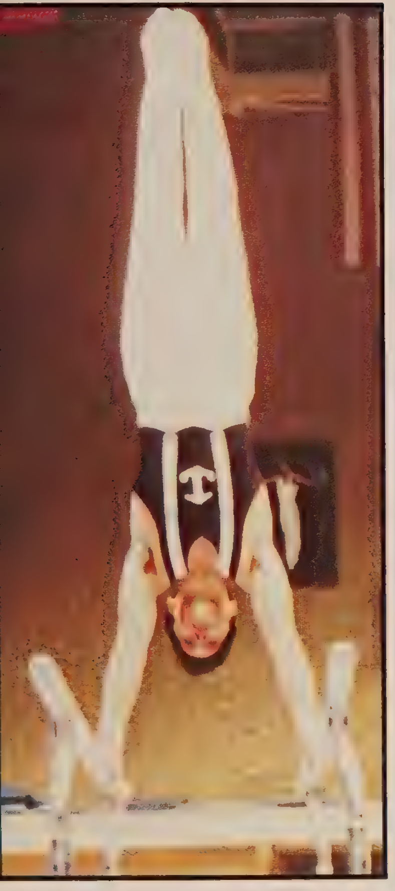
SQUASH



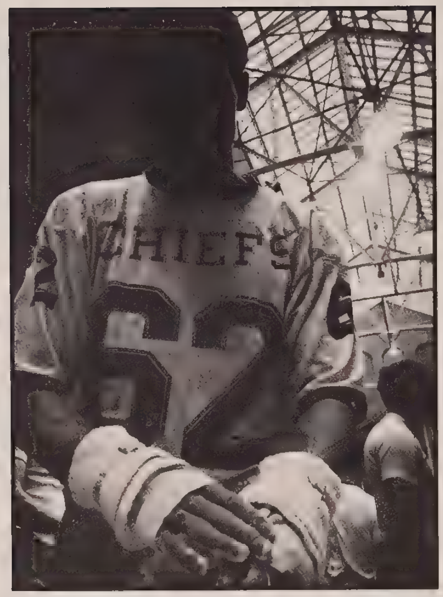
NAVY		OPPONENT
3	HARVARD	6
7	TUFTS	2
9	MIT	0
7	WILLIAMS	2
9	LEHIGH	0
6	STONY BROOK	3
0	YALE	9
5	TRINITY	4
3	PENNSYLVANIA	9
8	FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL	1
5	ARMY	4

NAVY: 8-4
National Intercollegiates:
Navy 5th Place

NISSEN
NISSEN



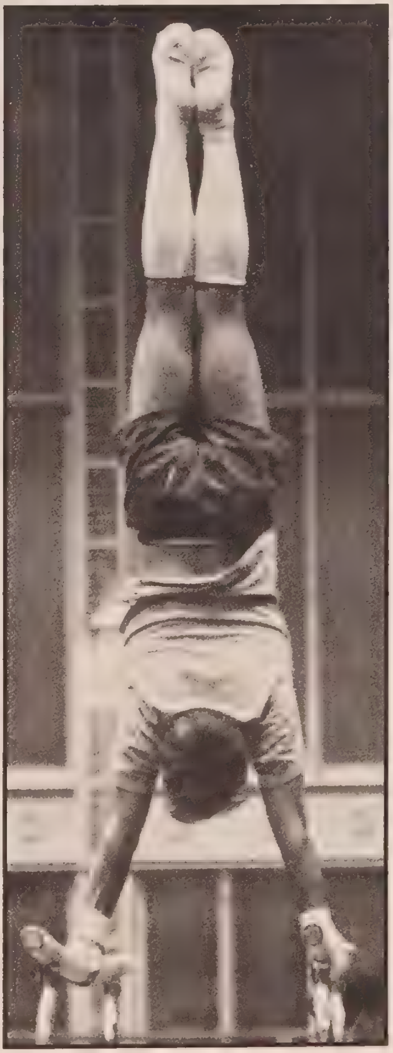
GYMNASTICS

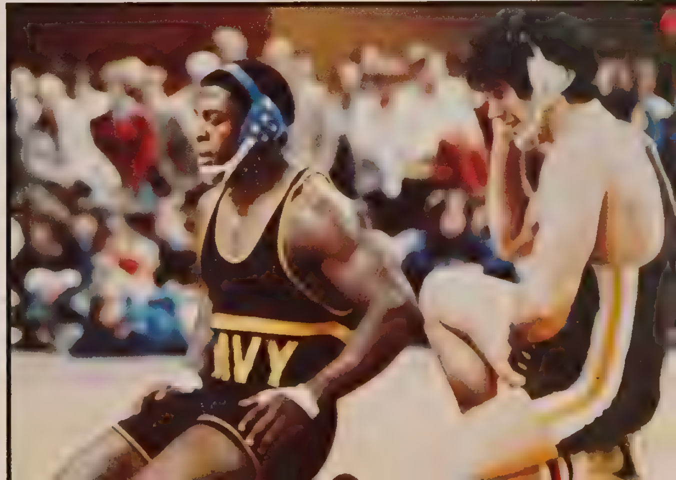


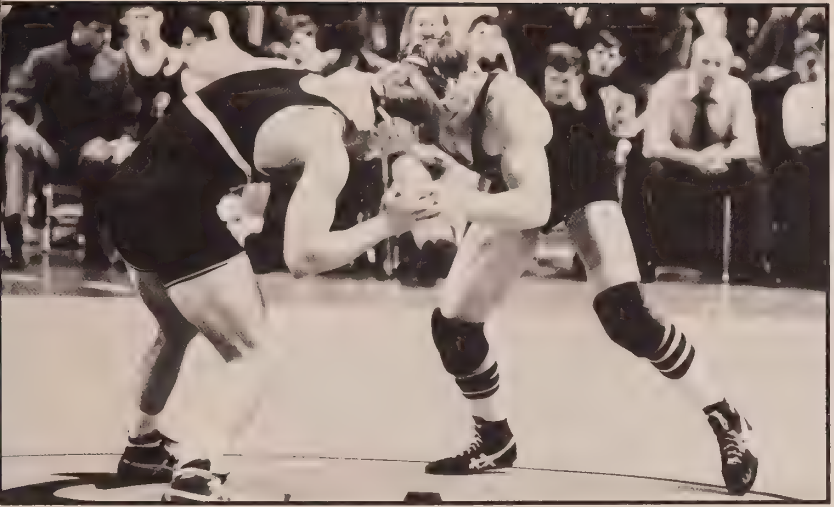
Navy, placing fifth in the Easterns, has a very good chance of besting their 5-6 record next year with only two first class leaving, Don Crump and Brian Kosinski. Youngster Greg Latta and fourth class Dale Halling were very reliable point producers this season with nine first and five seconds. Progressing well through the year, second class Jeff Means and fourth class Pete Ditullio both contributed significantly in the all-around competition. In the Easterns, individual marks were set by Crump, fifth place in the floor exercises; Ditullio, sixth on the high bar; Halling, seventh on the still rings; and Steve Moran, seventh on the pommel horse.

NAVY		OPPONENT
224.80	WESTCHESTER	135.50
206.35	SYRACUSE	244.40
211.85	CORNELL	194.05
217.75	SLIPPERY ROCK	203.45
233.50	WILLIAM & MARY	205.20
230.75	SPRINGFIELD	234.05
241.10	JAMES MADISON	140.10
240.80	SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT	269.50
226.55	MASSACHUSETTS	242.45
219.85	TEMPLE	200.00
228.30	ARMY	248.35

NAVY: 5-6







WRESTLING

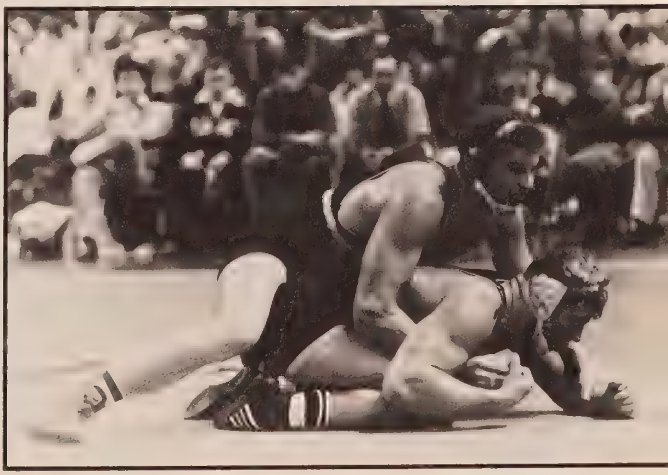
Navy wrestling enjoyed another winning season under the coaching expertise of Ed Perry. The team started the season slowly, losing their first contest to Wilkes 21-15. After five consecutive wins, Navy dropped two matches in a row to opponents North Carolina State and North Carolina. A nine game winning streak built up the mids' confidence for their biggest test so far — the Lehigh match. Against two tough opponents, Penn State and Lehigh, Navy was unable to pull out victories. The five following victories, including a 29-7 thrashing of Army, still did not put the Navy grapplers ahead of Lehigh in the EIWA.

Navy had one EIWA champion plebe John Reich at 167 pounds. Second place at 150 went to plebe Frank Shaffer and third place at 190 went to plebe George Fears. All qualified for the NCAA Tournament. Other EIWA finishes were second class Doug Heimbach, fourth at 126; third class Dave Halladay, sixth at 134; second class Brian VanBausch, fourth at 158; plebe Mark Phillips, fifth at 177; second class Pat Brady, sixth at heavyweight. Reich during the regualr season had a 21-3-0 record with 15 wins by pins and six by superior decision. Reich had 12 pins during dual competition, with Navy's career record being 19 by Dan Muthler. The Plebe's 21 wins surpassed the single season win record of 19 by Lloyd Keaser in 1971. Other outstanding records were 16-2-1 by Heimbach at 126; 11-7-1 at 134 by Halladay; 18-4-3 by Shaffer at 150; 10-7 by Van Bausch at 158; 12-4-1 by Fears at 190; and 11-4 by Brady at heavyweight. Reich finished fourth in the NCAA at 167 pounds, earning All-America recognition.

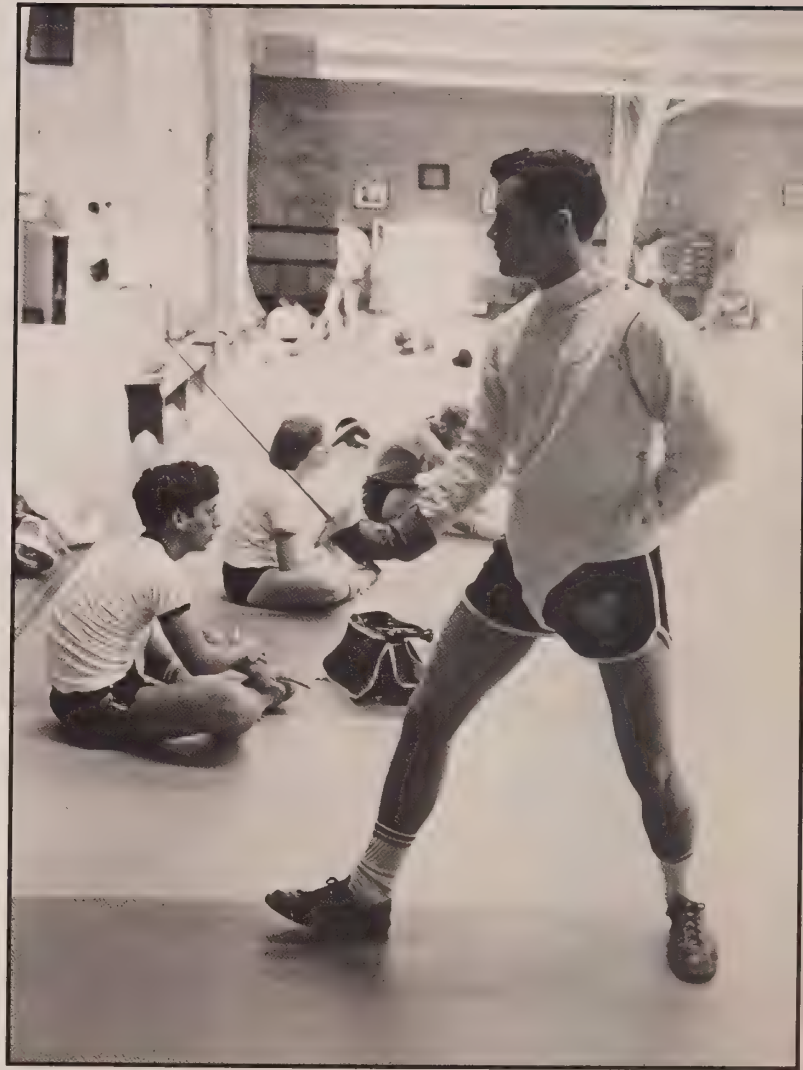
ARMY

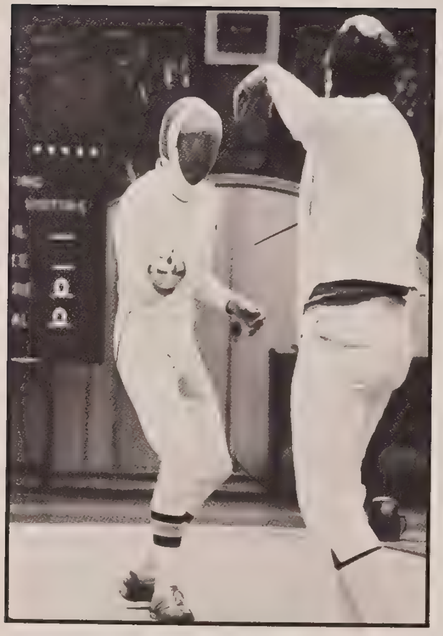
NAVY		OPPONENT
15	WILKES	21
29	YALE	12
29	NOTRE DAME	10
30	WEST VIRGINIA	15
24	PRINCETON	11
23	OLD DOMINION	15
12	NORTH CAROLINA STATE	20
13	NORTH CAROLINA	26
26	MARYLAND	15
33	RUTGERS	7
30	C. W. POST	12
59	NEW YORK MARITIME	0
27	COLUMBIA	10
28	SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT	12
34	SYRACUSE	5
37	PITTSBURGH	6
40	LAFAYETTE	2
13	PENN STATE	21
10	LEHIGH	25
30	WILLIAM & MARY	9
19	NEBRASKA	14
28	EAST CAROLINA	13
29	ARMY	7

NAVY: 18-5



FENCING

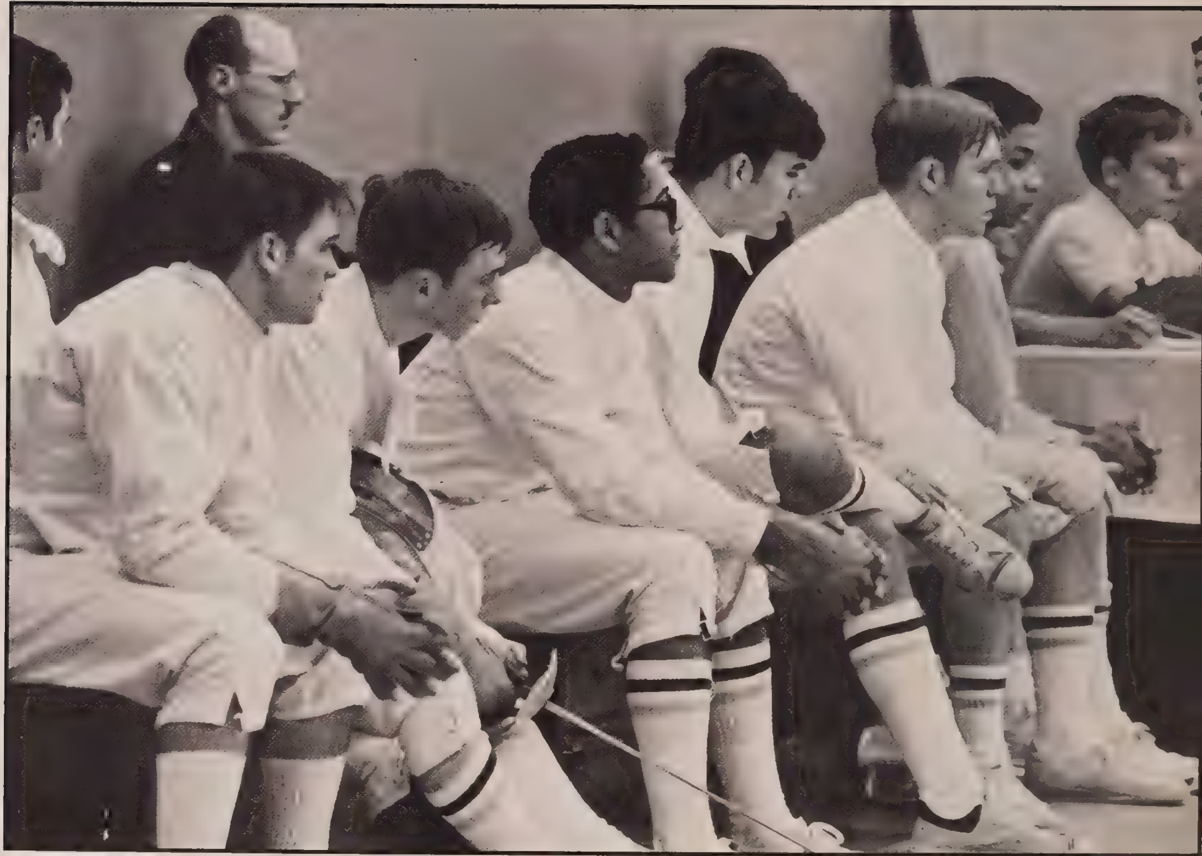


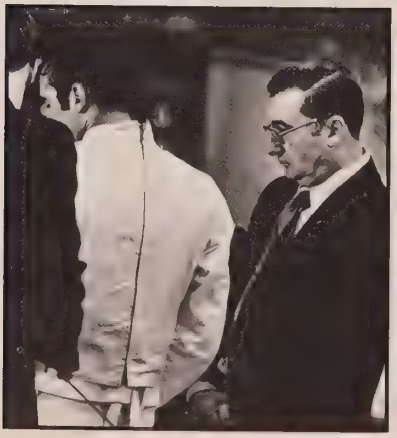


FENC
FO
EPE
SAB
TOT

NAVY		OPPONENT
14	PRINCETON	13
14	MIT	13
22	WILLIAM AND MARY	5
22	NEW YORK UNIVERSITY	5
12	UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA	15
17	COLUMBIA	10
14	PENN STATE	13
18	UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	9
16	RUTGERS	11

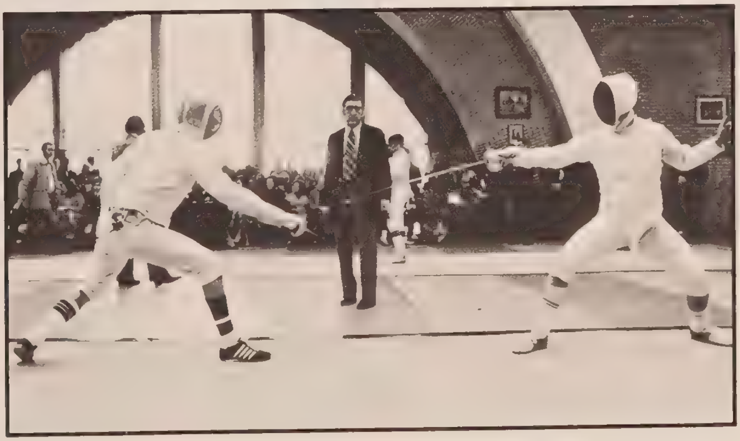
NAVY: 8-1
EASTERNS: Navy 3rd Place
NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS:
Navy 8th Place





NAVY		OPPONENT
12	PRINCETON	4
11	MIT	5
14	WILLIAM AND MARY	2
12	JOHNS HOPKINS	4
16	HUNTER	0
13	HARVARD	3
6	BARNARD	10
12	GEORGE MASON	4
9	RUTGERS	7
5	TEMPLE	11
14	UMBC	2

NAVY: 9-2
NIFAW Region 6: Navy 1st Place



VOLLEYBALL

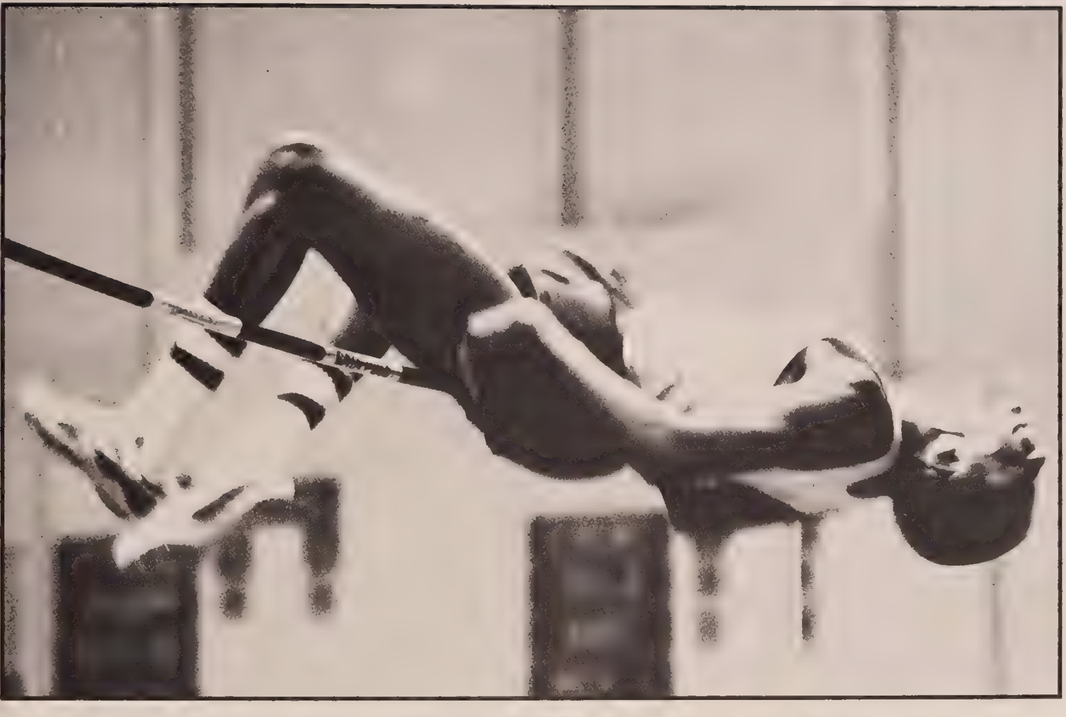
NAVY
52
NAVY
44
NAVY
54
3

Navy women's Volleyball finished their season with a 32-22 record and placed fifth in the Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women Division II Regional Tournament. While the year's record may not have matched that of previous seasons, the women competed against several Division I schools. They brought back trophies from four out of the six tournaments entered, placing first at George Washington Invitational over Division I Penn State, third at the Princeton Tournament, and winning the consolation rounds at the Navy Invitational and the University of Rhode Island Invitational.

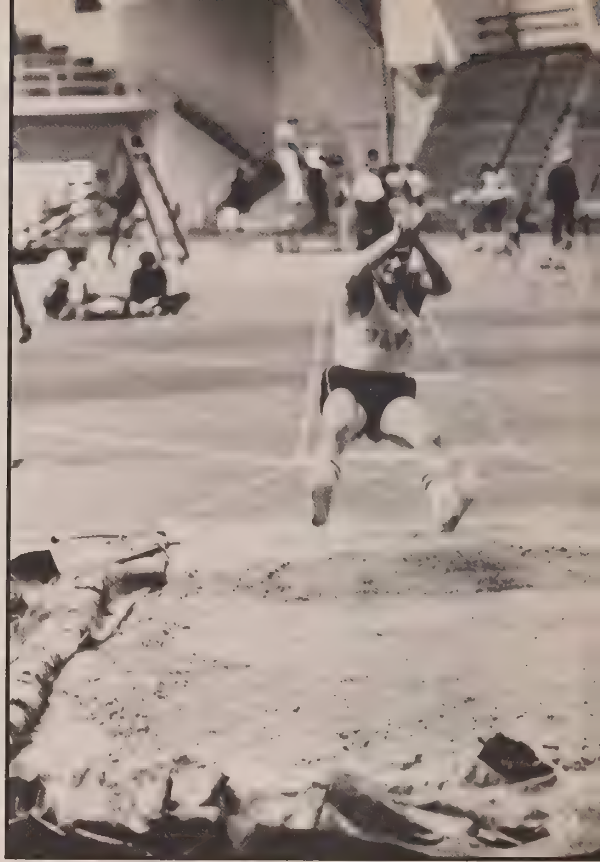
52

52

INDOOR TRACK

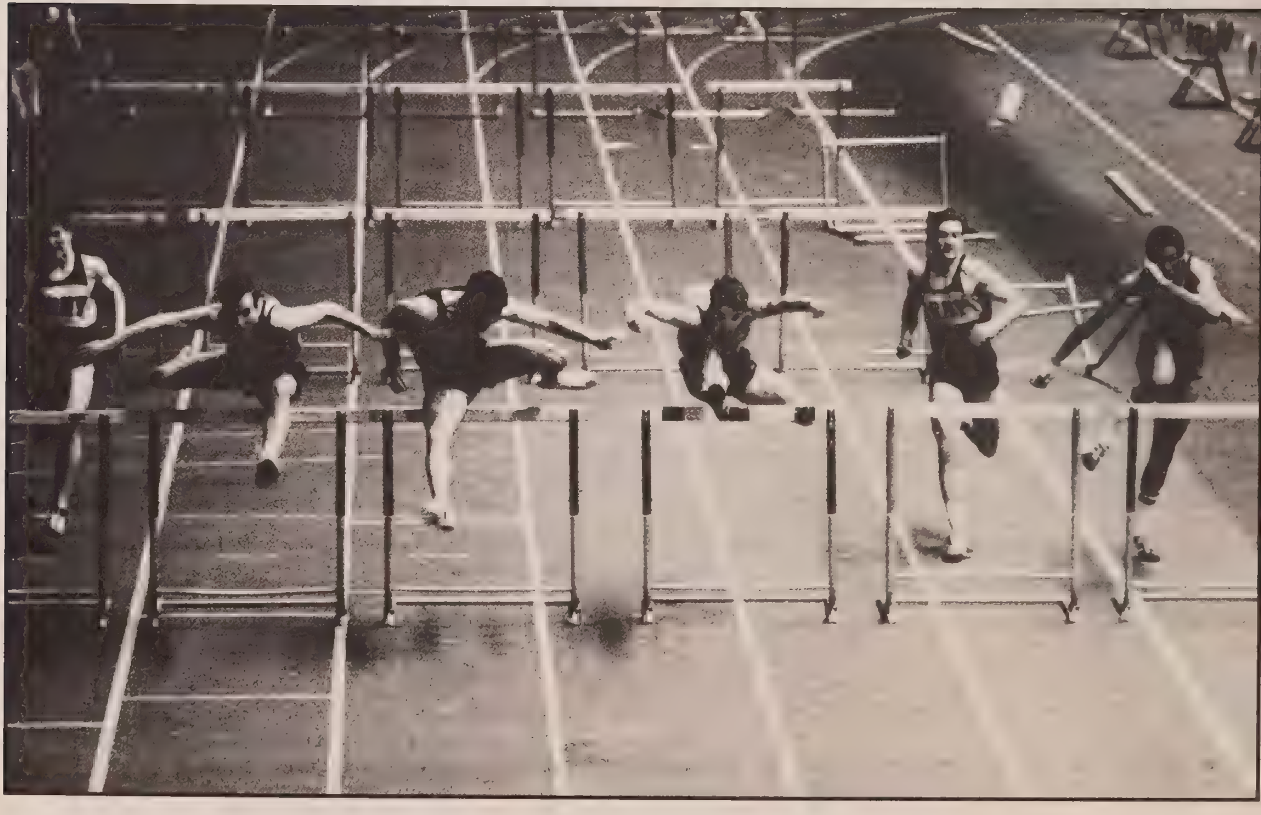


NAVY
7
NAVY
12
ARMY



NAVY		OPPONENT
63	VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	73
62	NORTH CAROLINA STATE	79
62	WILLIAM AND MARY	29
63	PRINCETON	73
75.5	UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA	60.5
76	MANHATTAN	60
68	ARMY	68

HEPTAGONALS: Navy 3rd Place
IC4A: Navy tied for 7th Place
NAVY: 3-3-1



AVY

VY
NAVY
RMY

Navy

SWIMMING

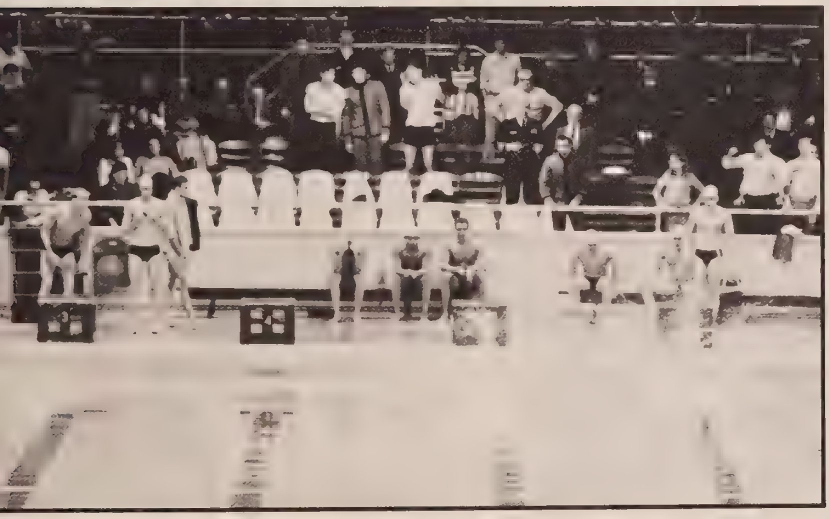
MENS' SWIMMING

NAVY		OPPONENT
39	HARVARD	74
56	BROWN	57
39	DARTMOUTH	74
80	JOHN HOPKINS	33
46	YALE	67
89	DREXEL	24
73	CORNELL	40
54	MARYLAND	59
80	PENN	33
44	PRINCETON	63
79	VILLANOVA	34
66	COLUMBIA	47
62	ARMY	51

NAVY: 6-7

Winning four of its last five meets, the mens' swimming team captured a victorious season. The team finished tenth in the Eastern Seaboard Swimming Championship with a record setting time recorded by Bob Wimmer, a second class, in the 100 yard backstroke. Promising new records in the future are upcomers Joe Murphy, Vince Smarjesse, and Jim Fahey who already has one record in the 200 yard individual medley.

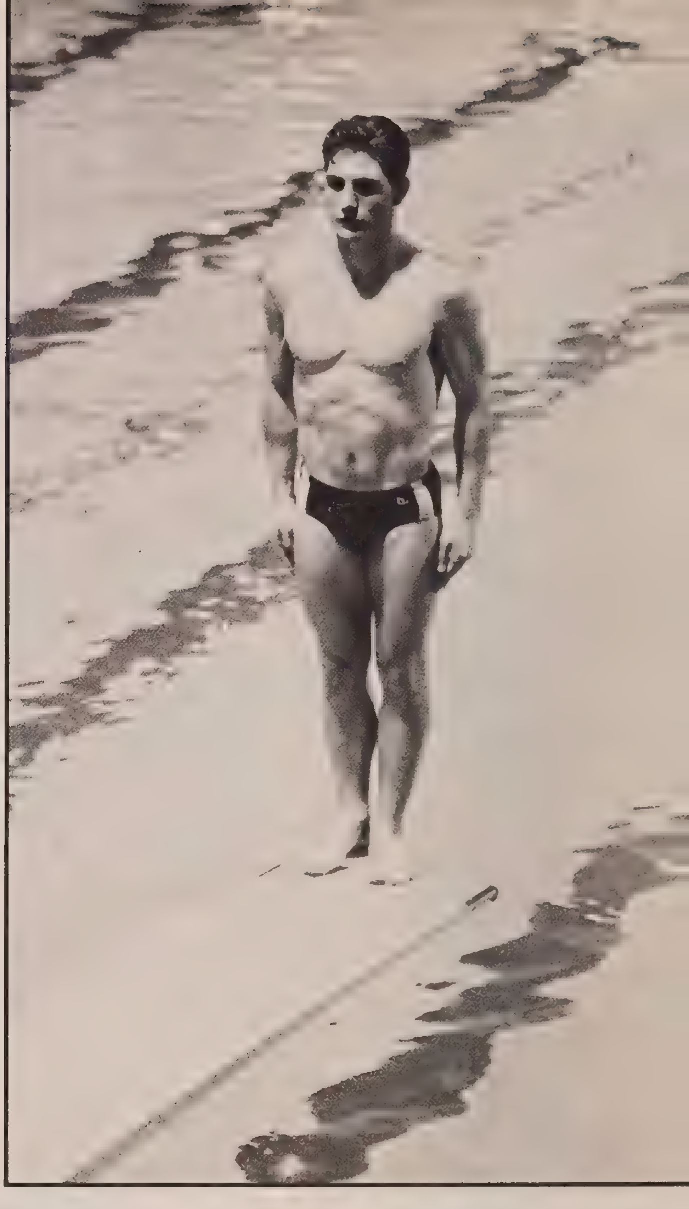
Womens' swimming earned a 4-4 record in its second year of varsity competition at Navy. Four members of the team excelled to All-American in the AIAW Division II National meet. Kris Collins, Terry Riggs, and Cheryl Dolyniak will be back next year to try for second honors, while Peggy Feldman, a two time All-American, will graduate this year. The team placed eleventh in the National meet.



WOMENS' SWIMMING

NAVY		OPPONENT
82	LOYOLA	42
40	DREXEL	100
48	VILLANOVA	91
68	AMERICAN UNIVERSITY	64
78	MARYLAND	112
78	GEORGE WASHINGTON	38
76	TOWSON STATE	64
50	WILLIAM & MARY	81

NAVY: 4-4



NAVY
56
GUEST
51
PLACINGS
DROWN
ZING IT

RIFLE & PISTOL

RIFLE

NAVY		OPPONENT
4512	ST. JOHNS	4374
4536	UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	4384
4529	WEST VIRGINIA	4649
5687	AIR FORCE ACADEMY	5600
4558	EAST TENNESSEE STATE	4638
2837	PENN STATE	2720
5650	ARMY	5609

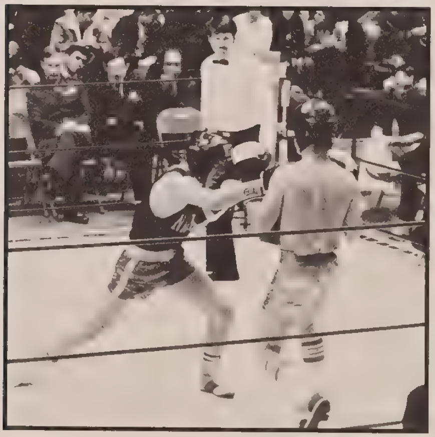
NAVY: 5-2
NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS:
Navy - 6th Place

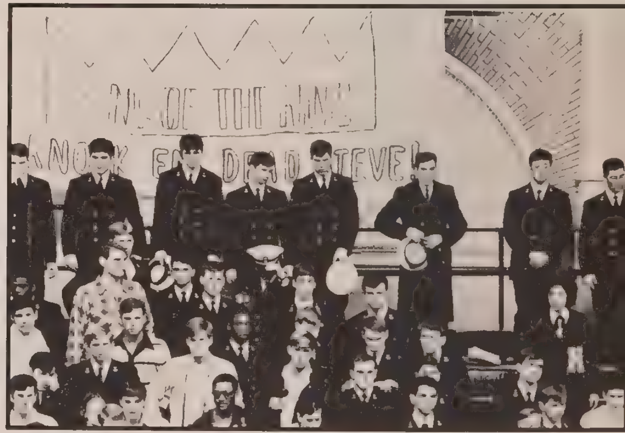
PISTOL

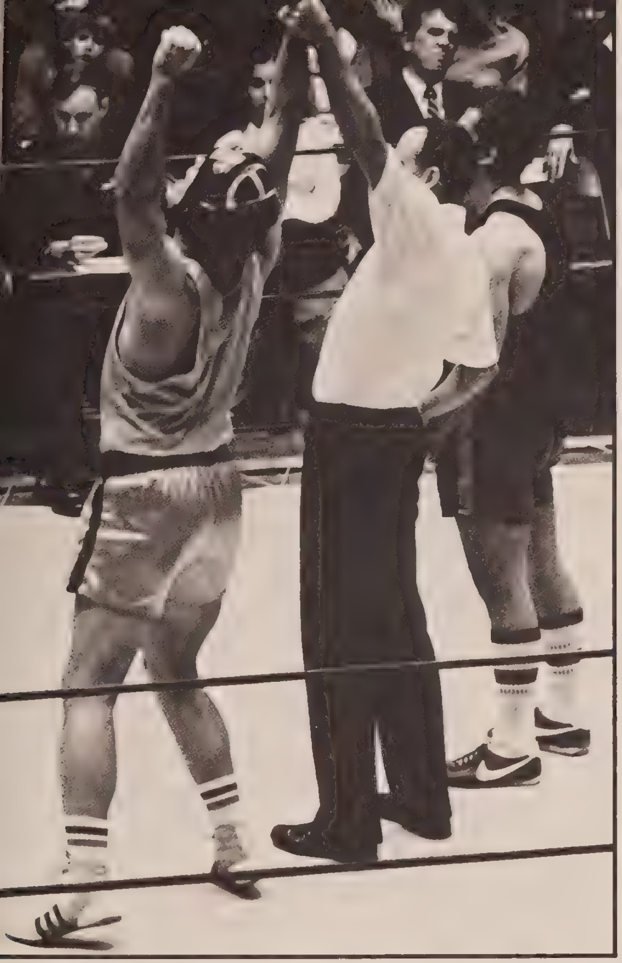
NAVY		OPPONENT
3149	U.S. COAST GUARD ACADEMY	3031
3195	U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY	3037
3158	NEW JERSEY TECH	2902
3203	VIRGINIA	2983
	CITADEL	2788
7614	ARMY	7775
3160	MIT	3121

NAVY: 6-1

BRIGADE BOXING

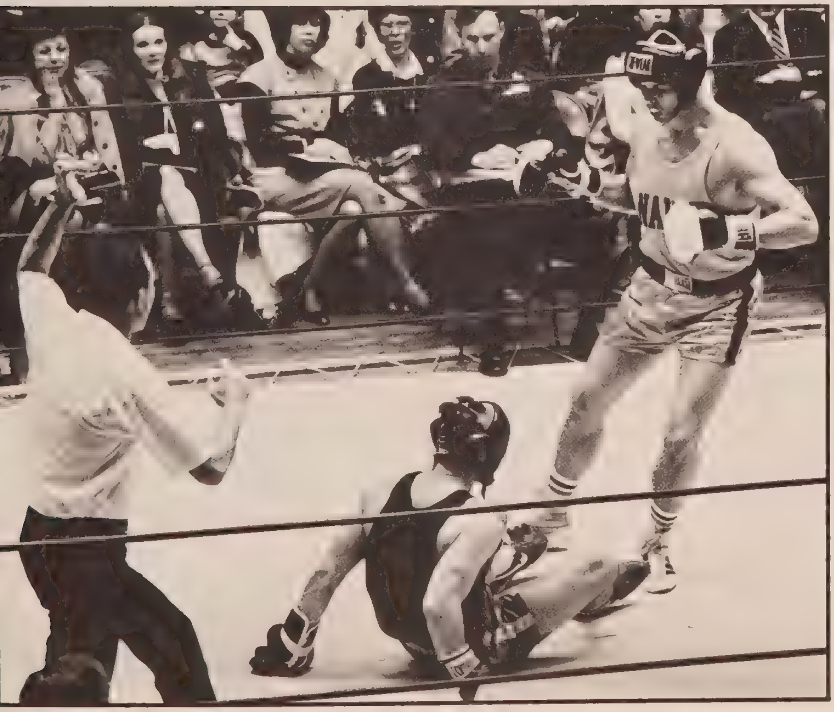



NOCK EM DEAD STEVE!



Brigade Champs

BOXER	CLASS	COMPANY
DAVE RUBIN PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 118 POUND CLASS	83	25
JULIAN FINLEY HOMEWOOD, ALABAMA 127 POUND CLASS	83	13
FRANK VALENTE GROSS POINTE WOOD, MICHIGAN 135 POUND CLASS	82	8
PAUL JAMES EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN 145 POUND CLASS	81	23
DOBIE McARTHUR COLEMAN, TEXAS 155 POUND CLASS	82	13
SHELDON REDDEN WESBADEN, GERMANY 165 POUND CLASS	81	2
PAUL STATION OMAHA, NEBRASKA 175 POUND CLASS	81	8
KEN MacDONALD PLEASANT HILL, CALIFORNIA HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS	80	33



NAVY
125
RUBIN
RIP

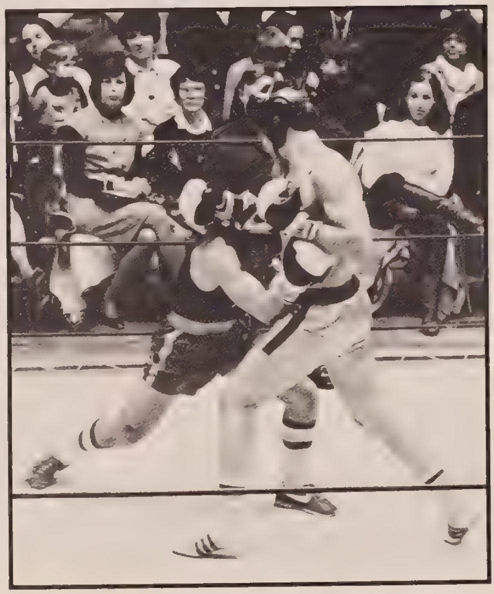
AVY

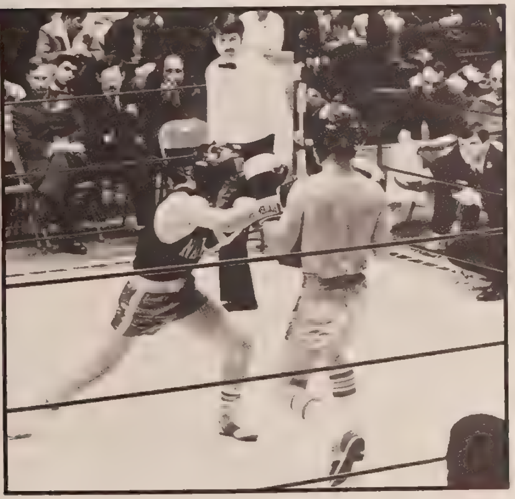
In November, 125 Midshipmen started preparing for the right to be Brigade boxing champs. Each of the eight weight classes were well represented throughout the single elimination tournament. Every competitor was mentally prepared for the rough training.

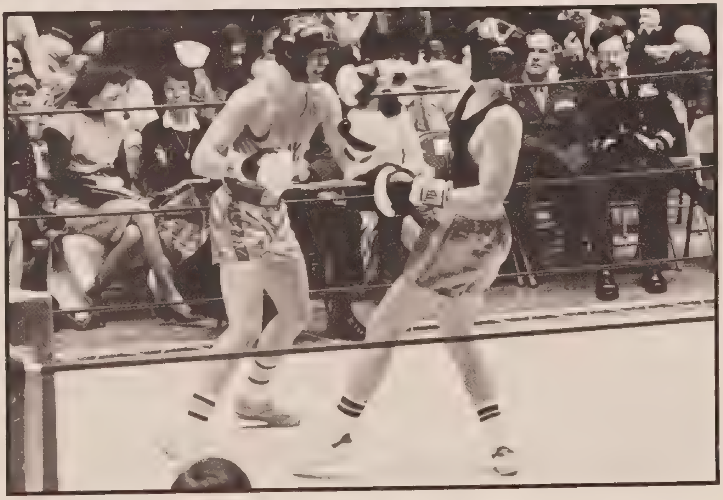
Workouts were held twice daily. The first, at 0615, was a running workout, while the afternoon session was geared more towards boxing skills and physical conditioning. With superior organization, the workouts were as strenuous and efficient as any other varsity sport — no fooling around. Even under such tension, there were humorous moments. Sheldon Reddon, the returning Brigade and national champion, always added spirit to the program with his Ali comments, earaches, and five mile sprints. In the end, the sixteen finalists were seasoned boxers.

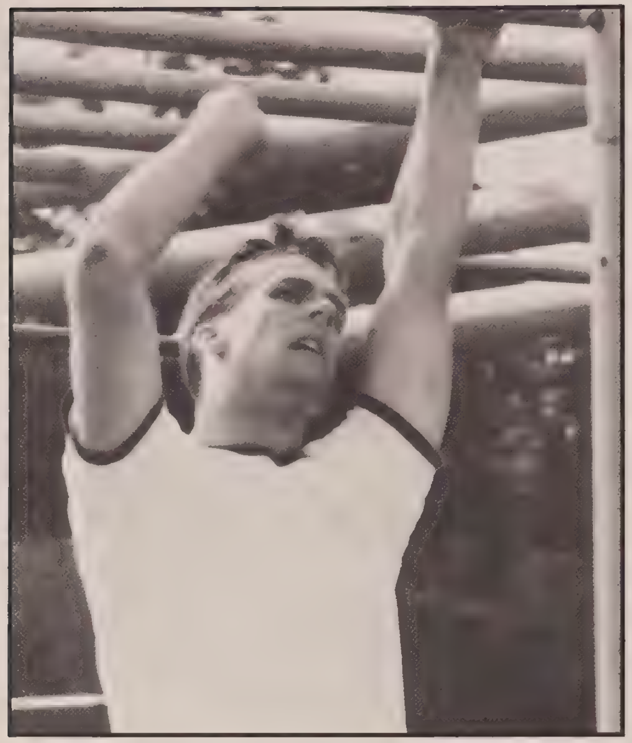
Among these boxers were two second class competing in the 145 pound weight class who were roommates. This was quite an oddity in Brigade competition. The finals were held on March 1, 1980. Everyone involved was rewarded with eight great matches.

After the Brigade championships, Frank Valente, Ken MacDonald, and Sheldon Reddon, headed on to national competition.

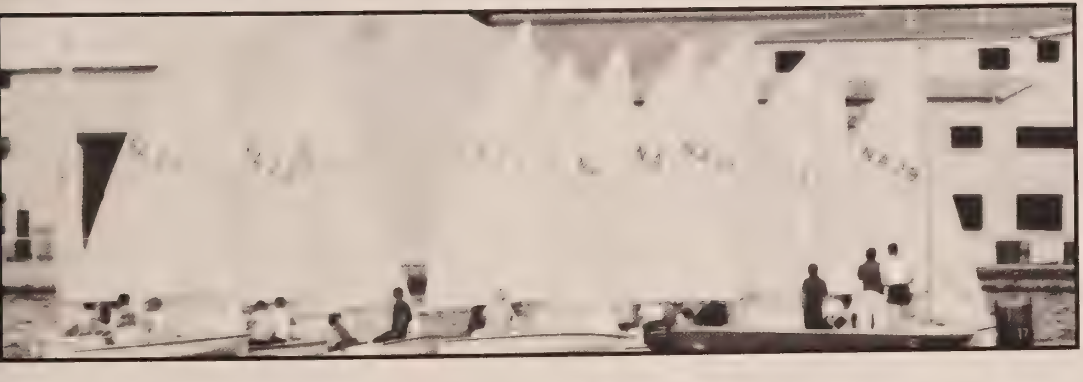


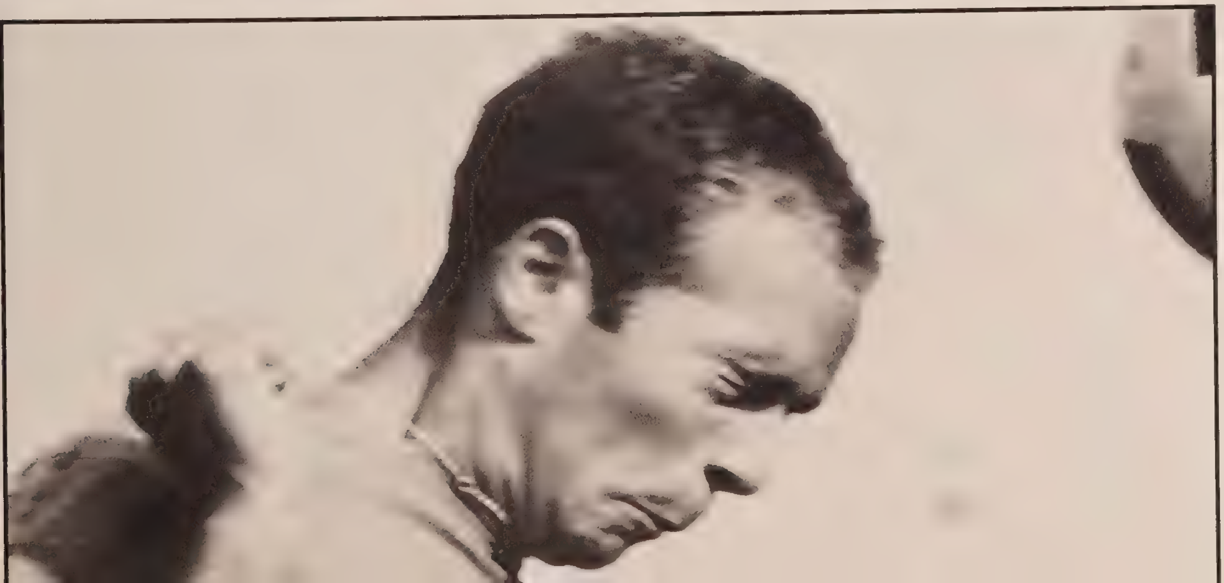






INTRAMURALS





INTRAMURAL RECORDS

FALL CHAMPIONS

Basketball - 35th Company
Record: 8-0
Coach: Midn 1/c D. R. Nagao

Boxing - 4th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coach: Midn 1/c C. B. Clark

Crew - 5th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c J. R. Abel
Midn 1/c L. E. Arkley

Cross Country - 2nd Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c L. H. Barkell

Fencing - 5th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c J. M. Toves
Midn 1/c J. D. Winter

Football - 1st Battalion
Record: 4-0-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c L. V. Rossetti
Midn 1/c E. Van Denhende

Handball - 3rd Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c J. W. Houck
Midn 1/c M. Williams

Soccer - 1st Company
Record: 8-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c F. Deavila
Midn 1/c F. Schultz

Squash - 5th Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coach: Midn 1/c J. J. Munson

Swimming - 3rd Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c J. B. Brinkman
Midn 1/c W. W. Davis

Tennis - 3rd Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c J. R. Allmon
Midn 1/c D. Broadbent

Wrestling - 6th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c G. Martinez

WINTER CHAMPIONS

Fieldball - 19th Company
Record: 10-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c N. Screeton
Midn 1/c J. P. Widay

Handball - 6th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c T. A. Lake

Squash - 1st Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coach: Midn 1/c E. R. Selby

Stxball - 6th Battalion
Record: 8-1-1
Coach: Midn 1/c S. C. Keller

Team Handball - 4th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c M. J. Sims
Midn 1/c R. M. Atwood

Lightweight Touch Football - 36th Company
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c P. W. Thrasher
Midn 1/c J. W. Link

Heavyweight Touch Football - 31st Company
Record: 10-1
Coach: Midn 1/c J. C. Johnstone

SPRING CHAMPIONS

Basketball - 4th Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c G. W. Buck
Midn 1/c J. M. Sayre

Knockabout Sailing - 26th Company
Coach: Midn 1/c P. S. Jerome

Lacrosse - 1st Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c P. K. Inglis
Midn 1/c A. S. Mosley

Rugby - 3rd Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coach: Midn 2/c J. K. Mills

Fast Pitch Softball - 12th Company
Record: 10-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c C. M. Edmondson
Midn 1/c T. S. Ullrich

Slow Pitch Softball - 35th Company
Record 10-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c G. Martinez
Midn 1/c J. T. Merrill

Squash - 5th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c D. H. Hesse
Midn 1/c J. F. O'Hara

Tennis - 6th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c R. Shockley

Womens' Tennis - 5th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coach: Midn 1/c K. Shanebrook

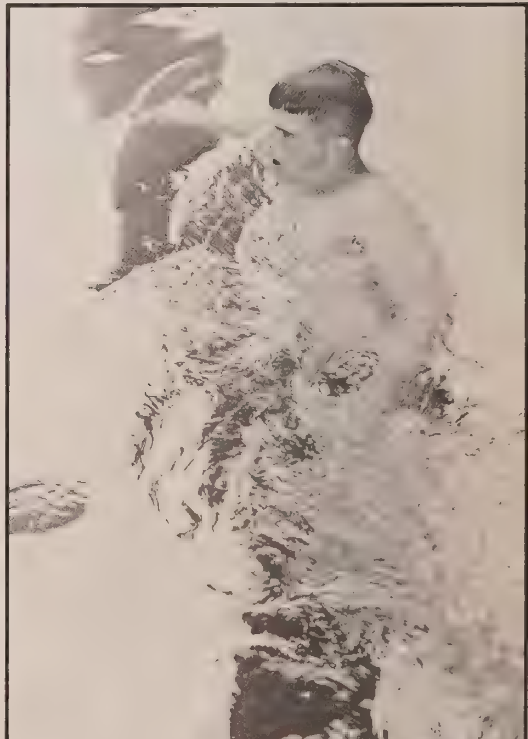
Track - 5th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c R. Altenburger
Midn 1/c D. J. Roberts

Volleyball - 6th Battalion
Record: 8-2
Coach: Midn 1/c W. A. Elento

Water Polo - 3rd Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coach: Midn 1/c W. W. Davis

Weightlifting - 1st Battalion
Record: 5-1
Coach: Midn 1/c R. L. Wohlschlegel

INTRAMURALS



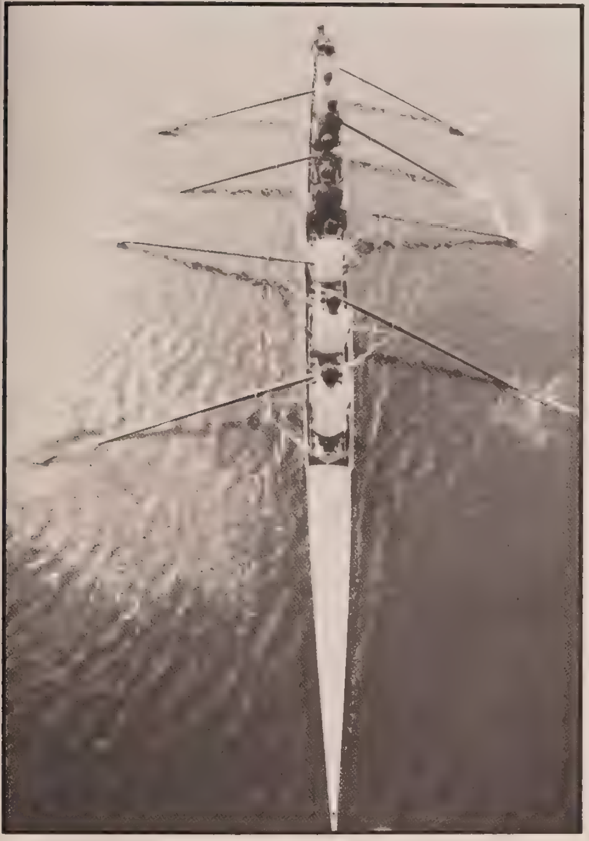
GOLF

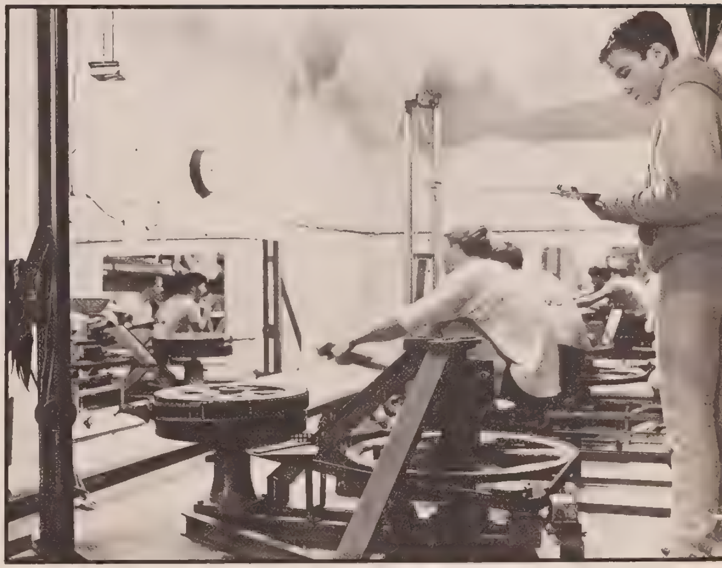
SPRING SPORTS

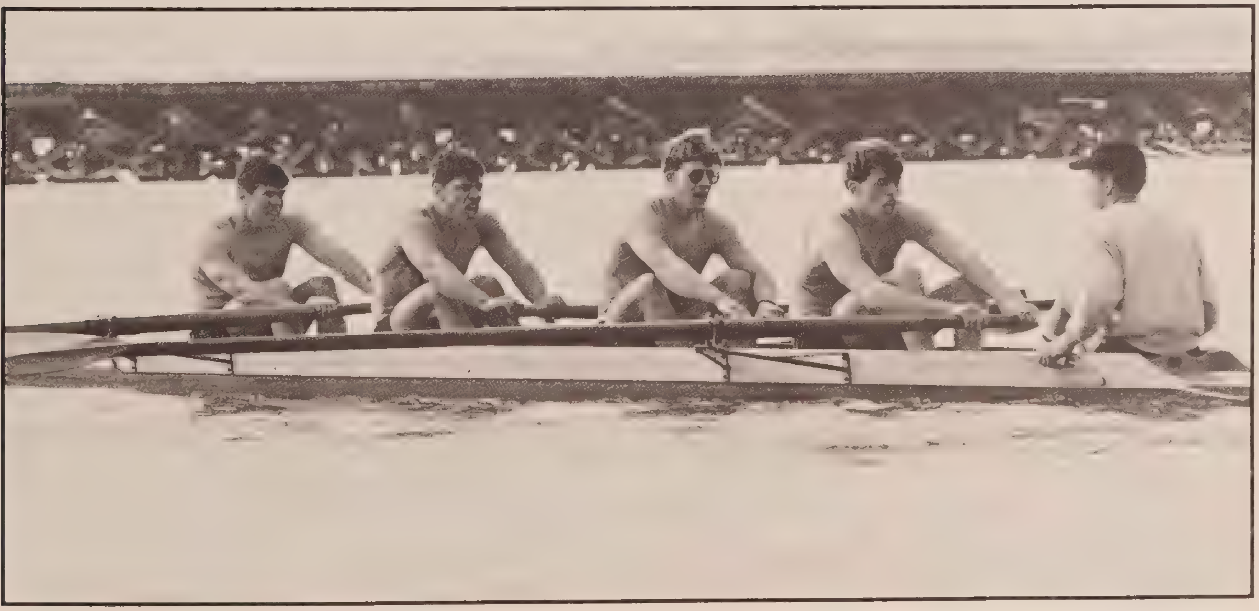
19
13

N

CREW

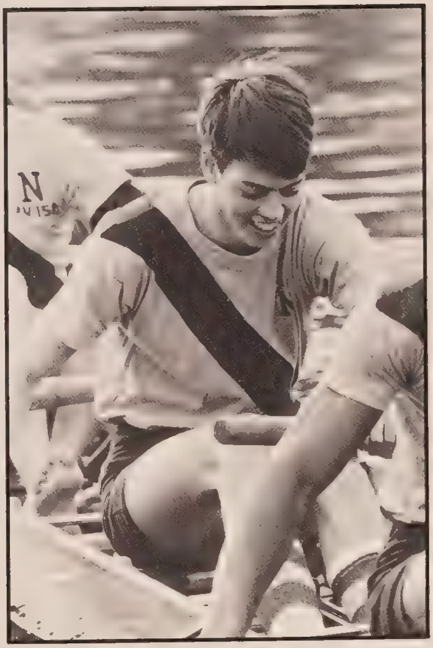


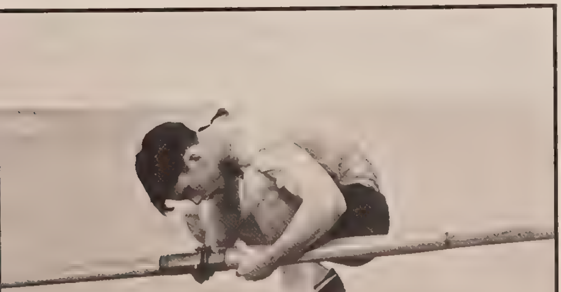




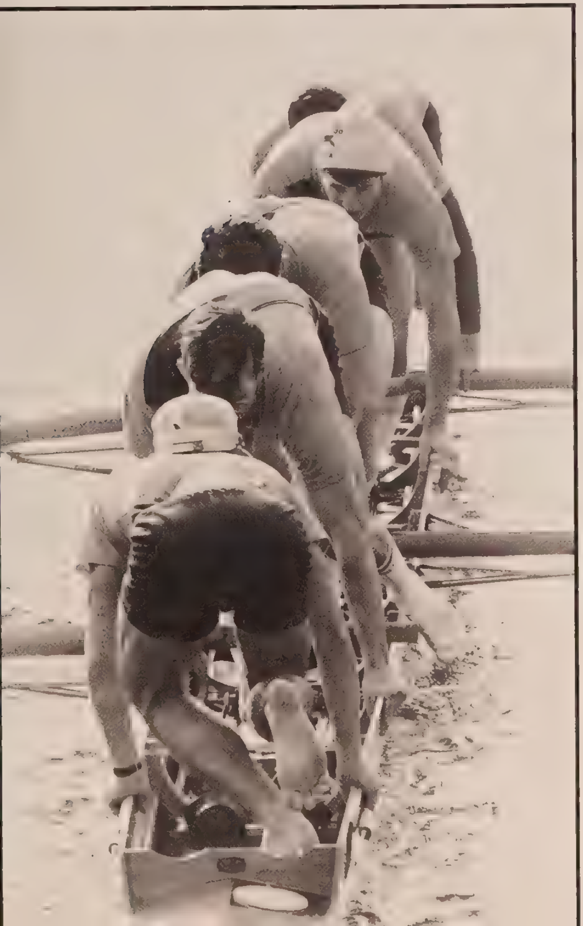
VMA
BLACKSHEEP
NAVY

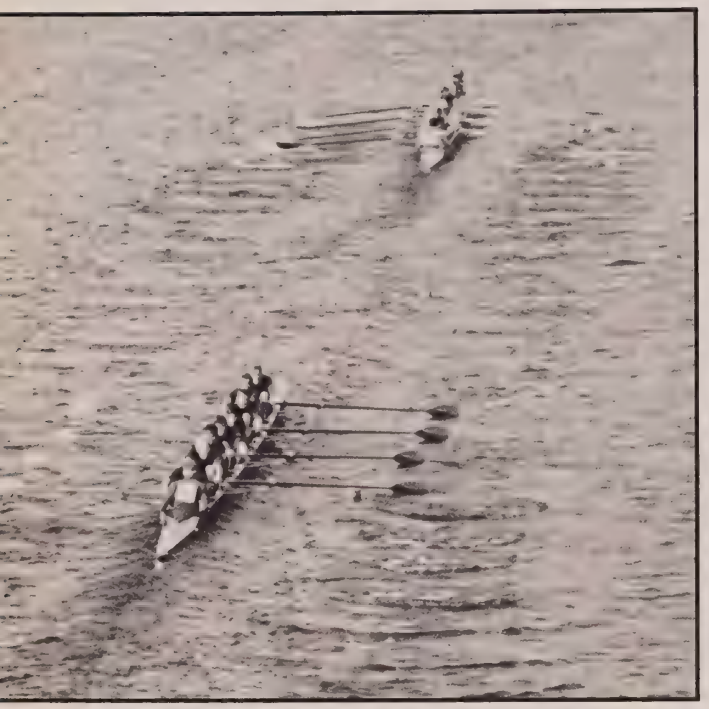
N
2d PLEBE





N





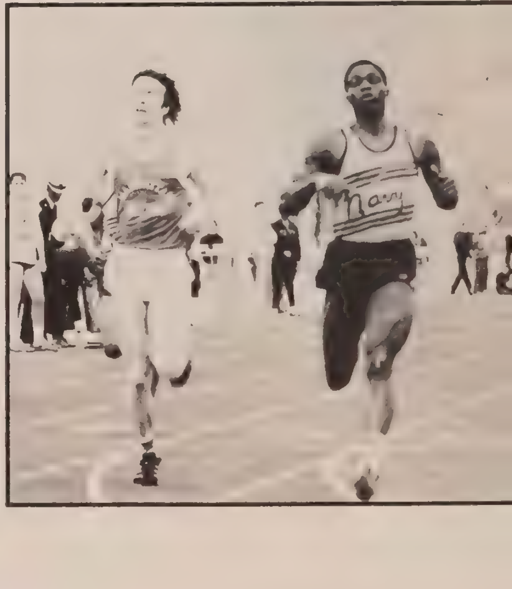
5

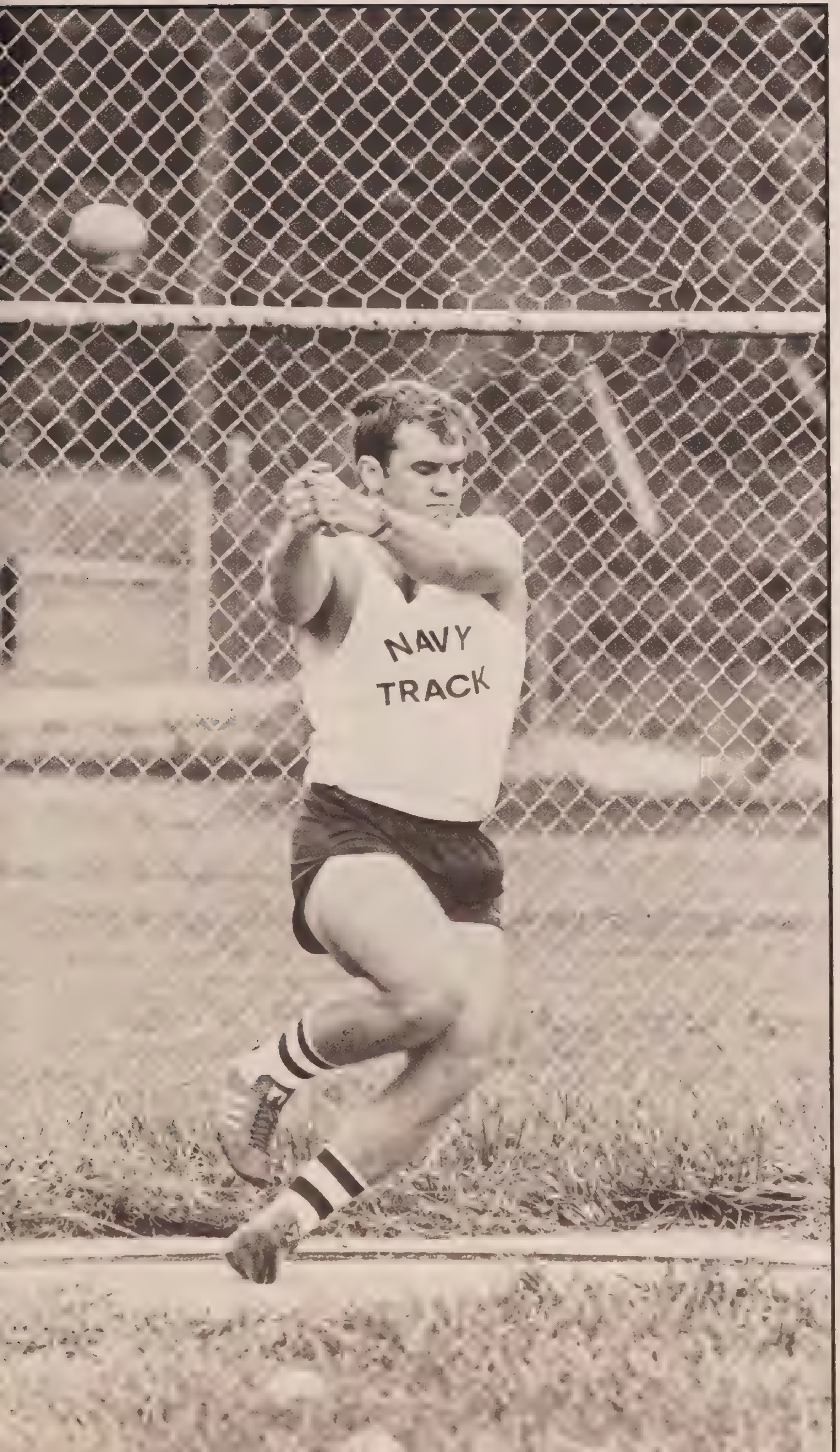
Navy

Navy

Navy

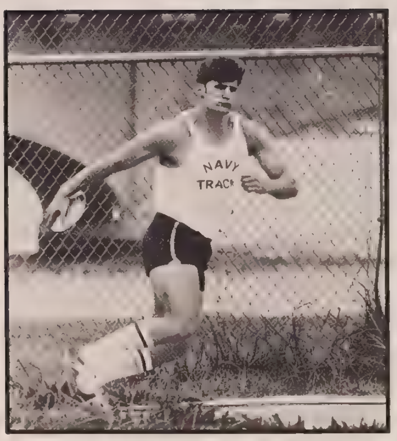
MANHATTAN COLLEGE
NAVY

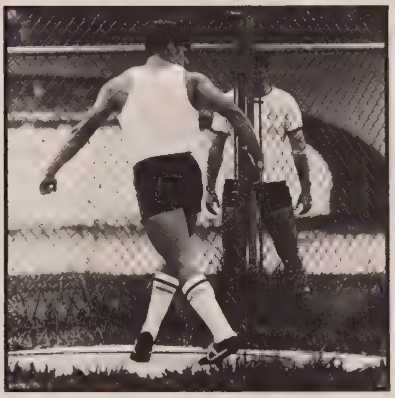

Navy



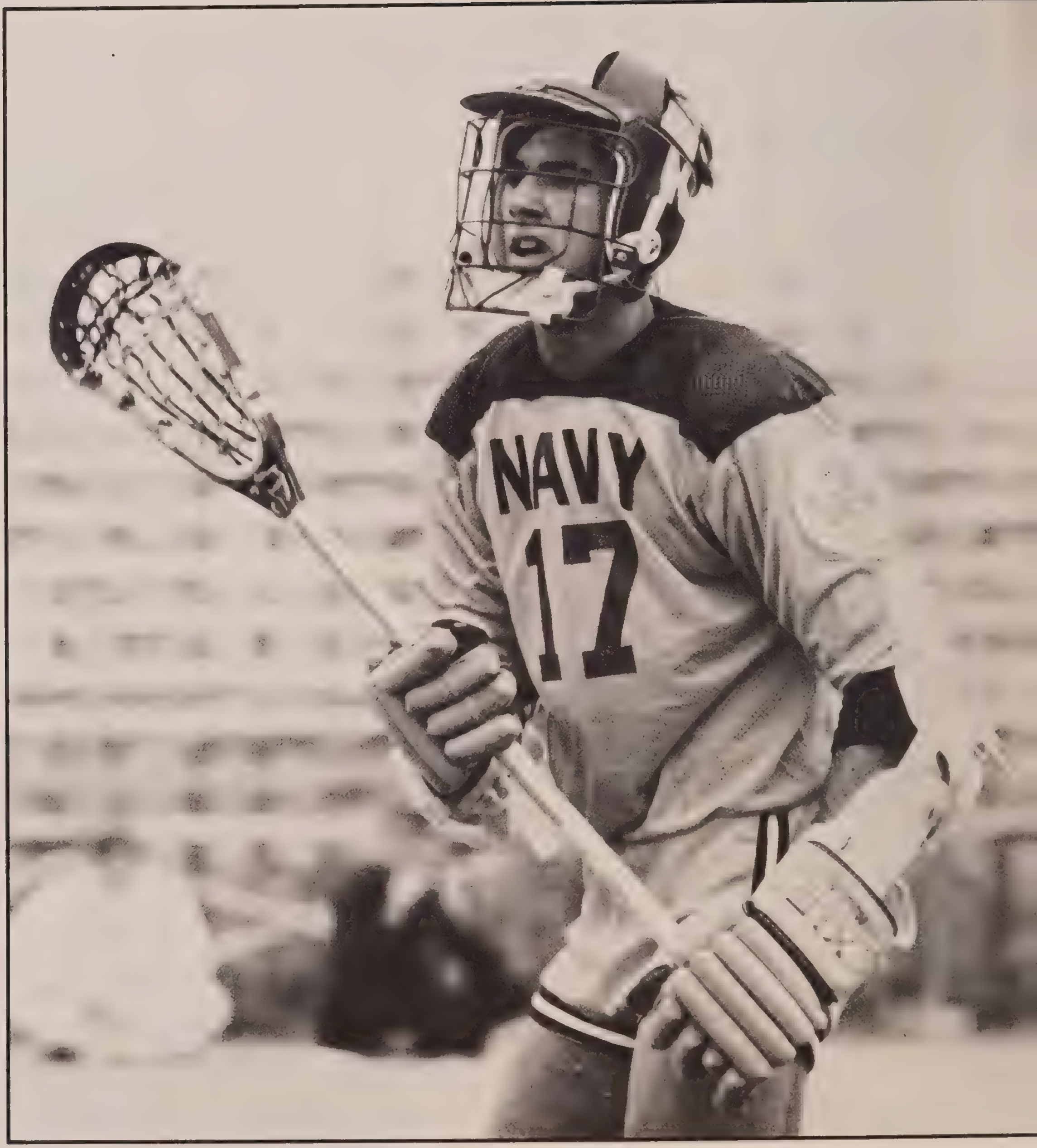
TRACK

Navy


NAVY
TRACK



LACROSSE



RMC

10
NAVY

22
15

NAVY

N
STX

34

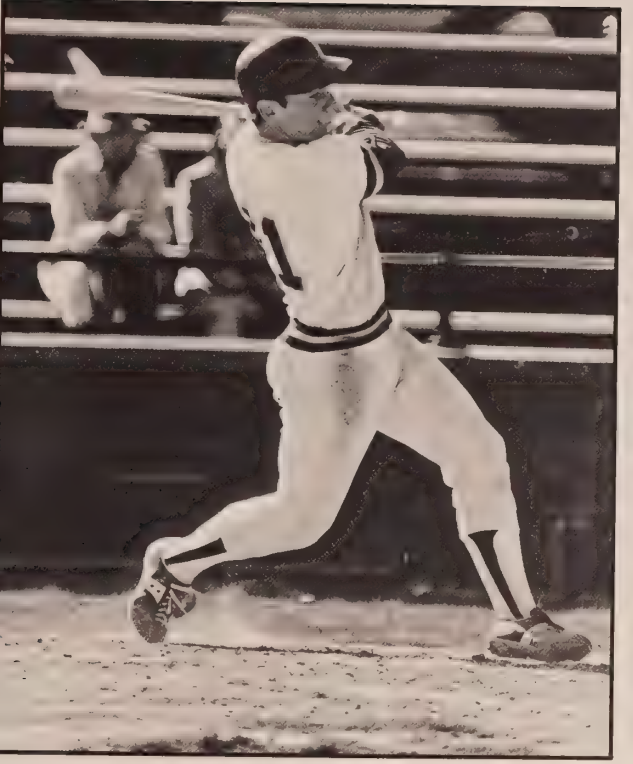
N

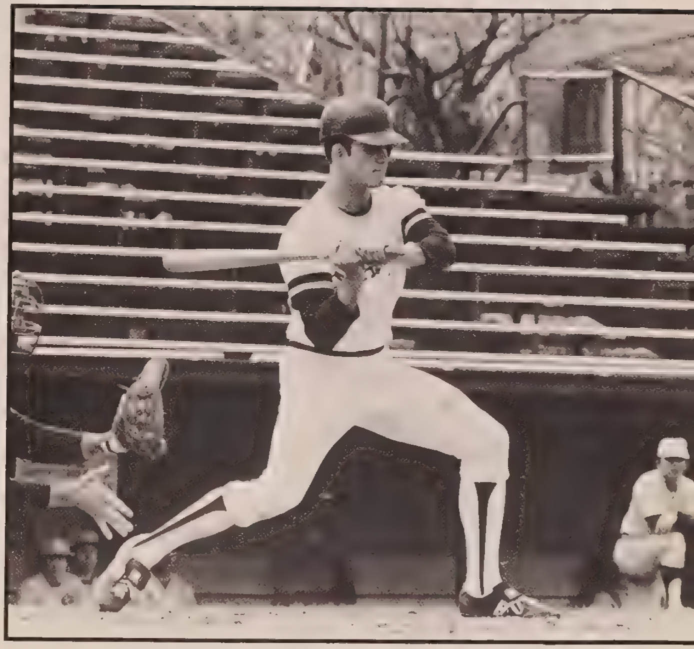
NAVY

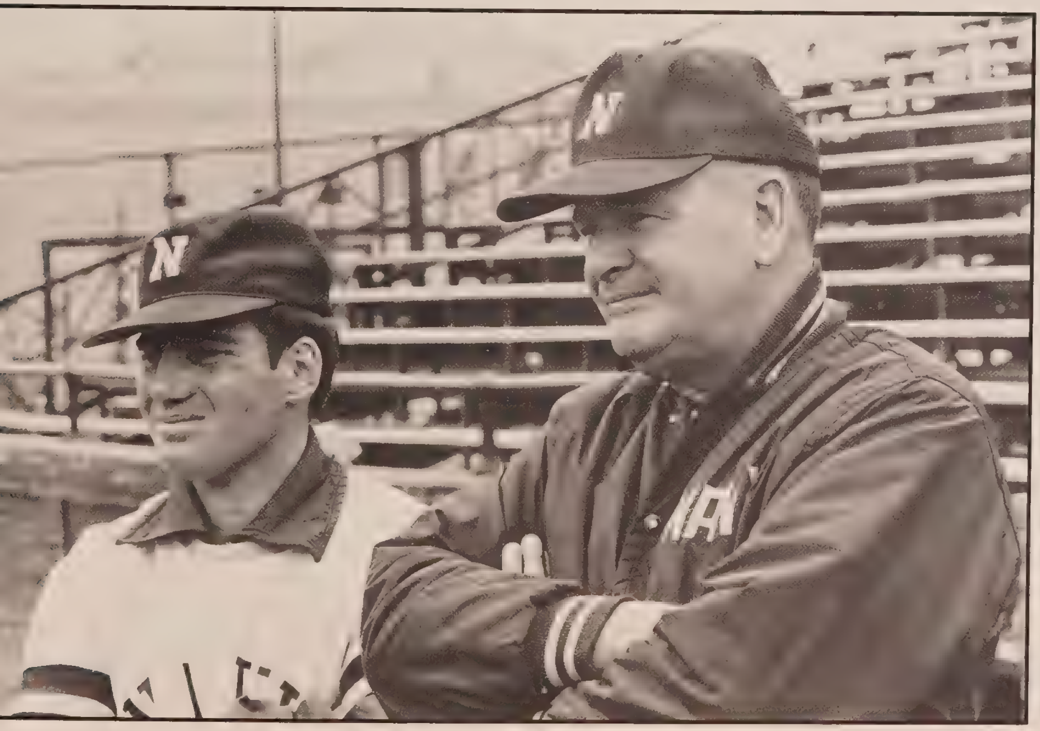
BASEBALL

22
AT BAT
BALL 2
STRIKE 0
OUT 0
H-E
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 R H E
VISITOR
NAVY
FORSTER MEMORIAL

N
NAVY
SPITAL

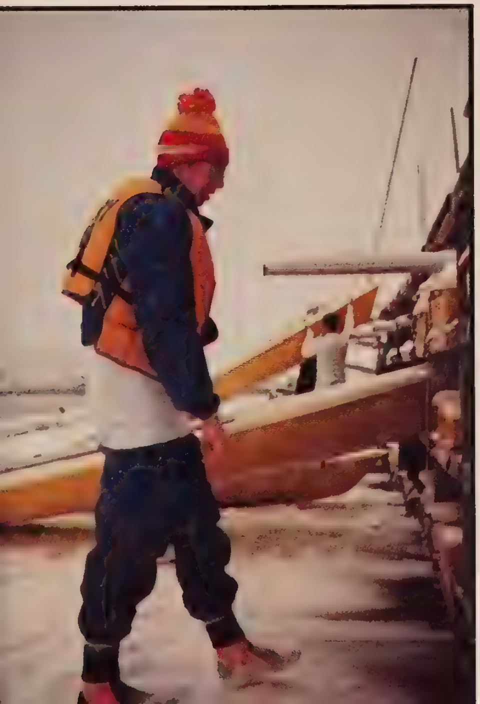






SAILING

CONSTELLATION



N429
FIREFLY
FIREFLY

14309
14309

N

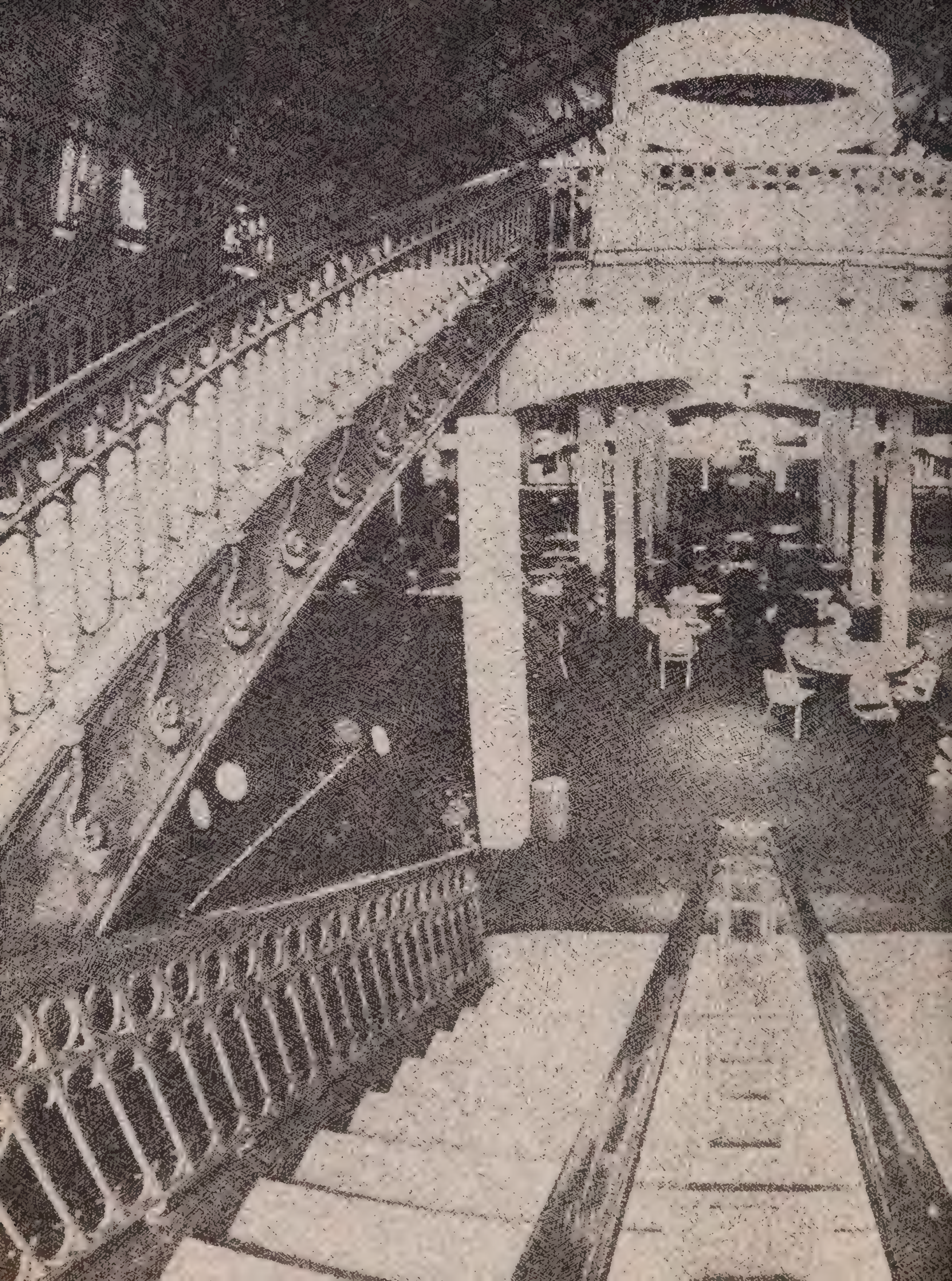
NA 25
NA 13
NA 2
6

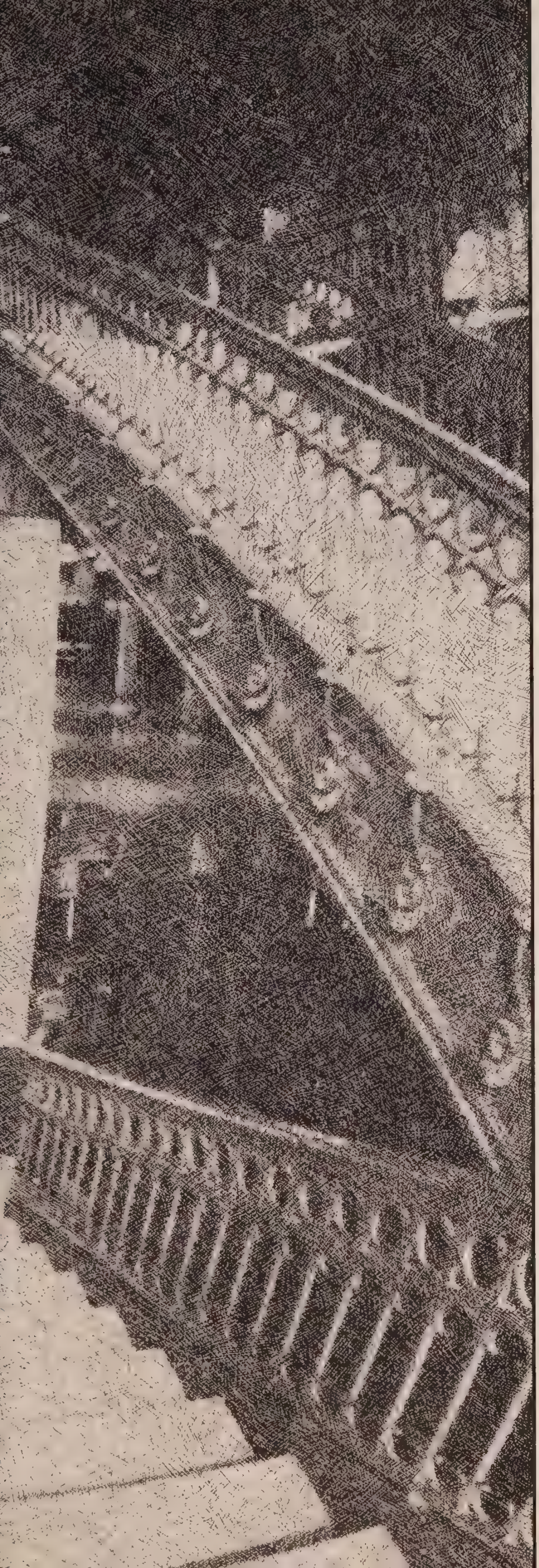
NA 13
NA 13
NA 15
NA 14

LOWERY
US NA

17

NA 19
NA 16
NA 4
NA 8





Social Events

SOCIAL

THE NIGHT LIFE

PLAYS:

Midsummer's Night Dream
Damn Yankees
Antigone

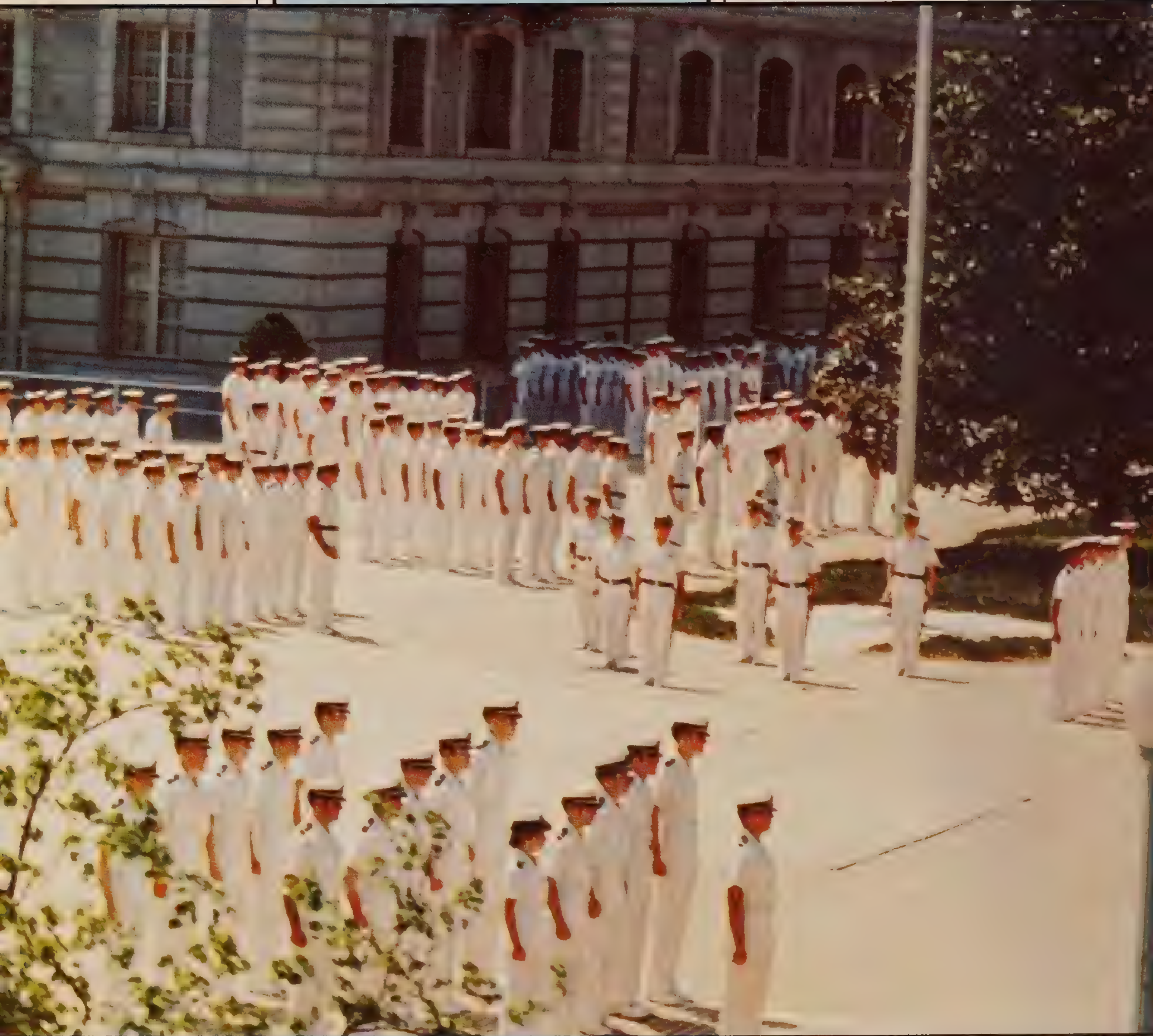
CONCERTS:

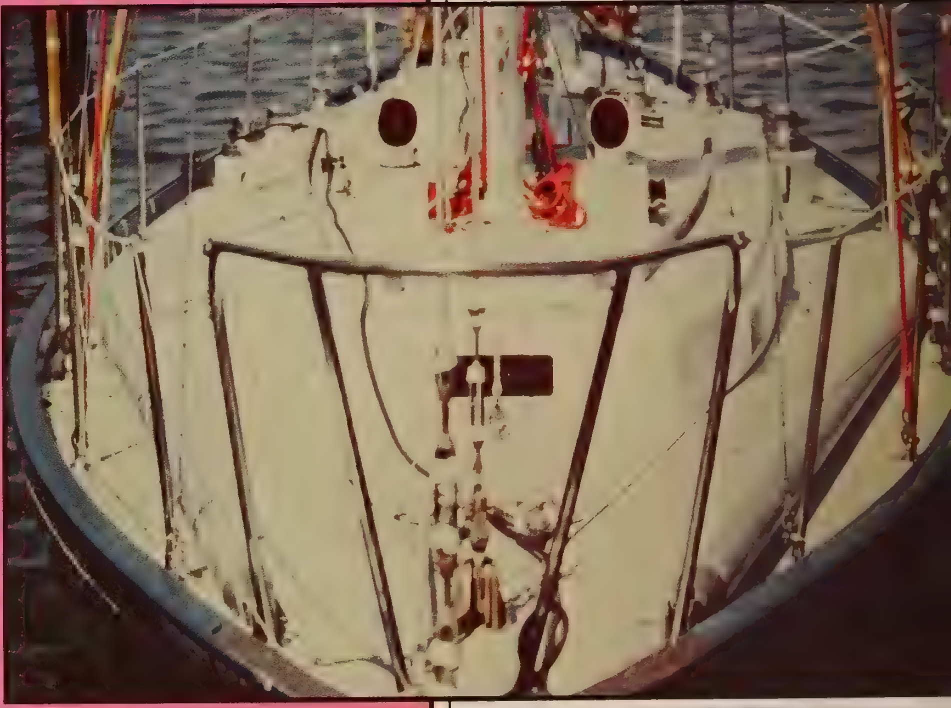
Frampton
America
Jimmy Buffet
Beach Boys
a tough act to follow

RMS

Senators

JUNE WEEK '80





NA 12

TP 655

3

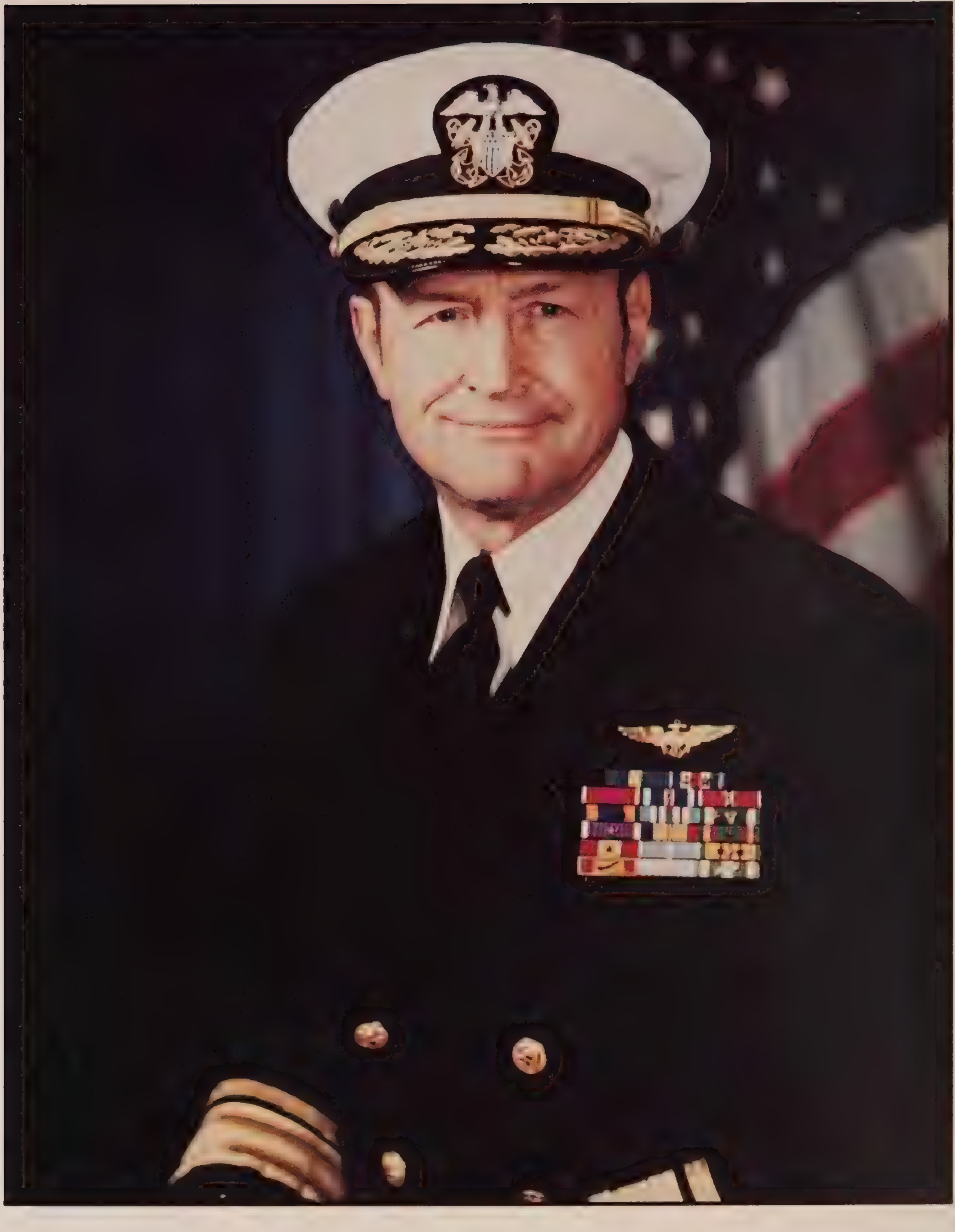
ORGANIZATION

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
JIMMY CARTER

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
THE HONORABLE HAROLD BROWN

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
THE HONORABLE EDWARD HIDALGO

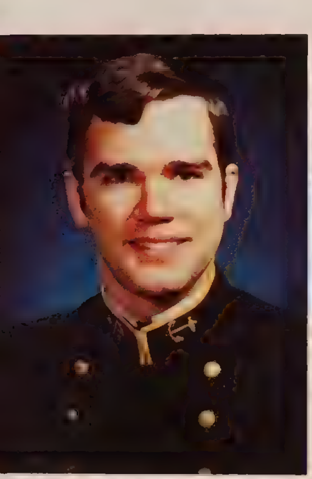
CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
ADMIRAL THOMAS B. HAYWARD

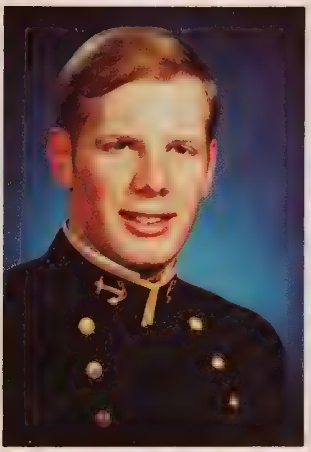
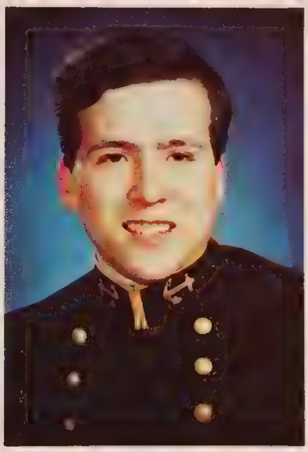


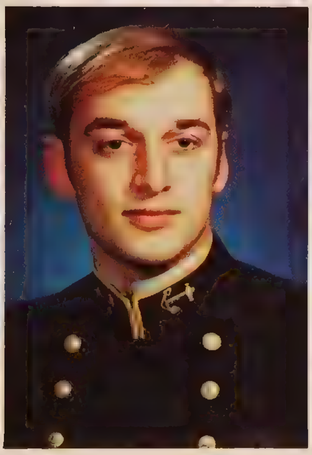
SUPERINTENDENT
REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM P. LAWRENCE

COMMANDANT
REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. McCAULEY

CLASS OF '80





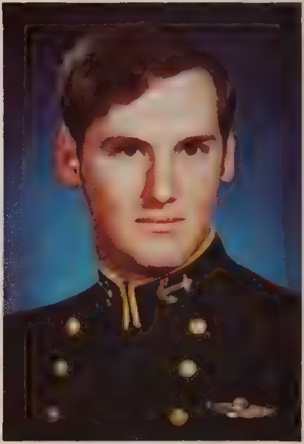
JEFFREY R. ABEL
JAMES V. ADAMS
JOHN H. ADAMS

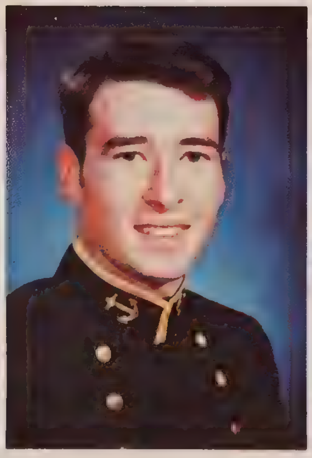
MICHAEL E. AGUDO
JOHN CARL AGUERO
SCOTT ALBERTSON

MICHAEL R. ALES
REX H. ALEXANDER
JOHN J. ALLEN

PAUL M. ALLEN
TRAVIS M. ALLEN
ROBERT C. ALLER

A



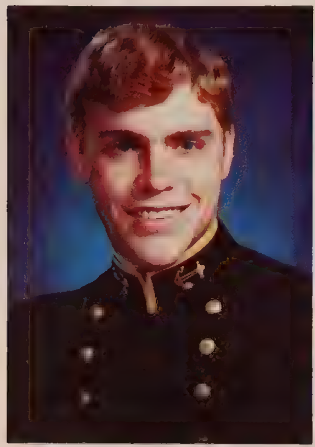


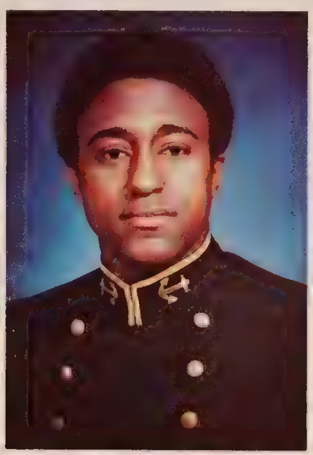
JAMES L. ALLISON
JEFFREY R. ALLMON
JOHN A. ANDERSON

R. ALTENBURGER
DAVID M. ANDERSON
DANIEL J. ARCHER

JESUS ALMANZA
LARRY E. ARKLEY
PETER ANDREASEN

DAVID R. ANDERSON
ROBERT ANDERSON
DAVID C. ARNOLD





MARIL R. ARNOLD
RUSSELL AVERILL
CARL S. BARBOUR

ANGELO J. ARTUSO
DONALD E. BABCOCK
LELAND H. BARKELL

MARSHALL ATKINS
R. F. BACZKOWSKI
KURT A. BADEN

RICHARD M. ATWOOD
HOWARD F. BARKER
JEROME A. BARKER

B

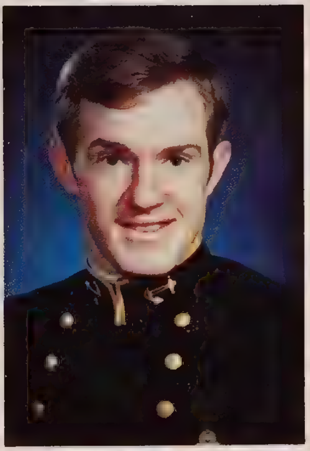
LEANDER BARNHILL
PAUL BARTHOLOMAY
LINDA J. BARTLO

ANDREW BARTON
ALLEN B. BARTOW
WILLIAM BASTIAN

BASIL B. BATES, JR.
MARK L. BATHRICK
C. C. BAYACK

ERIC J. BAYLER
ROBERT L. BEARD
CHARLES D. BEHRLE

B



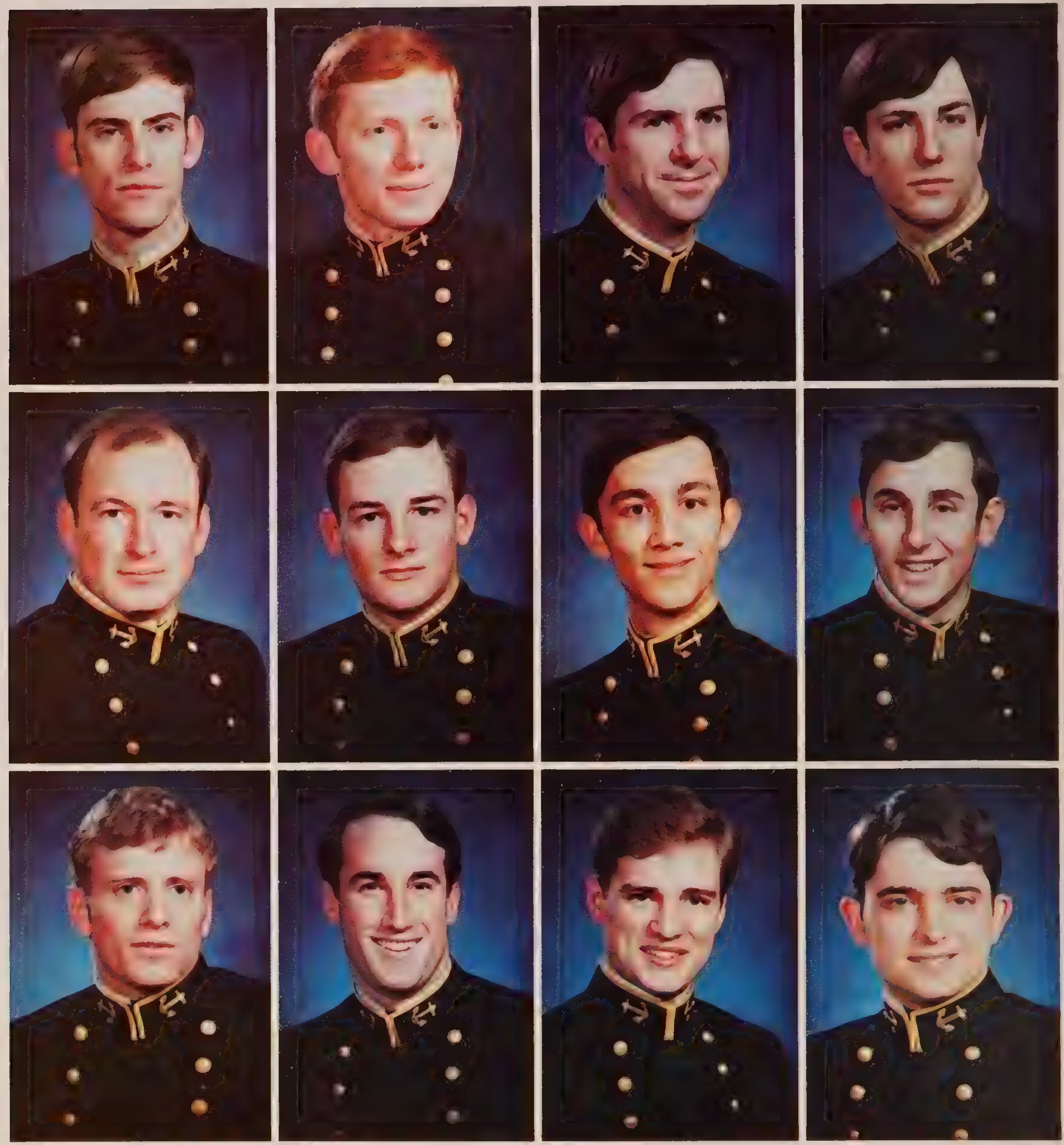
THOMAS J. BELKE
CHARLES G. BELTZ
ELIZABETH BELZER

THOMAS K. BENNETT
STEPHEN J. BENSON
DONALD J. BENZING

ROBERT E. BERDINE
KENNETH BERGMAN
ROBERT BERKEBILE

JOHN L. BERRY
JEFFREY S. BEST
THOMAS BETHMANN

B



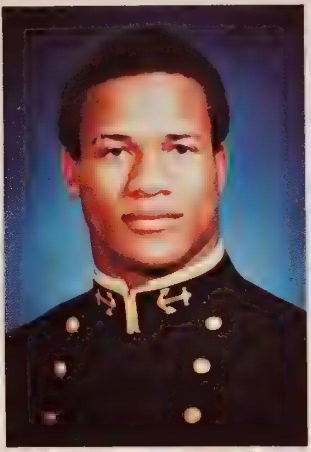
DOUGLAS T. BIESEL
DAVID M. BISSOT
MICHAEL BIZZARO

W. B. BLACKWELL
ROBERT J. BLUNT
MATTHEW BOENSEL

JOHN P. BOLICH
CHARLES W. BOOTH
WAYNE P. BORCHERS

EDWARD M. BORGER
MICHAEL BOROWSKI
CAMERON J. BOSNIC

B



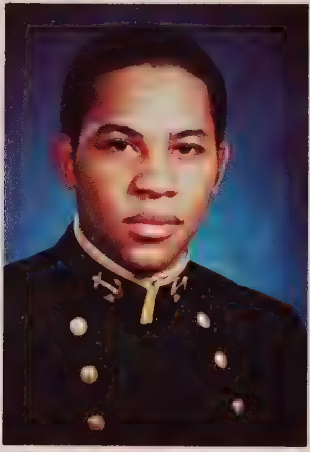
FREDRICK BOTERO
RICHARD P. BOTT
MILTON J. BOUVIER

JOHNATHAN BOWDEN
WILLIAM H. BOWEN
MATTHEW J. BOYNE

EUGENE BRADLEY
JOHN K. BRADY
J. P. BRASTAUSKAS

M. S. BRECKENRIDGE
JEFFREY A. BRIGGS
JAMES B. BRINKMAN

B

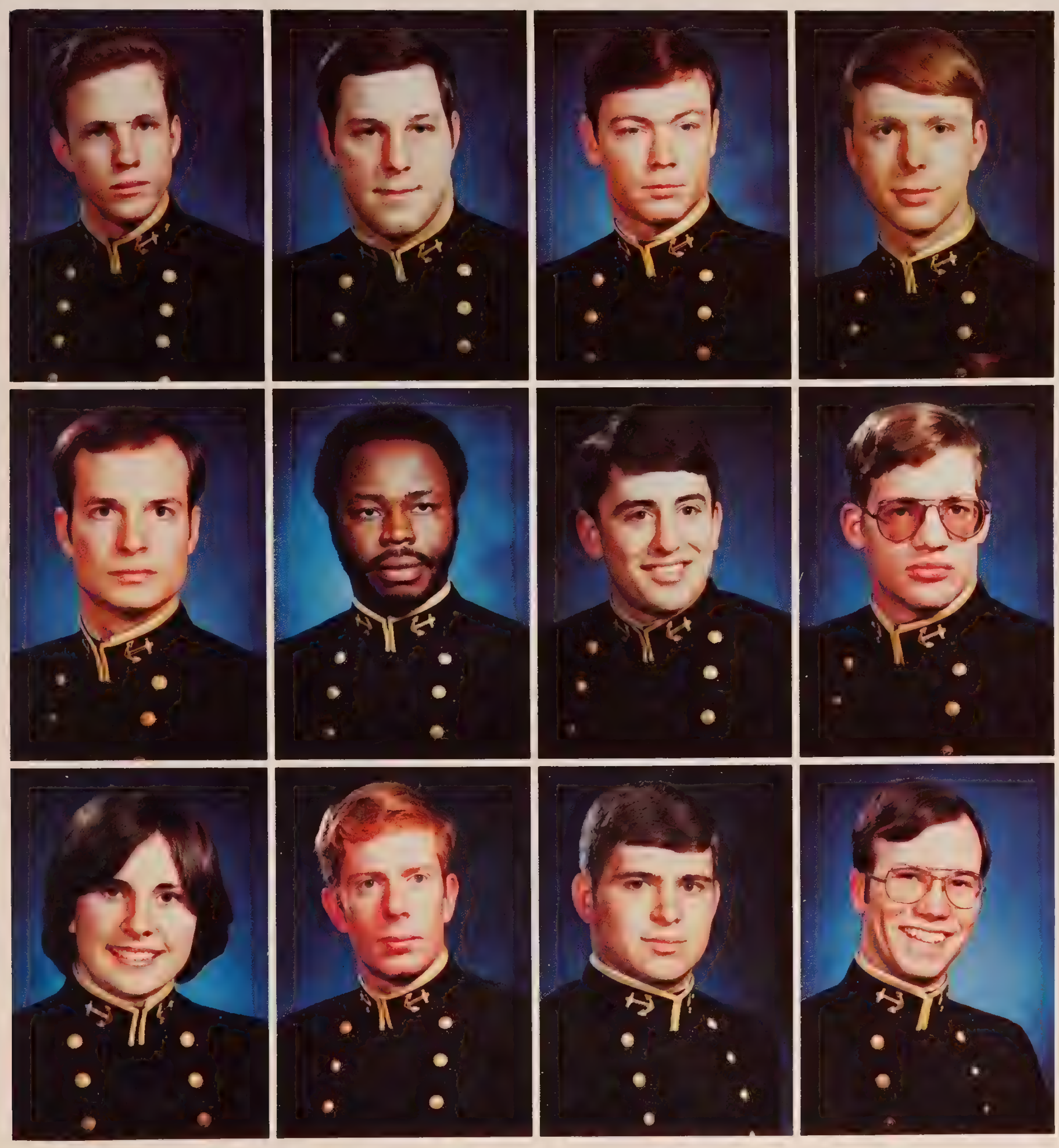


DAVID BROADBENT
WILLIAM BRODHAG
E. T. BRODMERKEL

GEORGE S. BROWN
GEORGE V. BROWN
LEONARD J. BROWN

MICHAEL A. BROWN
MICHAEL J. BROWNE
JAMES BROWNLOWE

WILLIAM BUCHANAN
GERALD W. BUCK
MICHAEL D. BUDNEY



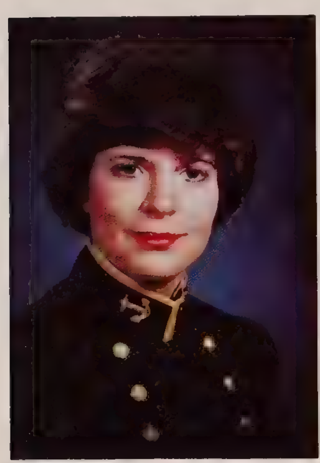
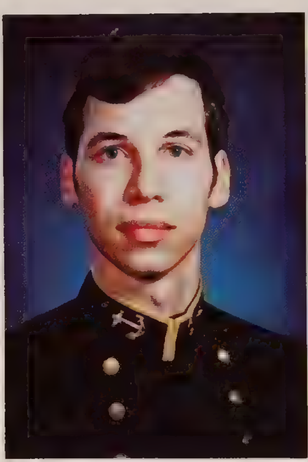
JEROME L. BUDNICK
KARL P. BUNKER
NANCY L. BURKE

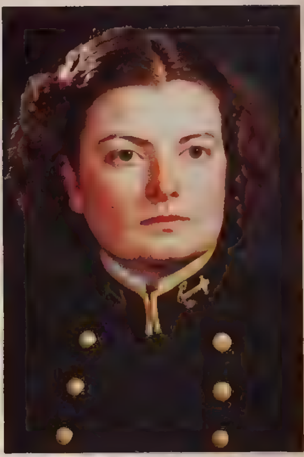
THOMAS L. BURKE
LARRY J. BURKS
BRIAN BURLINGAME

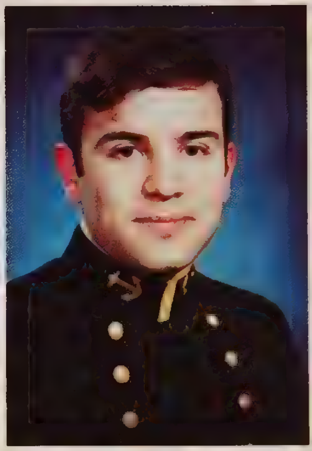
D. M. BURLINGHAM
LYLE BURNHAM
MONTE LEE BURR

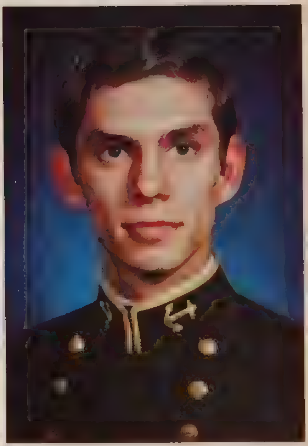
JEFFERY LEE BUSH
KARL BUTTERBRODT
JON A. BUTTRAM

B







JANICE L. BUXBAUM
MICHAEL BUZZELL
GERALD M. BYERS

RICHARD N. CACACE
STEPHEN CADWELL
T. J. CALLAGHAN

JOHN L. CALLAHAN
GERMAN CAMACHO
RICHARD CAMPBELL

CATHERINE CARLIN
R. S. CARLQUIST
JEFFREY CARLSON

C

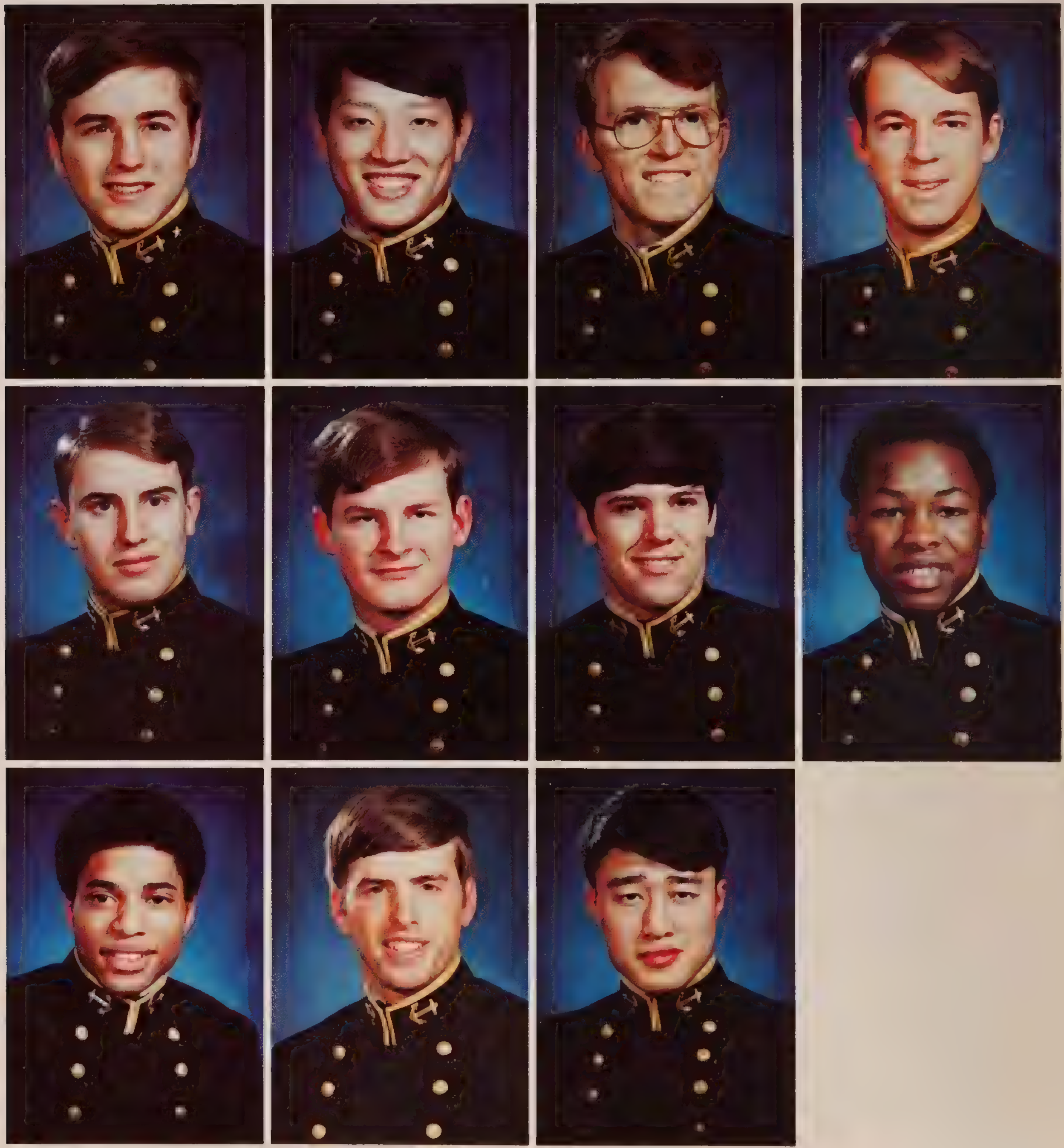
BRIAN CARMICHAEL
THOMAS M. CASEY
JORDAN W. CASSELL

FRANCIS CASSIANO
M. C. CASTAGNERO
P. I. CASTLEMAN

ROBERT CATALANO
JOSEPH M. CATOE
WILLIAM M. CAVITT

R. J. CHAMBERLAIN
GERALD CHANDLER
BRANDAN J. CHANG

C



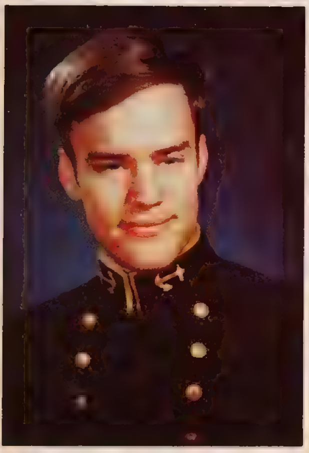
MICHAEL CHAPLINE
CARL E. CHAPMAN
DEREK CHARACTER

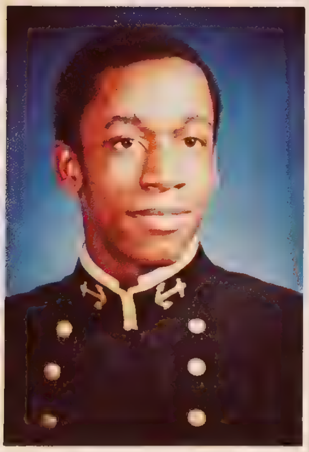
DARYL L. CHEN
DAVID L. CHILTON
BRANNAN CHISOLM

R. D. CHRISTENSEN
RICHARD J. CHUDAY
MANLY K. CHURCH

ROBERT E. CLAGER
CARL B. CLARK

C





ISAAC R. CLARK, JR.
DAVID B. CLEMENT
WILLIAM CLEMENT

FRED E. CLEVELAND
RICK G. CLINE,
JOHN L. CLONINGER

HARRY COKER, JR.
ALAN S. COLEGROVE
GERARD T. COLEMAN

JOHN W. COLEMAN
WILLIAM COLLINS
JEFFREY T. COLVIN

C

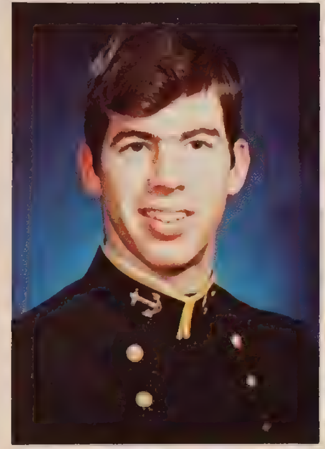
RONALD P. COLVIN
EDWARD CONNOLLY
JEROME CONNOLLY

C. M. CONROY
STANLEY L. COOPER
JOHN J. CORBETT

BRIAN F. CORNISH
PETER J. COTSONAS
ROBERT COTTERELL

DEAN J. COTTLE
JOHN C. COUGHLIN
ELIZABETH S. COX

D



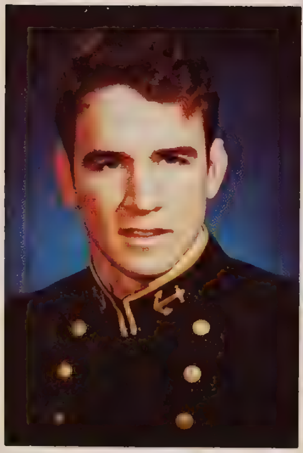
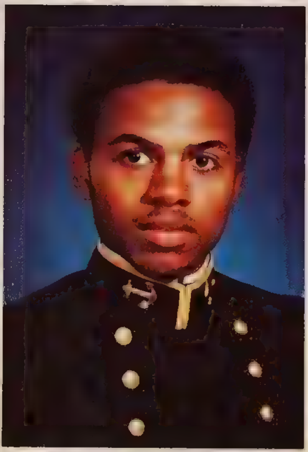
SAMUEL J. COX
JAMES A. CRABBE
MILTON T. CRAIG

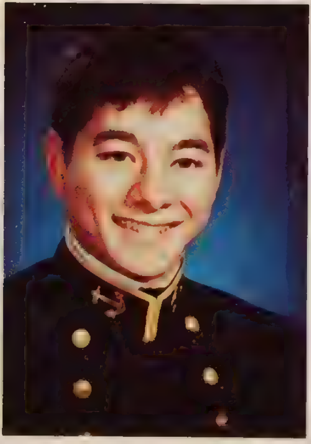
MARK L. CROOK
MITCHELL CROUSE
WILLIAM W. CROW

DONALD S. CRUMP
ANATOLIO B. CRUZ
KEVIN G. CURRIE

S. A. CUSHANICK
MARK W. CZARZASTY
THOMAS DAGOSTINO

D



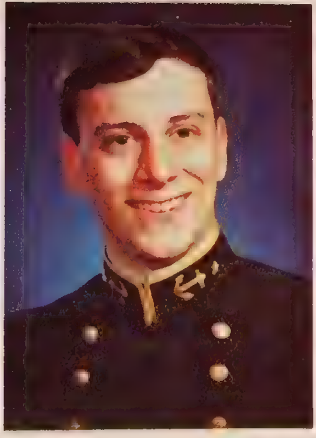
JERRY A. DALO
DAVID F. DAMBRA
RAYMOND C. DAMM

JOSEPH G. DANCY
FRANCIS DANIEL
SANDY L. DANIELS

LEONARD A. DATO
DAN W. DAVENPORT
C. S. DAVIDS

WILLIAM W. DAVIS
SCOTT M. DEAN

D



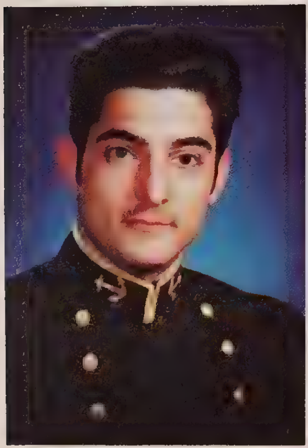
FERNANDO DEAVILA
ROLAND E. DEJESUS
DAVID M. DELONGA

EDWARD L. DEMPSEY
JOHN J. DENICE
JAMES D. DENMARK

DWAYNE C. DENNIS
THOMAS W. DEPPE
T. DERCOLE

CAROL DESMARAIS
STEVEN F. DIEHL
FERDINAND DIEMER

D



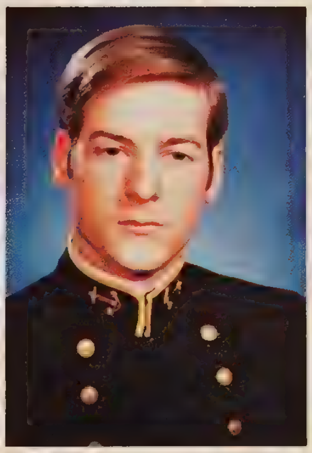
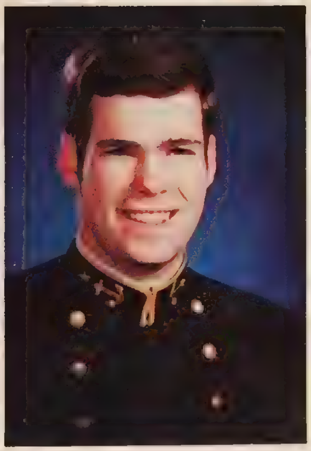
JAMES DILLINGHAM
EDWARD P. DIMARCO
M. T. DIMERCURIO

F. DIMITREW
LAWRENCE DIRITA
JOSEPH DISCIORIO

CHRISTOPHER DODS
KEITH J. DOERRER
JAMES M. DONAHUE

RICHARD DONOFRIO
TIMOTHY DONOVAN
JOSHUA W. DORSEY

E

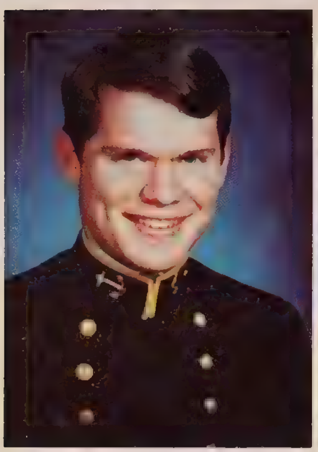
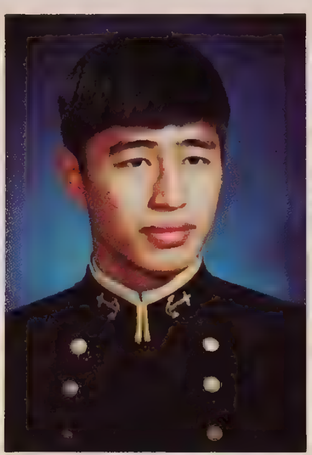
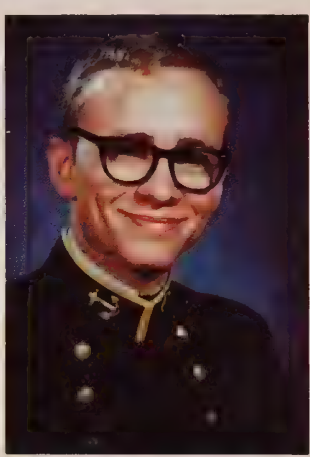
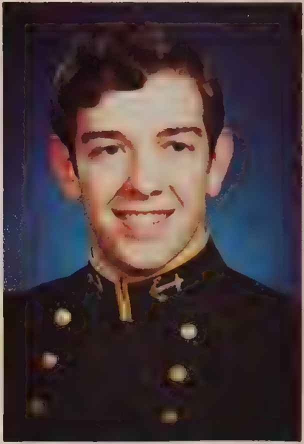
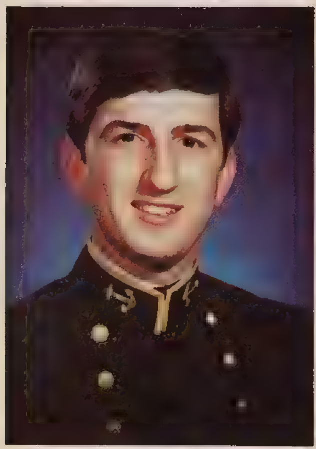
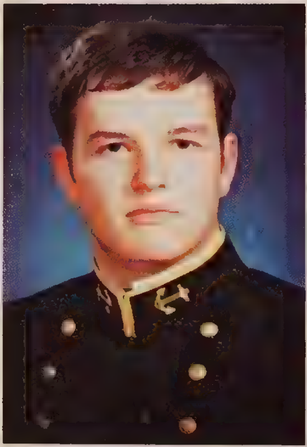
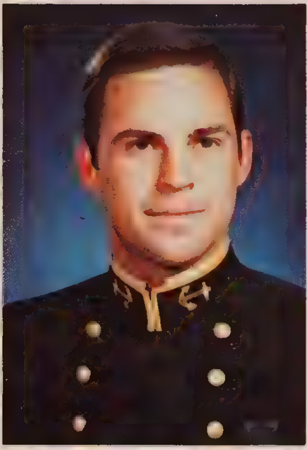
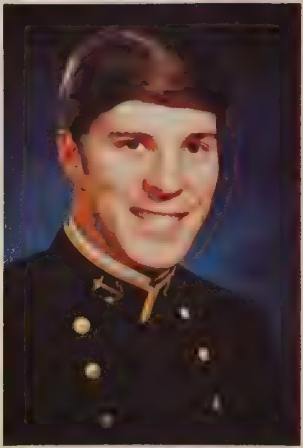
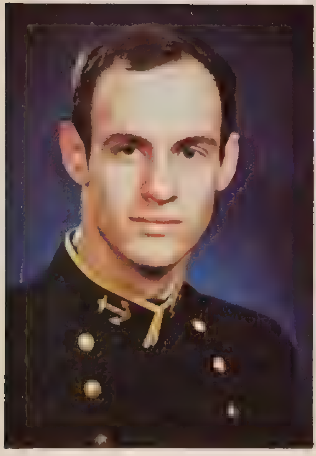
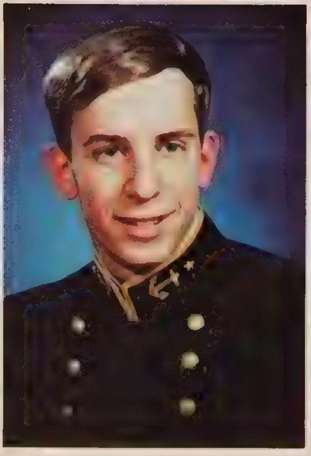
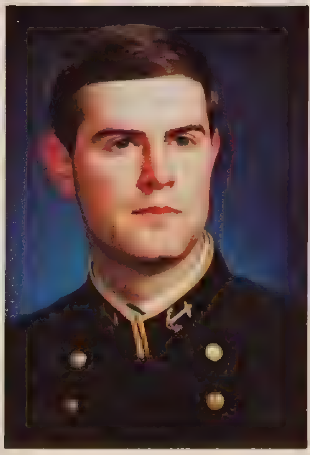
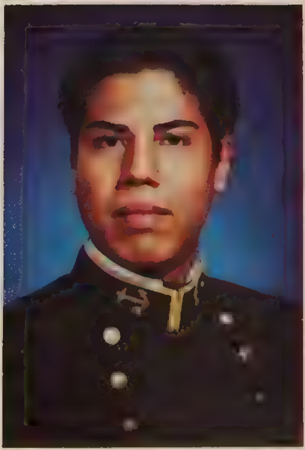
JOSEPH G. DOYLE
ROBIN G. DRUCE
KEVIN D. DUERMIT

TIMOTHY DUNLEVY
JAMES LEE DUNN
ELIZABETH DURHAM

MICHAEL R. DURKIN
C. A. EASTERLING
WILLIAM F. ECKLES

C. M. EDMONDSON
RICHARD EDMONSON
JOE F. EDWARDS

E

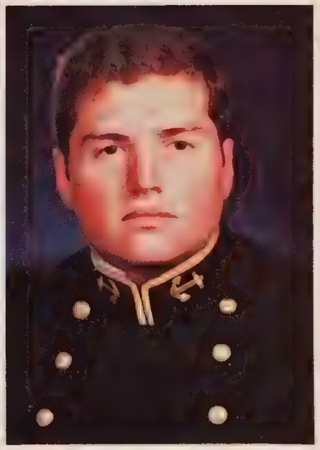













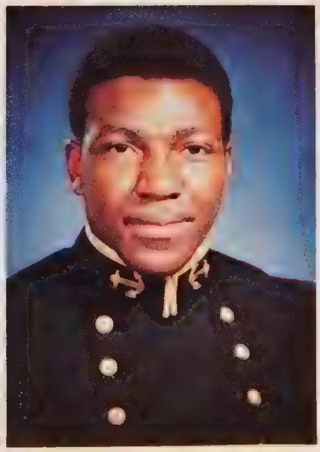
OLIVER R. EDWARDS
DONALD EISENHART
WILLIAM L. ELDER

WENDELL A. ELENTO
KRIS ELLIOTT
JOHN ELNITSKY II

DAVID P. EMERICK
RICHARD EPISCOPO
DAVID C. ERNEST

JAMES B. ERVIN
WILLIAM ESCHBACH
JOHNNY B. ESPARZA





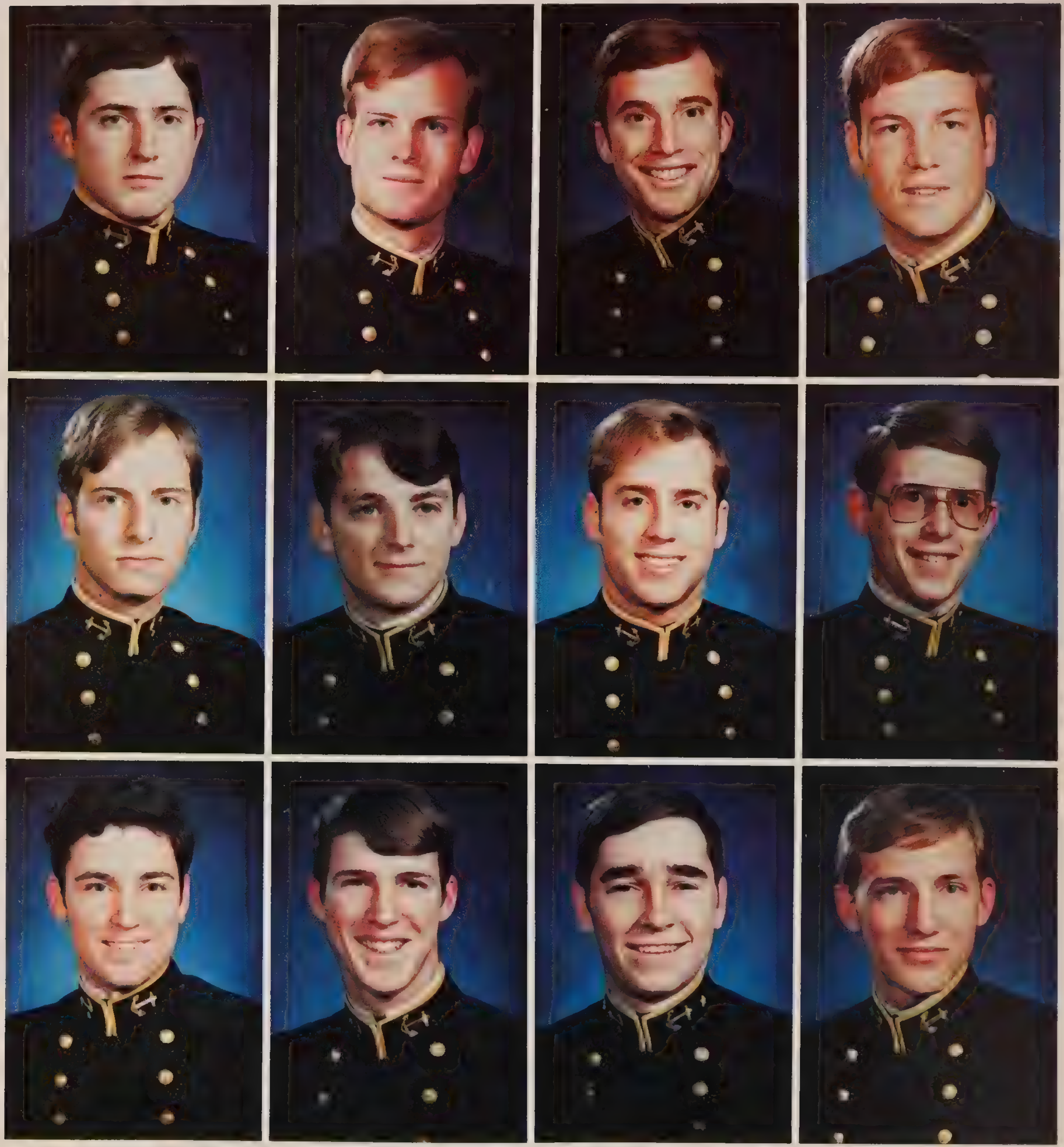
RICHARD T. ETEM
CHARLES EVERETT
FERNANDO FABREGA

RANDAL D. FARLEY
GEORGE R. FARMER
MICHAEL R. FEDOR

THOMAS M. FELDMAN
PEGGY A. FELDMANN
EDWIN M. FELL

JAMES R. FENTON
BERT M. FERGUSON
RONNIE L. FIGGINS

F



PHILIP G. FINEGAN
KENNETH D. FINK
DOUGLAS FIORINO

EDWARD J. FISCHER
TRACEY A. FISCHER
ROBERT W. FISH

TODD H. FISH
M. J. FITZGERALD
S. L. FITZPATRICK

T. FITZPATRICK
KENNETH N. FLACK
RICHARD A. FLAK

F

DAVID J. FLORES
MAUREEN P. FOLEY
ERIC JAMES FORDE

EARL W. FORDHAM
ERNEST H. FORNI
DAVID D. FOY

DANIEL J. FRAWLEY
MICHAEL J. FREIX
HERBERT FRERICHS

RONALD P. FRIDDLE
JOHN E. FROST
NELS FROSTENSON

F

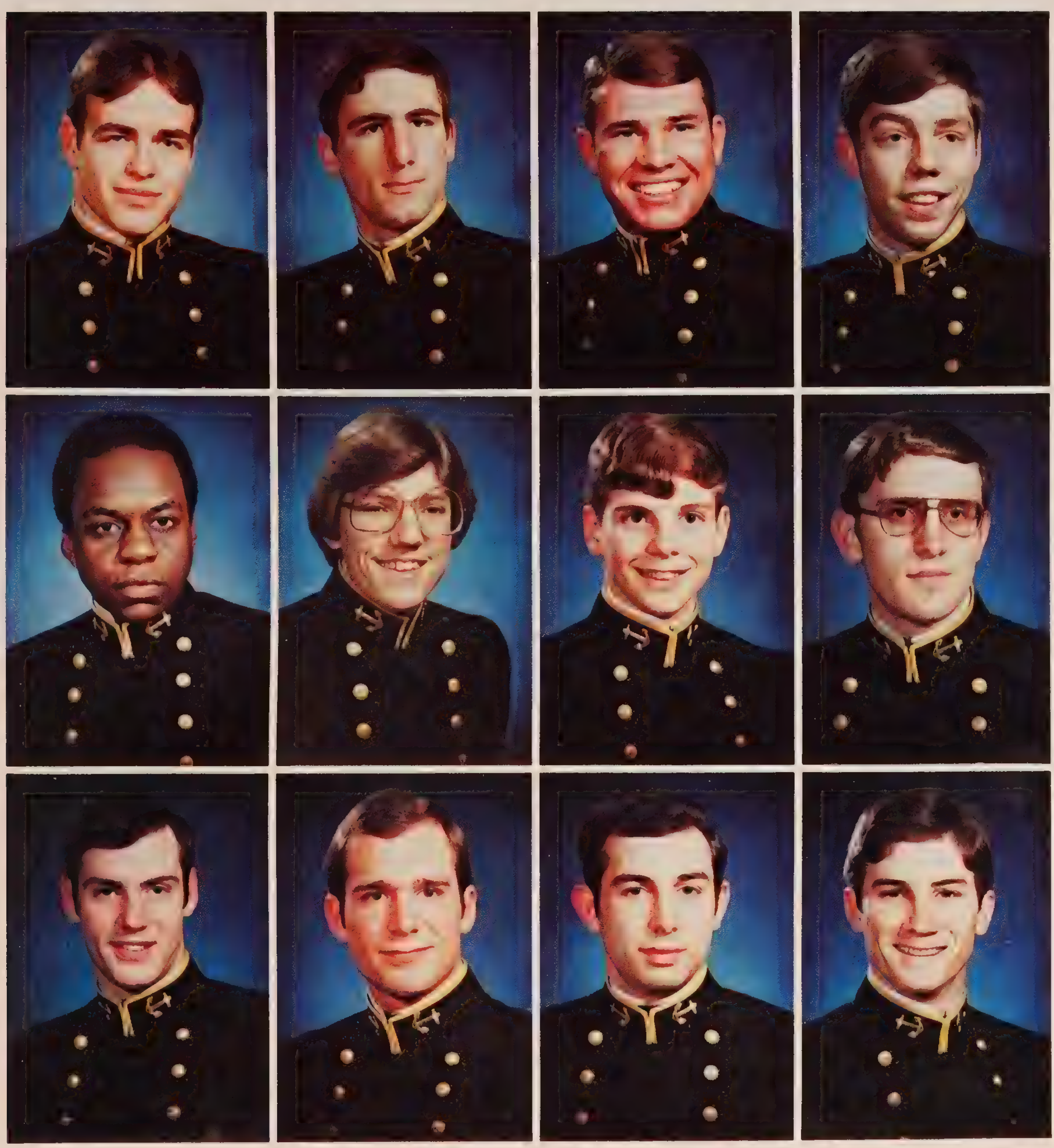
JOHN P. FRY
ALEXANDER FUNKE
DOUGLAS J. FUSE

LEE P. FUTCH
PETER A. FYLES
FERNANDO GAITAN

JOHN E. GALLI
GERALD S. GALLOP
GEORGE G. GALYO

JOSEPH D. GARRETT
SCOTT A. GARRETT
JACK H. GARWOOD

G



PEYTON T. GASKILL
EARL LENELL GAY
BRADLEY R. GEHRKE

JAMES A. GENTER
BARBARA GERAGHTY
JEFFREY GERNAND

C. O. GEVING
JOSEPH GIAQUINTO
WILLIAM J. GIERI

CHARLES GILBERT
DANIEL H. GILDEA
WILL W. GILDNER

G

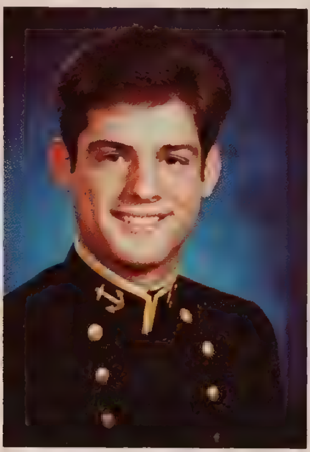
ERIC GIOSA
GORDON W. GLOSSER
MICHAEL R. GLYNN

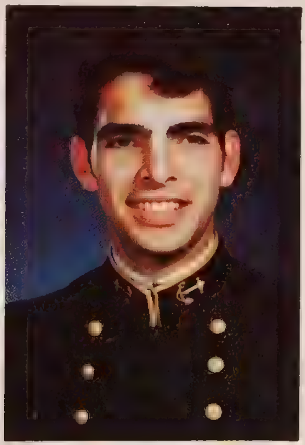
STEFANIE GOEBEL
THOMAS J. GOEBEL
MARK J. GONZALEZ

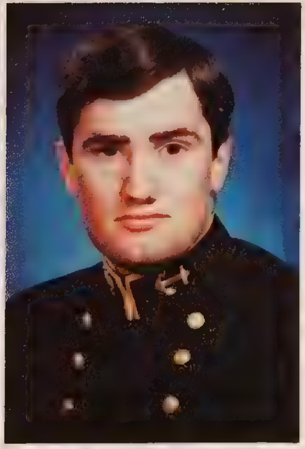
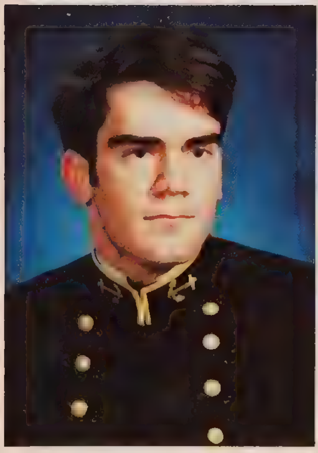
PATRICK R. GOOD
DALE R. GORDINEER
LEONARD B. GORDON

JAMES L. GOSNELL
TOBI D. GOTTLIEB
MICHAEL T. GRABBE

G





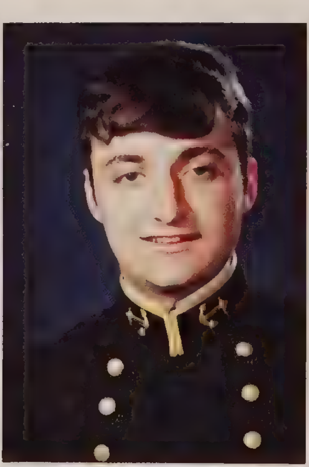
JOSEPH A. GRACE
ANTHONY G. GRAGG
JOHN B. GRAHAM

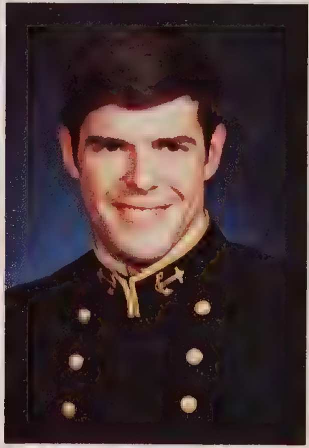
RUSSELL GRANIER
JAMES S. GRANT
THOMAS M. GRAY

RAY ANDREW GREEN
MICHAEL J. GRIECO
EDWIN J. GRIFFITH

FREDERICK GRIGGS
GEOFFREY GRIMARD
MATTHEW GRISSOM

G





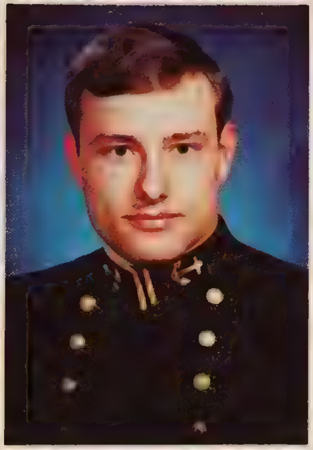
BRUCE E. GROOMS
CYNTHIA S. GRUBBS
ERIC P. GRUBMAN

SCOTT GRANDMEIER
JAMES GRUNEWALD
MARK GUADAGNINI

MARK R. GUIDOBONI
KARL R. GUSTAFSON
JAY A. GUTZLER

ARMANDO L. GUZMAN
LESLIE M. HAHN
DAVID C. HAINES

H



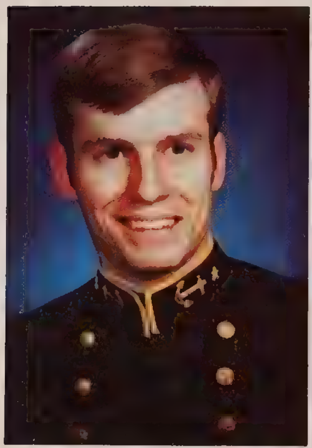
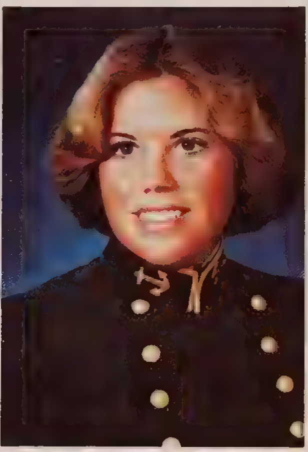
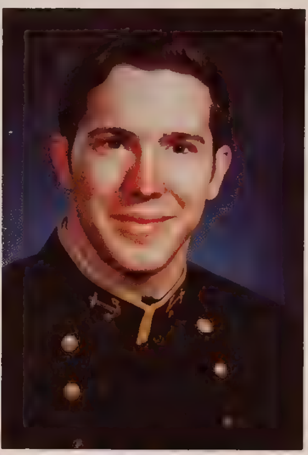
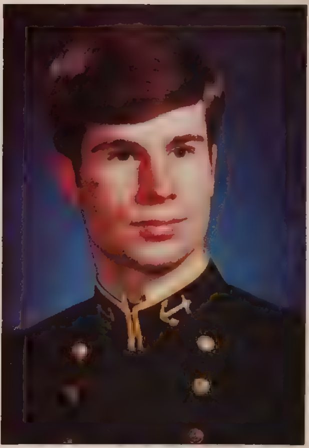
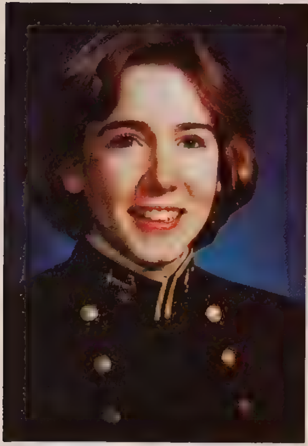
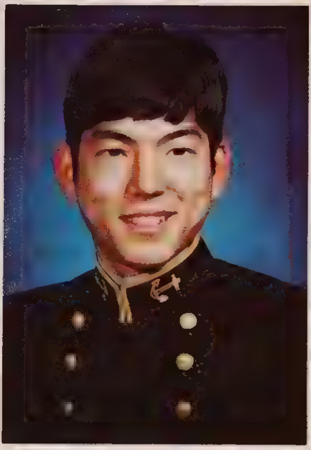
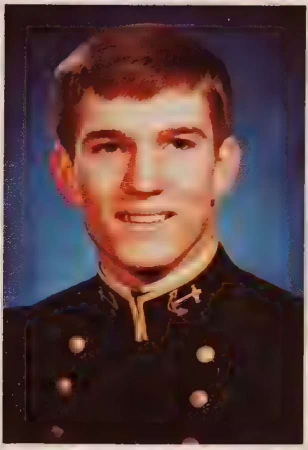
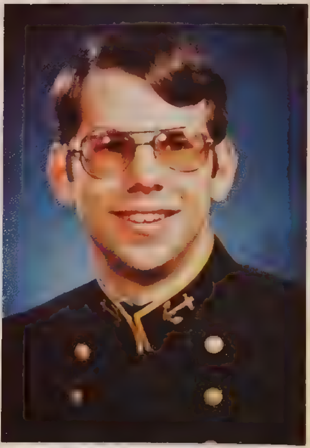
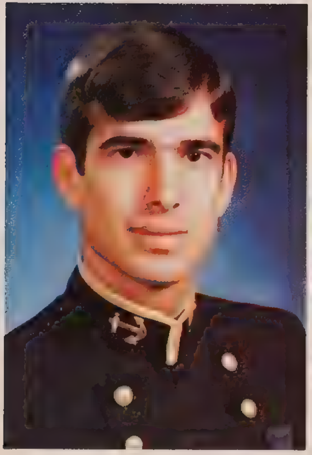
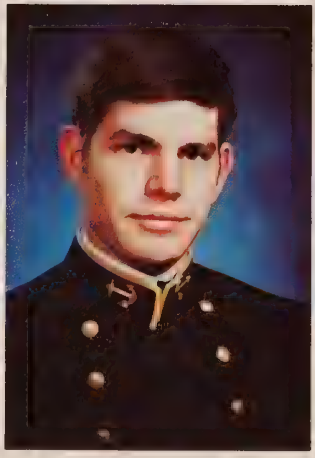
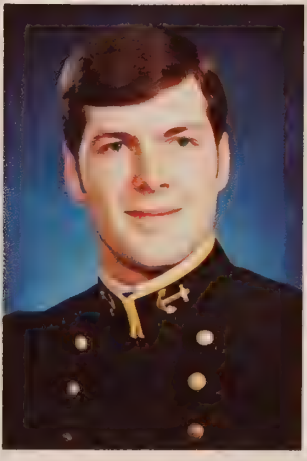
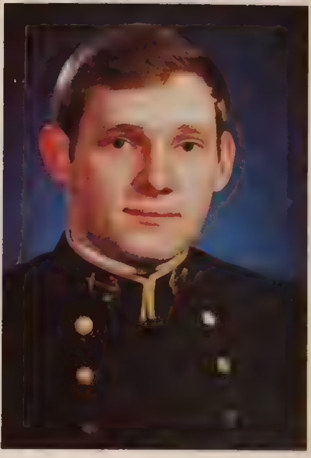
ALAN HALE
MILES E. HALE
JOHN R. HALEY

KENNETH B. HALL
LEE J. HALL
DAVID K. HALLER

JOHN B. HAMPSHIRE
SHARON L. HANLEY
MARK D. HAPPEL

ANDRE HARGREAVES
DONALD P. HARKER
NICHOLAS HARMAN

H

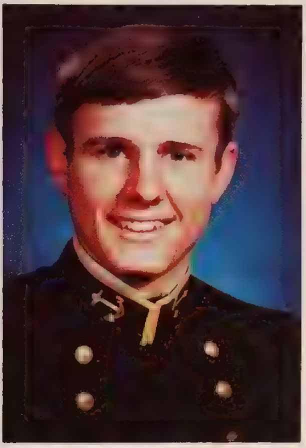
WAYNE J. HARMAN
M. L. HARRINGTON
DAVID M. HARRIS

JENEFER HAWKINS
PETER J. HAYASE
JOSEPH C. HAYDEN

MARK E. HAYES
JAMES R. HAYNES
STEVEN C. HEAD

R. HEATHERINGTON
GREGG A. HEBERT
ERIC HEIDHAUSEN

H



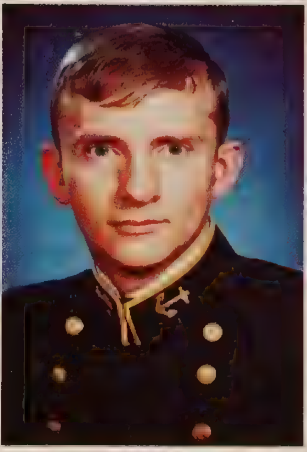
JOSEPH P. HEIL
CARL HENDERSHOT
K. G. HENDERSON

ROBERT HENNEGAN
BARBETTE B. HENRY
HUGH A. HENRY

VINCENT J. HERDA
JOHN F. HERLOCKER
DANIEL HERRSCHER

DEREK H. HESSE
JAMES E. HICKEY
G. HIGHTAIAN

H



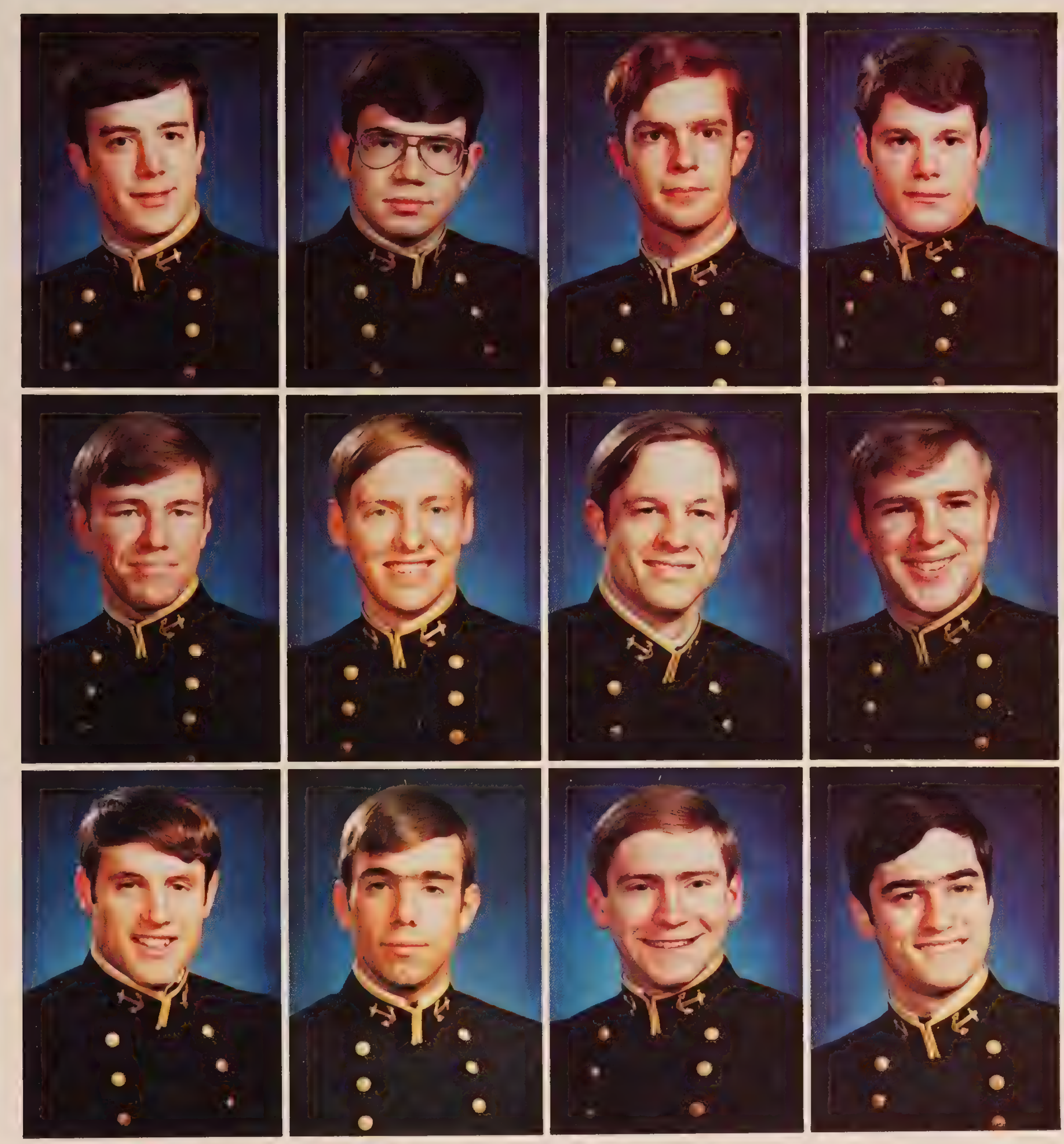
JAMES A. HILL, JR.
JEAN PIERRE HILL
DAN H. HINZ, JR.

JAMES K. HISER
QUINCY M. HODGE
ROBERT R. HODGE

WILLIAM F. HOEFT
JAMES D. HOGSETT
JOHN G. HOLMES

KEVIN D. HOLWELL
STEPHEN E. HONAN
FREDERICK HOOVER

H



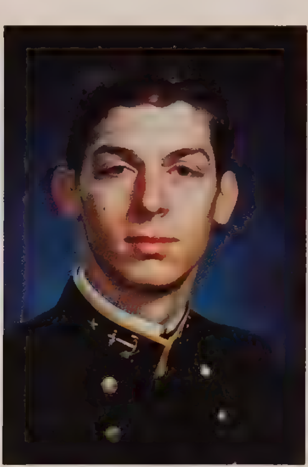
JOSEPH A. HORN
JAMES W. HOUCK
RICHARD G. HOUCK

CHARLTON HOWARD
EUGENE F. HUBBARD
STEPHEN H. HUBER

JAMES D. HUCK
J. HUCKENPOEHLER
BOBBY A. HUDSON

JACK E. HUEGEL
EUGENE G. HUETHER
MARK A. HUETTEMAN

H



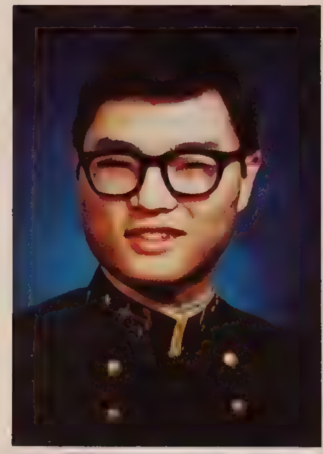
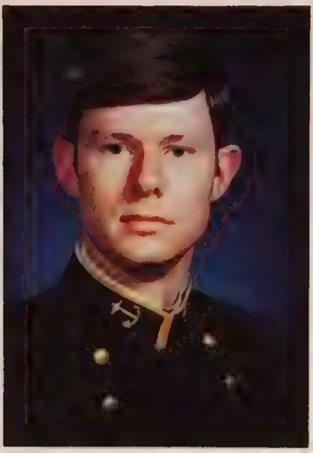
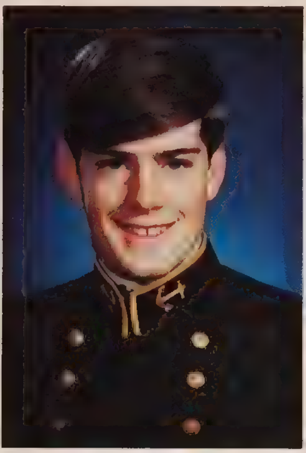
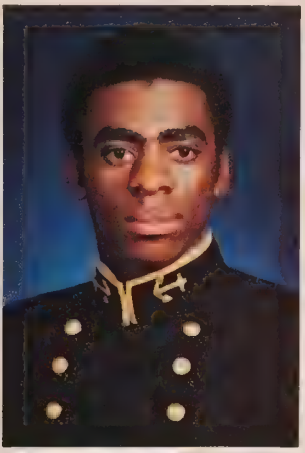
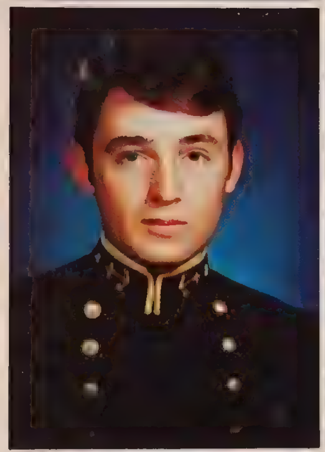
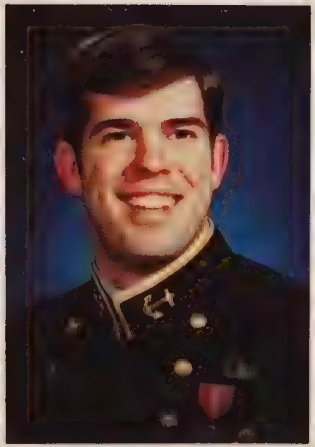
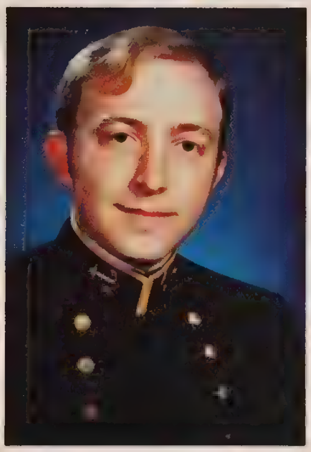
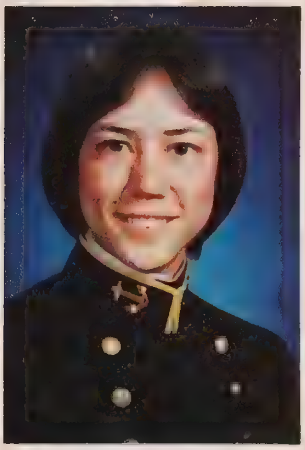
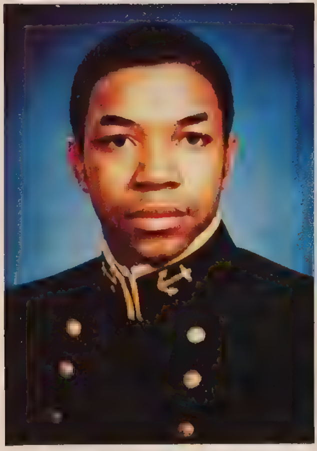
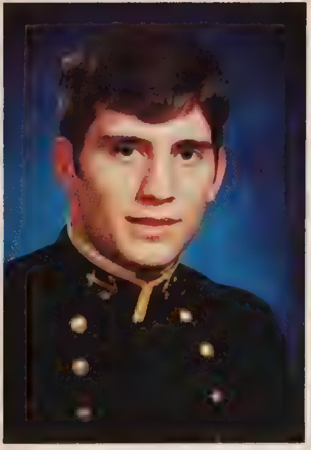
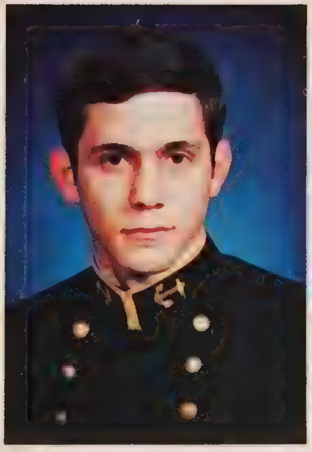
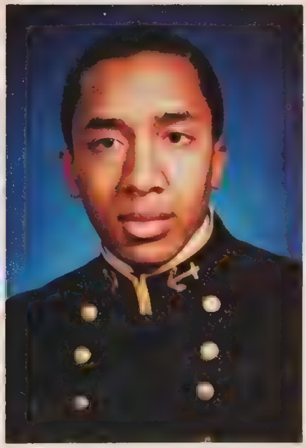
DAVID M. HUEY
ROBERT V. HUFFMAN
DENNIS P. HUGHES

FRANCIS J. HUGHES
JONATHAN W. HULTS
GREGORY B. HUNTER

JOHN REEVES IGEL
BRUCE I. INCZE
L. M. INGENERI

PATRICK K. INGLIS
DONALD M. INGRAM
SANDRA C. IRWIN

J

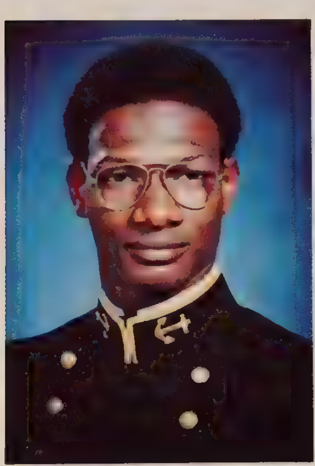
ROGER K. ISHII
KURT T. ISRAEL
BRUCE K. JACKSON

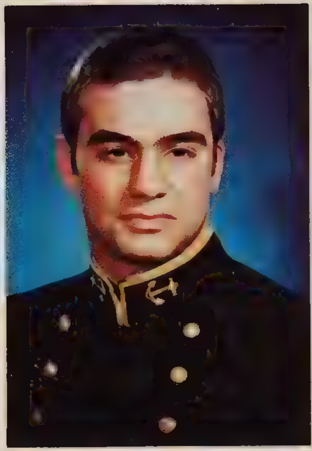
JAMES R. JACKSON
JAMES F. JAMISON
ROBERT P. JANISKO

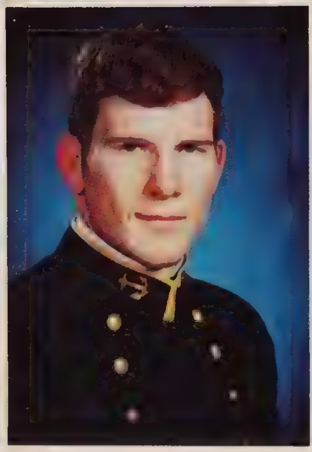
SCOTT E. JASPER
DAVID M. JENNINGS
PETER S. JEROME

ANTHONY W. JILES
JAMESINA JIMENEZ
ROBERTO JOHNSON

J





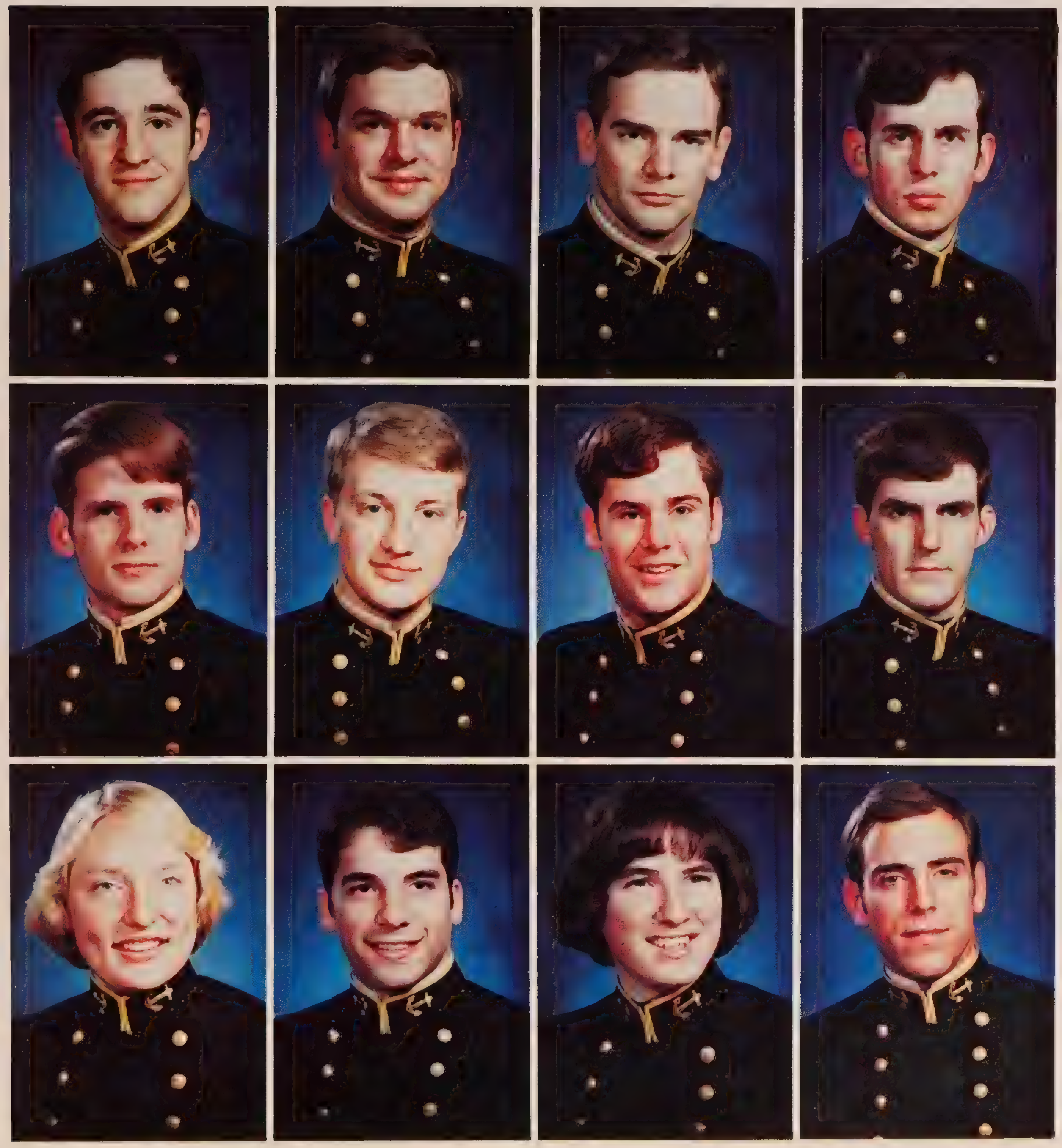


R. JOHNSON
STEPHEN JOHNSON
JEFFREY JOHNSTON

STEVEN JOHNSTON
J. C. JOHNSTONE
DONALD E. JONES

PAUL B. JONES
RONALD C. JONES
RUSSELL I. JONES

ROBERT L. JORDAN
ARCELIO H. JOSIAH
MARK S. KACZMAREK



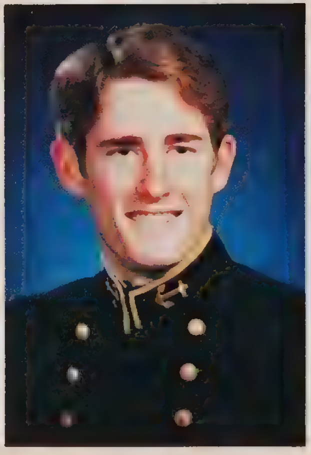
MICHAEL J. KANE
CHARLES KANEWSKE
KATHRYN KARLSON

JOHN A. KARONIS
ROBERT J. KASTNER
N. G. KATSIOTIS

PATRICK KEAVNEY
PAUL C. KELLEHER
SUSAN C. KELLER

WALTER B. KELLY
DAVID L. KENNEDY
DAVID M. KERN

K



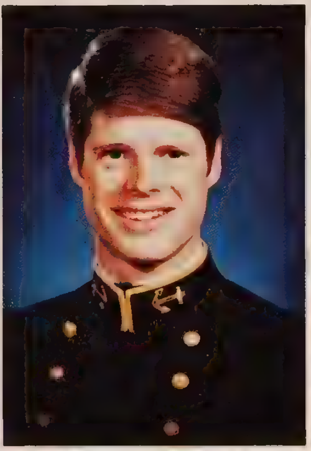
JAMES M. KERN
KEVIN KETCHMARK
FERDINAND KIBIC

JAMES A. KIESLING
PETER F. KILGER
DENNIS P. KILIAN

WILLIAM R. KILLEA
DANIEL P. KING
JOHN C. KIRBY

DAVID A. KISH
L. J. KLAWINSKI
CHARLES C. KLEIN

CRAIG S. KLEINT
KARRI A. KLINE
ROBERT F. KLUBA



CHARLES I. KNAPP
WINFORD KNOWLES
TIMOTHY KOBOSKO

RALPH H. KOHLMAN
STEVEN D. KORNATZ
LEE KORZAN

BRIAN P. KOSINSKI
KENNETH KOTELES
JANET F. KOTOVSKY

K

CARLTON C. KOTT
JON C. KUBO
JEFFREY S. KUNKEL

JAMES BRIAN LAIR
THOMAS A. LAKE
M. LAMPUGNANO

DAVID LANCASTER
J. RANDY LANGMEAD
RICHARD D. LANTZ

GREGG B. LARSON
S. J. LAUKAITIS
DANIEL J. LAW

BETH LEADBETTER
PATRICK F. LEFLER
DALE LEHENBAUER

DOUGLAS LEIVONEN
CHARLES E. LEMAY
DAVID M. LENGYEL

BRADLEY LENTINI
RICHARD A. LEPPER
WILLIAM LESCHER

MARK LETHBRIDGE
ROSS M. LEVIN
ALAN DAVID LEWIS

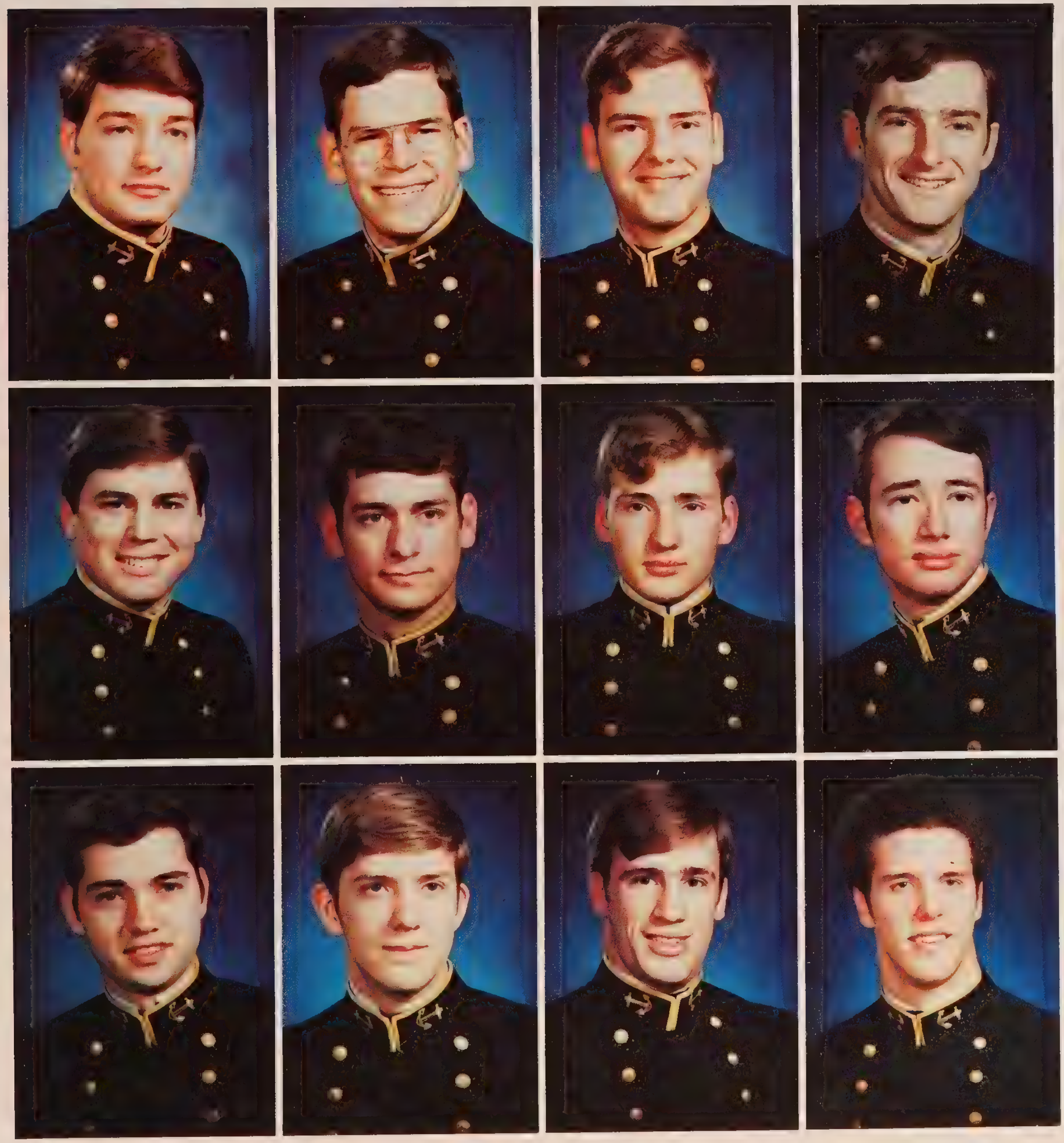
L

CHRYSTAL A. LEWIS
THOMAS LINDBLAD
BETH A. LINDQUIST

JOHN M. LINK
SCOT D. LLOYD
RICHARD C. LOCKE

ROBERT LOHNEISS
MICHAEL D. LOMAN
WILLIAM LONCHAS

MICHAEL M. LONG
ROBERT E. LONN
M. LOPEZ -ALEGRIA



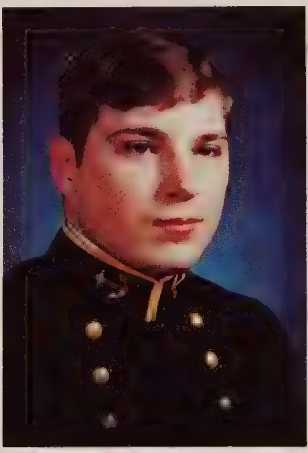
PAUL T. LORDITCH
M. LORETANGELI
THOMAS P. LOVIZA

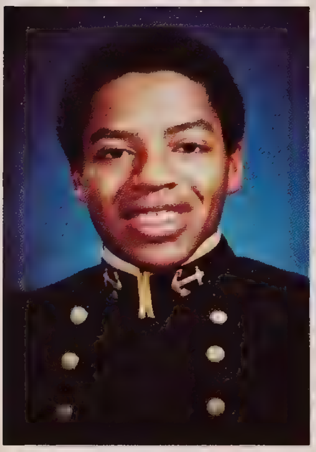
JOHN A. LOWE
JOHN R. LOYER
DALE A. LUMME

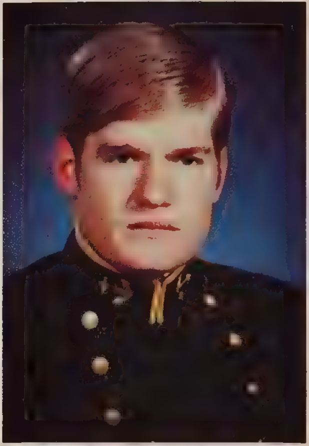
MARK D. LUNDGREN
RELLE L. LYMAN, JR.
KEVIN B. LYNCH

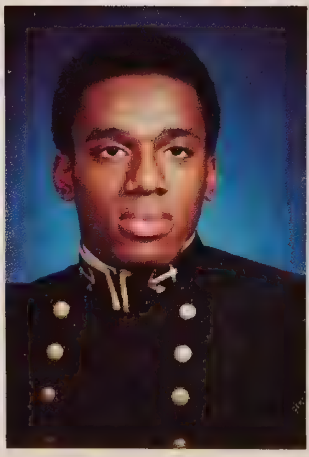
ROBERT E. LYNCH
DAVID MACESLIN
K. S. MACDONALD

M







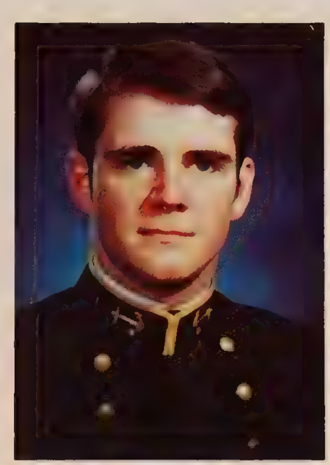


RICHARD MACINNES
TERRENCE A. MACK
MICHAEL J. MADDEN

MICHAEL MALINIAK
WILLIAM F. MALLOY
EDWIN MANNS

EDWARD F. MAPES
M. W. MARCINKOWSKI
BRIAN P. MARKS

CHARLES N. MARSH
MARK MARSHFIELD
EDWARD B. MARTIN



SCOTT D. MARTIN
GEORGE MARTINEZ
JOEL R. MARTINSON

A. MARTYNENKO
STEVEN E. MASALIN
MICHAEL N. MASON

MICHAEL A. MATSON
STEPHEN D. MATTS
RONALD C. MAULDIN

MICHAEL MAXWELL
JEFFREY MAYNARD
KENNETH L. MCADOW

M

KELLY D. MCBRIDE
JOHN P. MCCARTHY
L. H. MCCAULEY

CHARLES MCCAWLEY
GAVIN G. MCCRARY
MICHAEL MCDANIEL

MICHAEL MCDONALD
JAMES B. MCGEE
J. L. MCGETTIGAN

JON MCGLOCKLIN
K. J. MCILHENNY
JAMES W. MCKEE

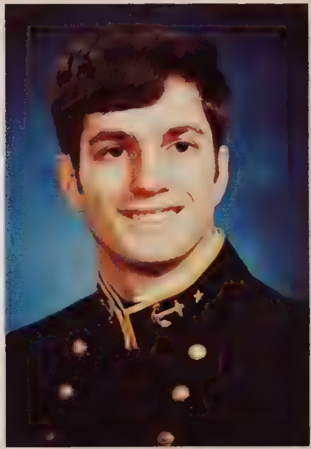
F. D. MCKINNEY
GARY D. MCLEAN
JOHN D. MCMASTER

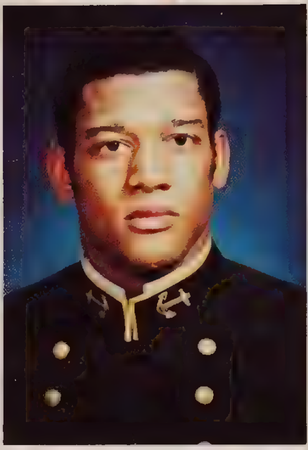
HERBERT MCMILLAN
THOMAS W. MCNITT
STEVEN L. MCSHANE

KEVIN C. MCTAVISH
DENNIS MCVICKER
STEPHEN G. MEADE

RICHARD A. MEDLEY
VIRGIL D. D. MEEK
MEL J. MEINHARDT

M





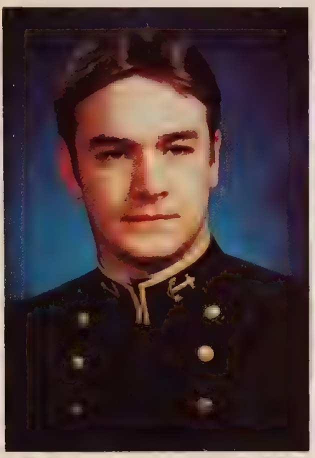
R. J. MELENOVSKY
ARMANDO E. MENDEZ
JAMES M. MERRILL

JOHN T. MERRILL
WILLIAM METZGER
LIONEL Q. L. MEW

DREW P. MEYER
CHARLES L. MEYERS
TED E. MIKITA, JR.

CARLOS A. MILLER
CHARLES C. MILLER
DAVID K. MILLER

M



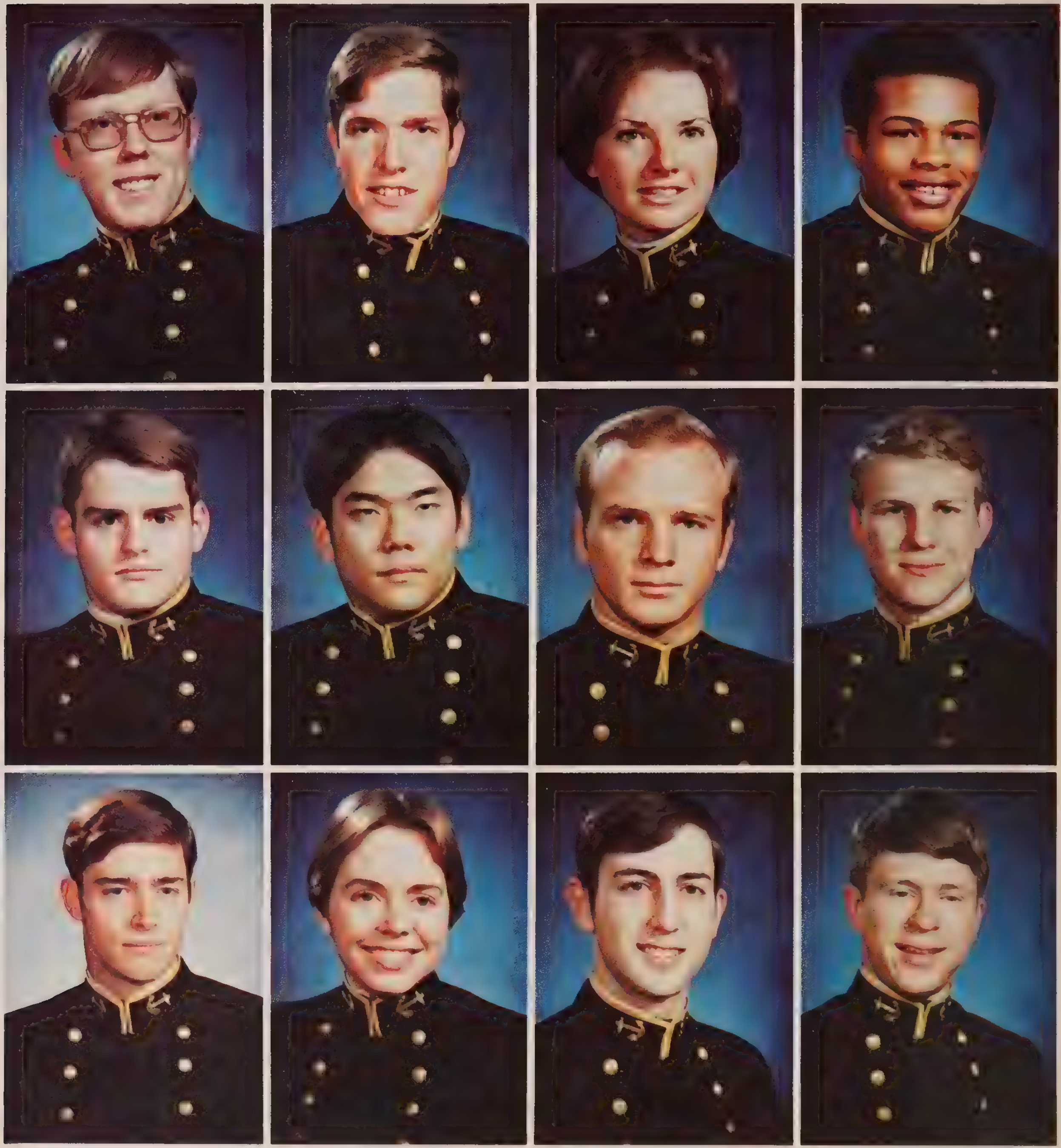
GEORGE T. MILLER
GREGORY A. MILLER
JEFFREY B. MILLER

JEFFREY D. MILLER
ROBERT W. MILLER
TIMOTHY MILLS

GREGG C. MILO
JANIE L. MINES
IRA L. MINOR

MARTIN R. MINOT
GREGORY MISLICK
JOHN N. MOKODEAN

M



GREGORY R. MONSON
C. MICHAEL MOONEY
STEVEN M. MOREAU

R. G. MORISSETTE
ROBIN MORISHITA
MARJORIE MORLEY

BARBARA A. MORRIS
GLENN P. MORRIS
ROBERT K. MORRIS

ANTHONY S. MOSLEY
JON G. MOTTER
SCOTT W. MOTZ

N

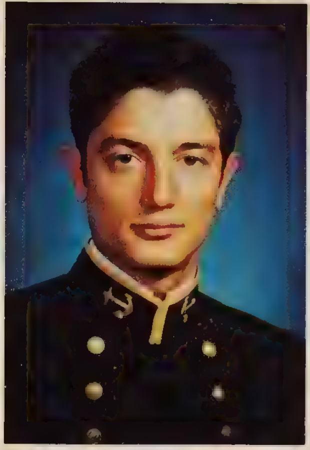
RICHARD H. MOYER
ROBERT MULLARKEY
ANDREW J. MULLEN

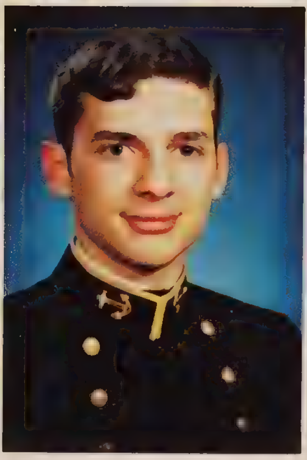
MICHAEL MULLIKIN
KEVIN C. MULLOY
MICHAEL W. MUNDAY

JEFFREY J. MUNSON
PATRICIA MURPHY
PATRICK MURPHY

DANIEL R. NAGAO
JAMES C. NANCE

N





WILLIAM B. NASH
ALBERT L. NELSON
C. W. NELSON

ROBERT A. NEMECEK
KENNETH NEUBAUER
BRIAN S. NEUNABER

CHARLES NICHOLS
FEDERICO NIEMANN
GERALD F. NIES

GREGG R. NIVALA
HUGH EARL NIXON
WILLIAM F. NIXON

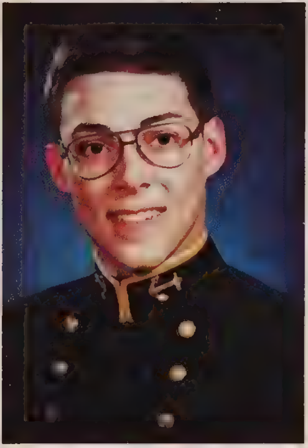
O

GEORGE M. NORMAN
STEPHEN A. NOTA
JOSEPH W. NOWAK

STEVEN S. NYGAARD
DANIEL I. NYLEN
SEAN F. OBRANSKI

E. W. OCALLAGHAN
JOHN B. OCONNOR
DENNIS ODONOGHUE

JOHN F. OHARA
ALAN K. OKA
THOMAS O. OKEEFE



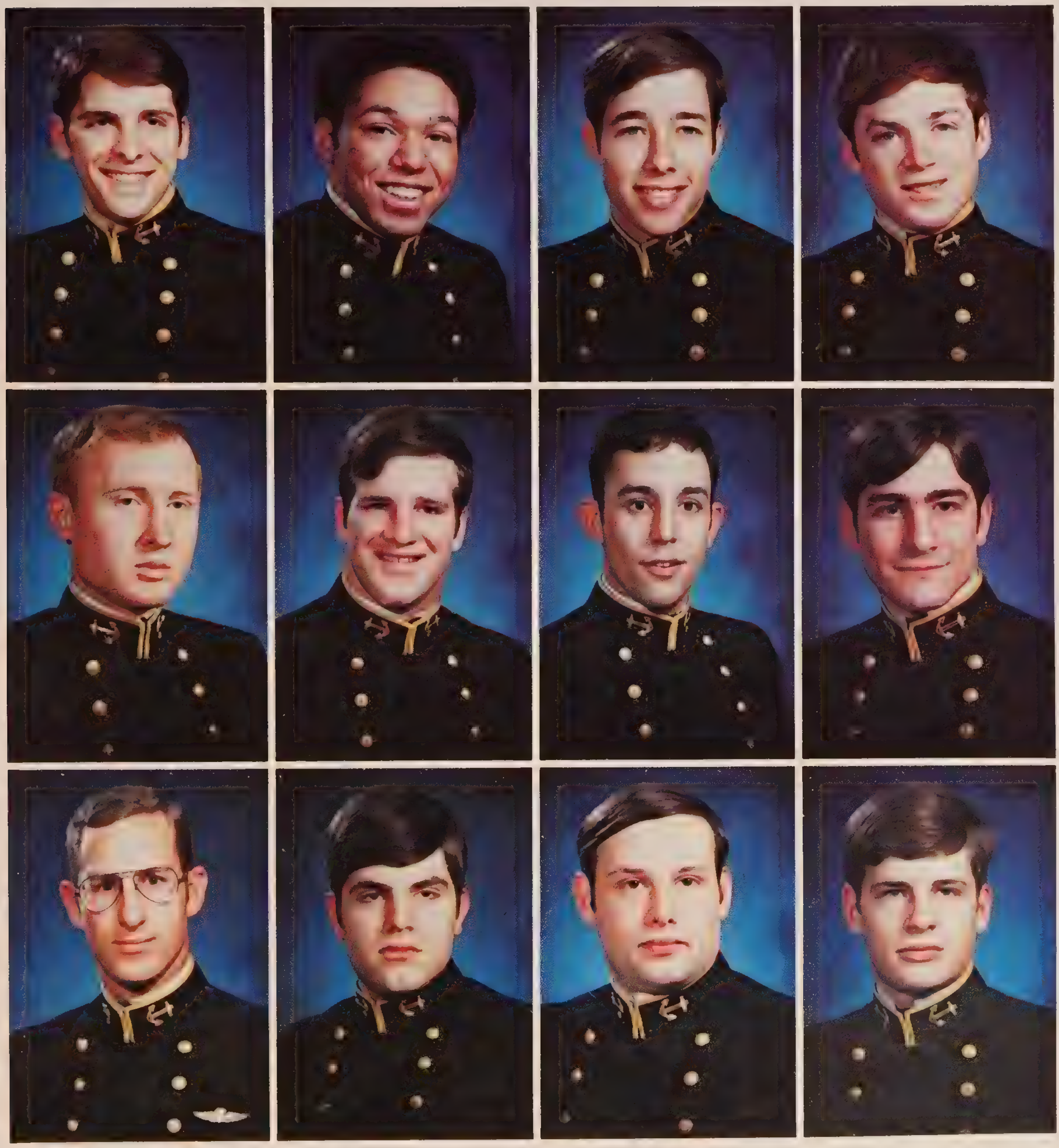
THOMAS P. OKEEFE
REBECCA C. OLDS
DAVID RAY OLSEN

MARK T. OLSEN
PATRICIA ONEILL
JOSEPH W. OSBORNE

ANDRES H. OTANO
ROBERT OXBORROW
WILLIAM PADGETT

REUBEN A. PADILLA
BRUNO S. PADOVANI
MICHAEL PALENCIA

P



STEVE F. PALMER
FRANK C. PANDOLFE
JON E. PARIS

WICKLIFF PAUL
THOMAS M. PAULK
GEORGE PAVLAKOS

THOMAS B. PECK
SAMUEL PEREZ, JR.
W. S. PERSONIUS

MATTHEW T. PETERS
MICHAEL PETERS
NELSE C. PETERSEN

P

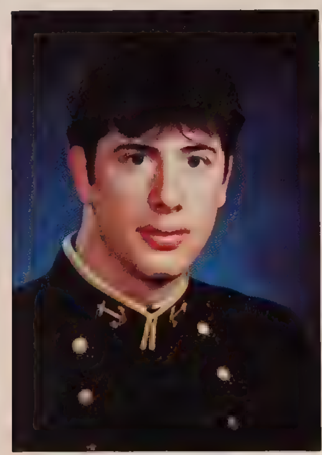
RICHARD PETERSEN
ROBERT PETERSEN
BRADLEY PETERSON

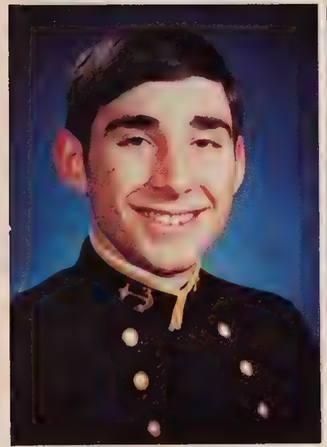
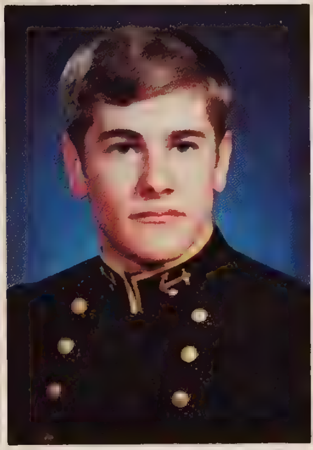
DAVID S. PETRI
GEORGE M. PETRO
MICHAEL PETROFES

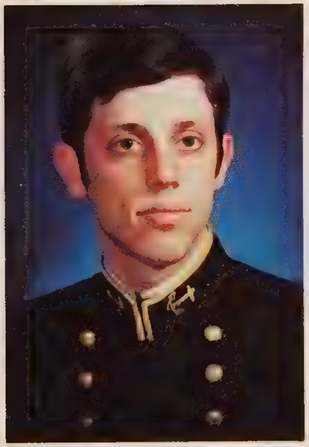
CHARLES PHILLIPS
STEVE PHILLPOTT
R. A. PICKERING

HANSON D. PICKERL
GREGORY J. PIEPER
JOHN W. PIERCE

P





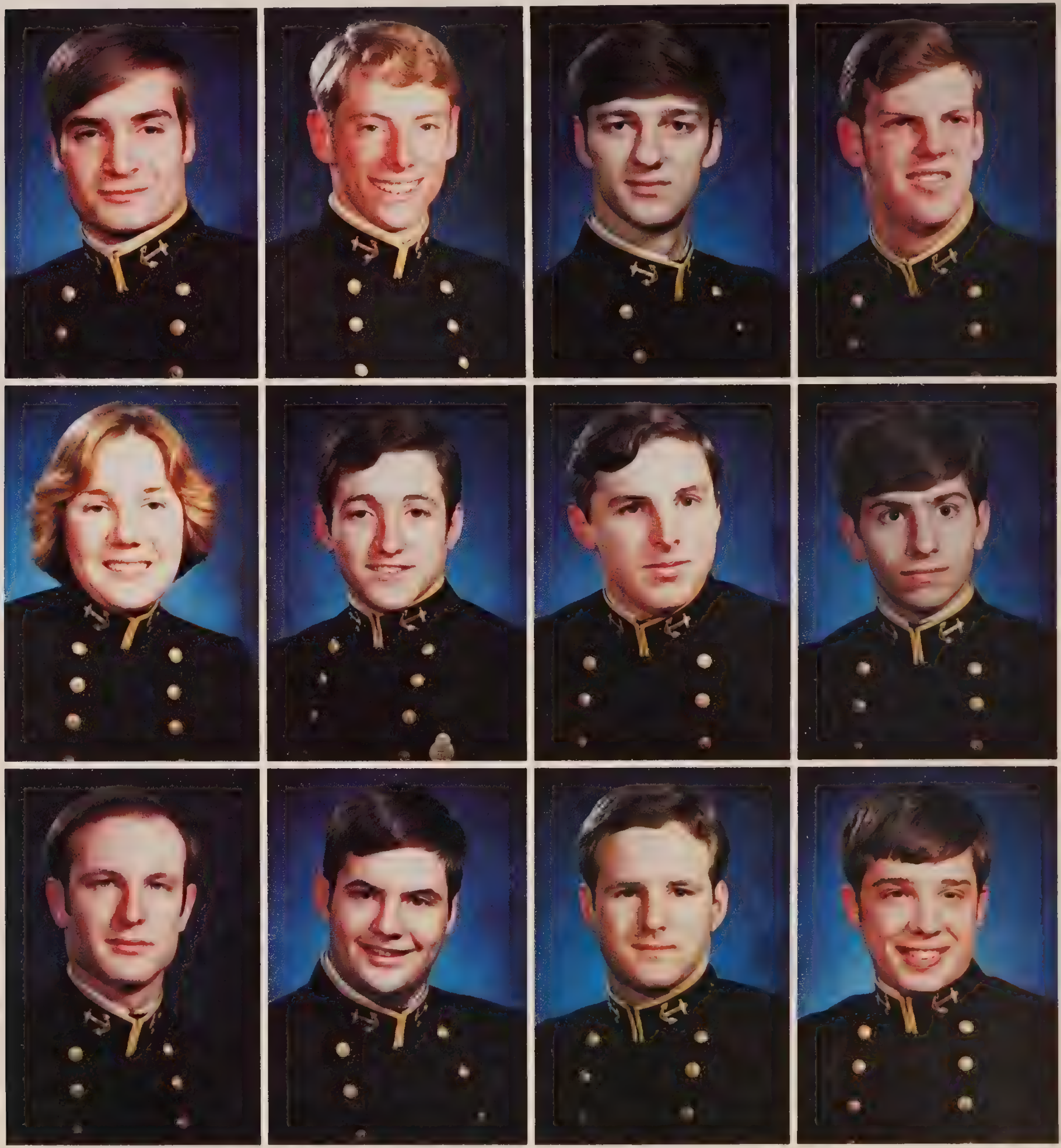
JAMES PIETROCINI
JON CARLOS PINO
RANDOLPH F. PIZZI

WALTER H. PORR, JR.
BRIAN D. PORTER
DAVID B. PORTER

ALAN E. PORTILLO
ROBERT POTTBERG
MARC D. POUSSARD

ROBERT B. POWERS
PAUL B. PRAGER
WYATT B. PRATT

P



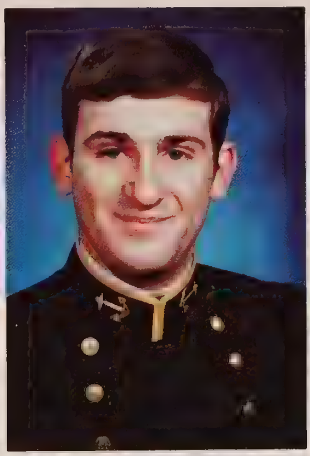
RICHARD T. PRESS
SUSAN M. PRESTO
CHARLES PRESTON

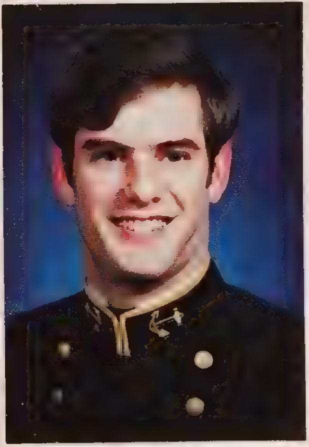
WILSON D. PRESTON
DAVID K. PRIDDY
JAMES A. PROSSER

DOUGLAS M. PURIN
D. L. QUESSENBERRY
JOHN M. QUIGLEY

MICHAEL E. QUINN
KARL A. RADER
STEVEN L. RAGGO

R





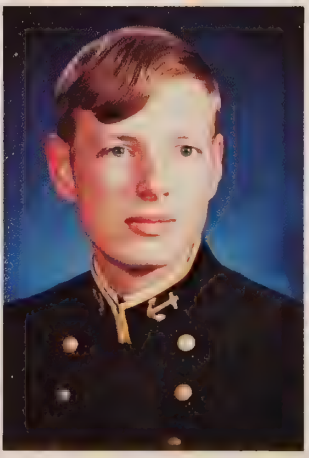
LYNN M. RAMPP
GREGORY R. RAMSAY
JEROME T. RANDALL

JAMES P. RANSOM
DOMINICK RASCONA
HENRY G. RAUM

DAVID M. RAY
DOUGLAS S. RAY
C. J. RAYHILL

DARRYL K. RAYMOND
JAMES K. REAGAN
GARY K. REDENIUS

R

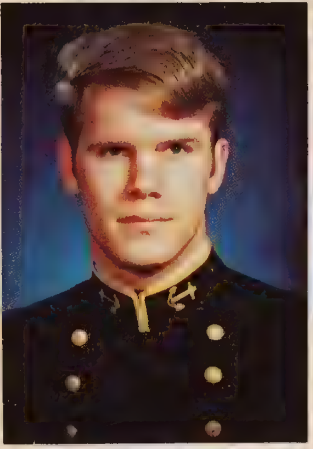
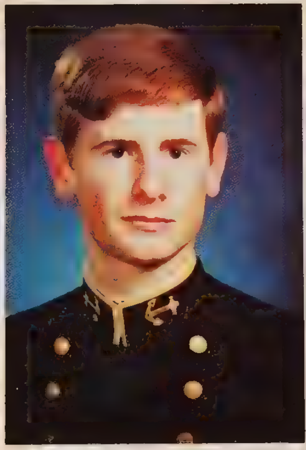
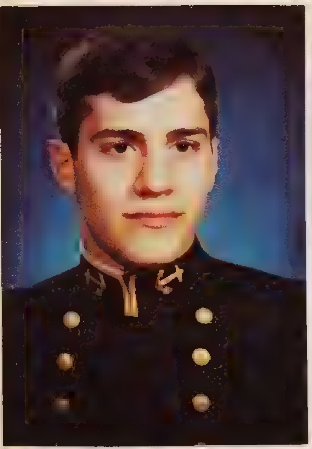


JEFFREY S. REED
MICHAEL S. REED
WAYNE R. REIF

PAUL A. REMINGTON
BRUCE C. RENKEN
HENRY V. RHODES

MARK S. RIDDLE
DAVID A. RIEDEL
BRIAN E. RIEHM

MANUEL R. RIVERA
RICHARD T. RIVERA
RONALD H. RIVES

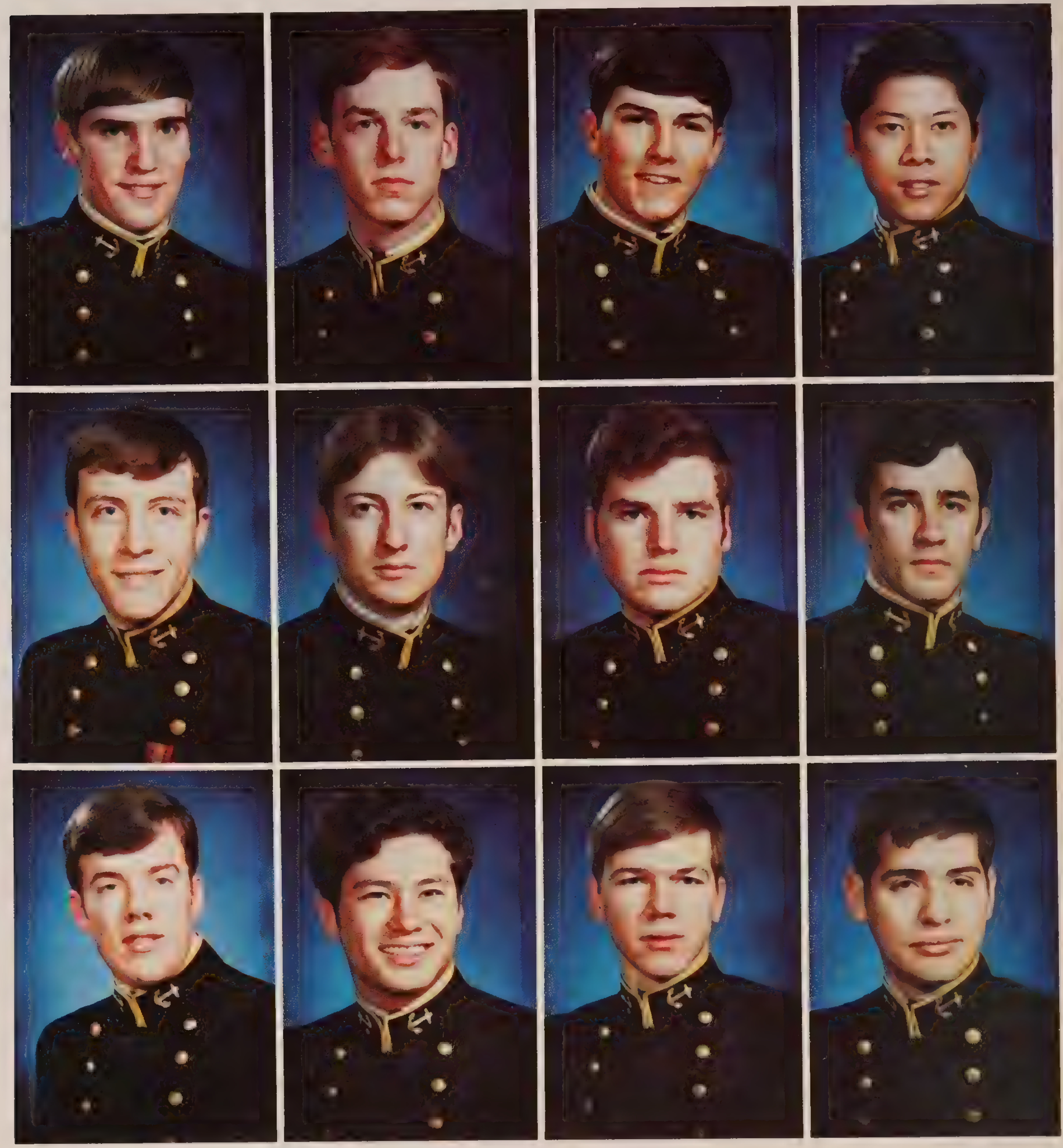
C. C. ROBERTS
DONALD J. ROBERTS
JAMES S. ROBERTS

ROBERT ROBINSON
STEVEN E. ROEHL
JOSEPH N. ROGERS

RICHARD C. ROGERS
MARC H. ROLFES
FRANCIS M. ROSE

BRUCE A. ROSS
MARK J. ROSSANO
LEE V. ROSSETTI

R



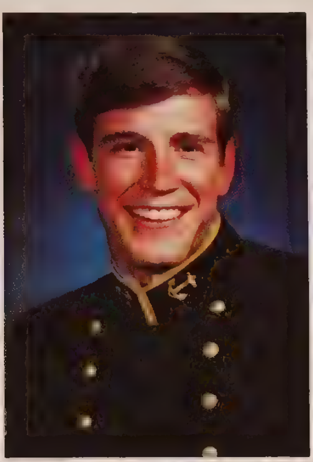
THOMAS M. ROSSI
TIMOTHY G. RUCK
CLAUDE L. RUCKER

WILLIAM F. RUOFF
MARK H. RUSSELL
ROBERT H. RUSSELL

RICHARD J. RYAN
THOMAS M. RYAN
FELIX J. RYMSZA

ALEXIS C. SABALLA
R. SAE-ORTIZ
JOSE W. SALDANA

S



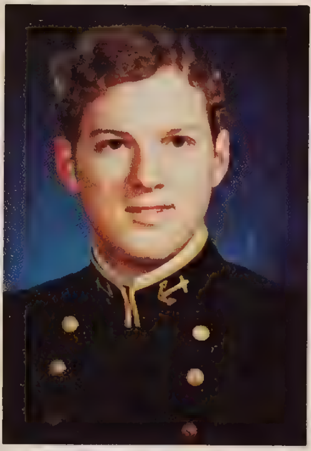
JAMES E. SALYER
JOHN L. SAMUELS
J. A. SANAGUSTIN

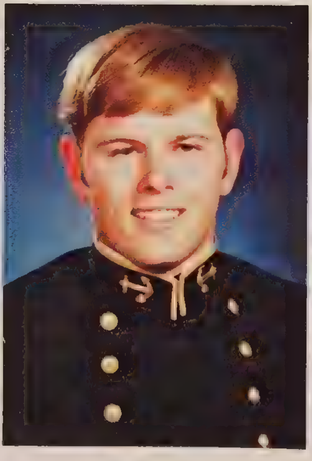
SCOTT E. SANDERS
JEFFREY M. SAYRE
DAVID M. SCHLAGEL

R. D. SCHELESINGER
C. W. SCHMIDT
KURT T. SCHMIDT

PAUL S. SCHMIDT
ROBERT SCHOENECK
DAVID L. SCHRADER

S



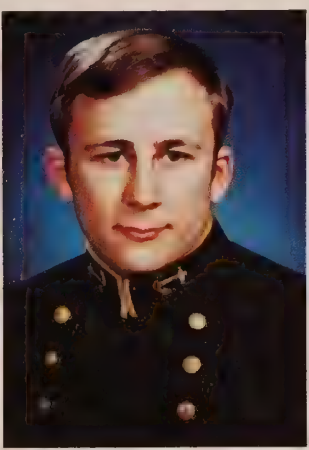


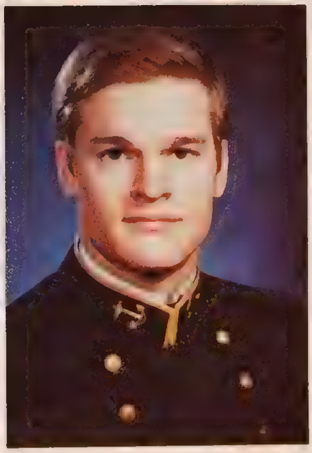
M. R. SCHROEDER
FREDERICK SCHULZ
ALEXANDER SCHWAN

KEVIN M. SCOTT
DOUGLAS H. SCOVIL
NORMAN SCREETON

MICHAEL SEAWARD
CLAIRE SEBRECHTS
EUGENE D. SECOR

VICTOR C. SEE, JR.
RICHARD A. SEILER
EDMUND R. SELBY





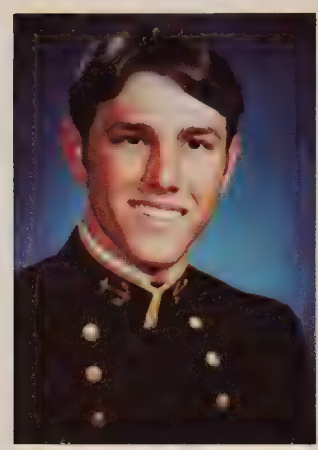
DONALD SENERIUS
JOSEPH SENSI
MICHAEL SERAFIN

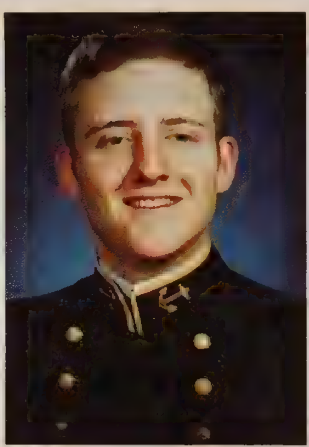
EDWARD N. SETTLE
ROGER N. SEXAUER
CURTIS M. SHANE

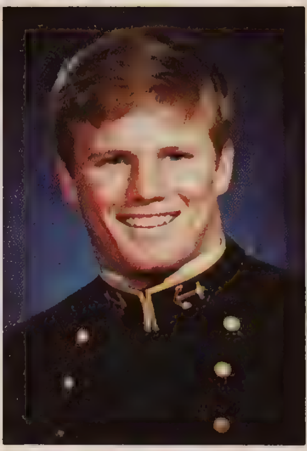
K. SHANEBROOK
PETER A. SHANER
JONATHAN SHARPE

JAMES R. SHEAIRS
SHARON SHEFFIELD
DALE A. SHEPHERD

S





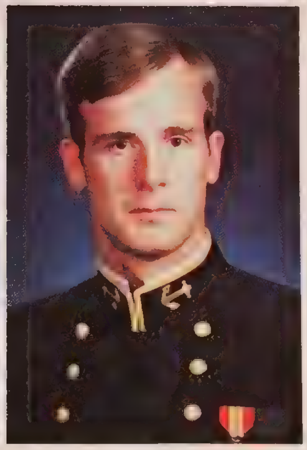


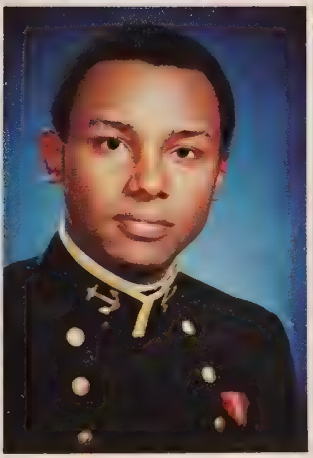
MICHAEL SHETTLE
CALVIN SHINTANI
RONALD SHOCKLEY

VINCIENT SHORTS
KEITH C. SHULTIS
K. B. SIECZKOWSKI

GARY M. SIEMS
MICHAEL J. SIMS
WILLIAM SIZEMORE

JOHN SKERRY
HARLEY SKIDMORE
JOSEPH E. SKINNER





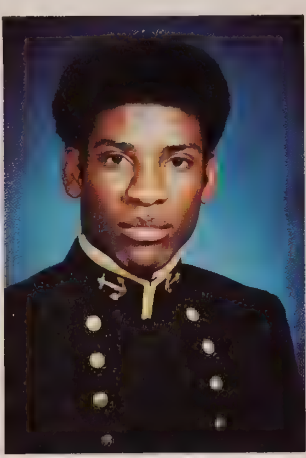
RICAHRD S. SLATER
KATHLEEN SLEVIN
THOMAS D. SLOAN

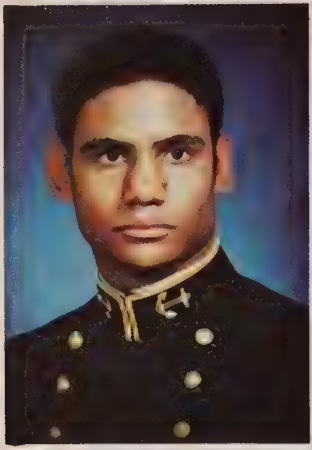
BRADLEY B. SMITH
BRICE T. SMITH
BURNEY E. SMITH

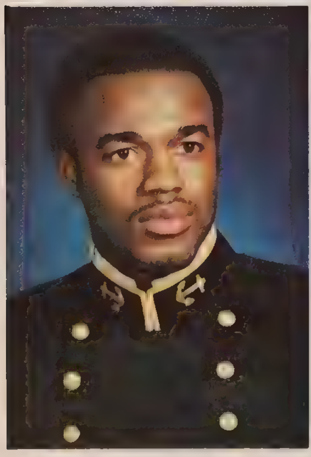
CONRAD L. SMITH
DOUGLAS C. SMITH
JENNIFER L. SMITH

LAWRENCE R. SMITH
LEE ALLEN SMITH

S







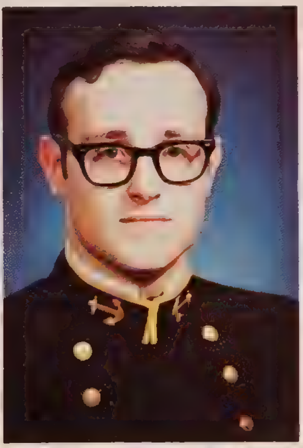
PAULA P. SMITH
REUBEN C. SMITH
VICTOR C. SMITH

MARCUS SNEED
KEITH D. SNIDER
TED L. SNIDER, JR.

VINCENT J. SODD
M. D. SONNEFELD
KEVIN S. SOPHY

JEFFREY SORENSON
STEVEN SOUTHARD
MARK A. SOWELL

S



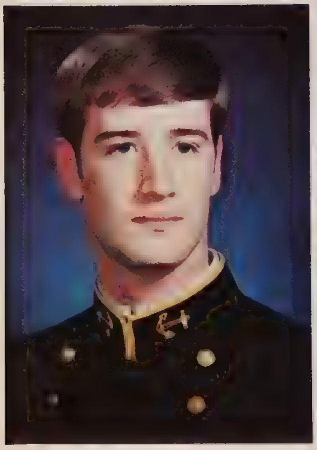
EDWARD L. SPEAR
JOHN G. SPEER
STEPHEN L. SPEHN

JAMES M. SPENCE
JOHN P. SPENCER
C. L. SPOHNHOLTZ

R. C. SPRINGMAN
FRANK STAGLIANO
DAVID J. STAHL

THOMAS STAMBAUGH
PETER W. STANFORD
STEPHEN W. STANKO

S

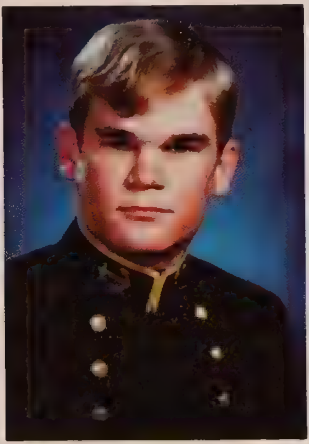


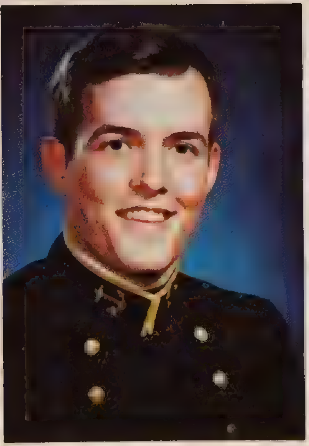
WILLIAM STANLEY
SUSAN M. STAPLER
M. J. STAPLETON

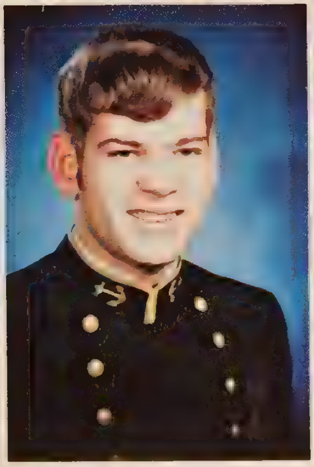
DENNIS M. STARR
R. STEFANOVIC
THOMAS G. STEIN

ANN F. STENCIL
J. J. STENZOSKI
E. A. STERNAMAN

SCOTT D. STEWART
HAROLD STODDARD
HARRY E. STOVALL







DANIEL H. STREED
S. STREIGHTIFF
RUSSELL C. STRNAD

PAUL D. STROUP
STEVEN R. STROUP
STEVEN I. STRUBLE

ROBERT B. STUCKY
WILLIAM STUEHLER
R. M. STYCZYNSKI

ERNEST L. STYRON
KEVIN P. SULLIVAN
SEAN P. SULLIVAN

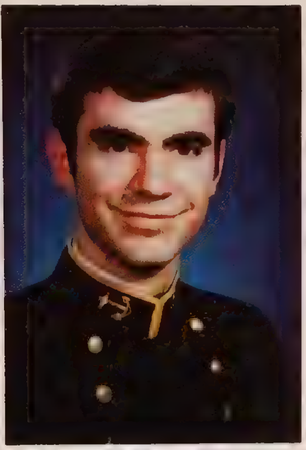
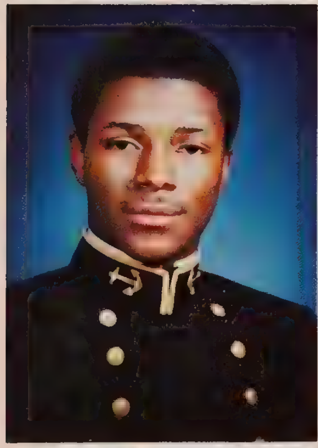
S

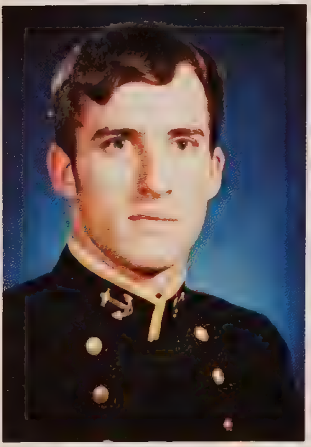
TIMOTHY SULLIVAN
TODD B. SUNDSMO
PAUL H. SUPCHAK

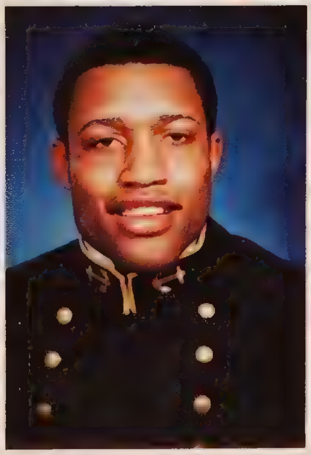
CARL B. SUTTER, JR.
BRADLEY C. TAISEY
DANIEL A. TANNER

PETER R. TATRO
BRADLEY D. TAYLOR
JOHN G. TAYLOR

PATRICIA TAYLOR
PHILIP W. TAYLOR
WILLIAM L. THOMAS





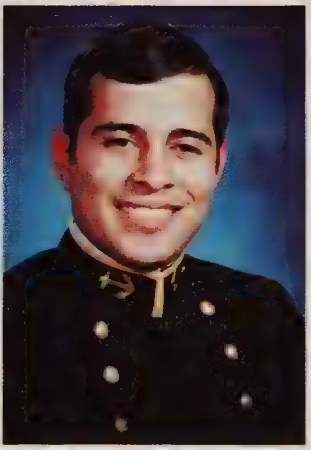
CAROL A. THOMPSON
CHARLES THOMPSON
JOHN C. THOMPSON

KENNETH THOMPSON
R. D. THOMPSON
R. G. THOMPSON

R. N. THOMPSON
BRIAN E. THORESON
CHARLES THORNTON

PAUL W. THRASHER
PATRICIA THUDIUM
M. J. TIMMERMAN

T



C. H. TINDAL
MARK C. TOMB
JEFFREY A. TOMEO

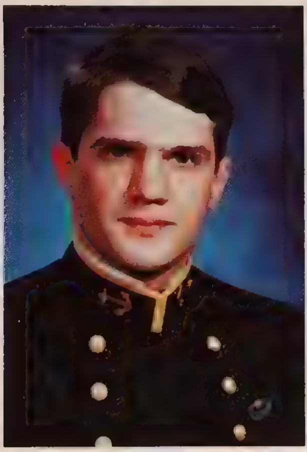
GERARDO TORRES
RAYMOND J. TORRES
JOSE MESA TOVES

REGINALD E. TRASS
CRAIG A. TRAUTMAN
BYRON PAUL TROP

JAMES TRUEBLOOD
MICHAEL J. TURNER
WILLIAM TURNOCK

JEFFREY H. TUSET
D. W. TWORZYANSKI
THOMAS S. ULLRICH

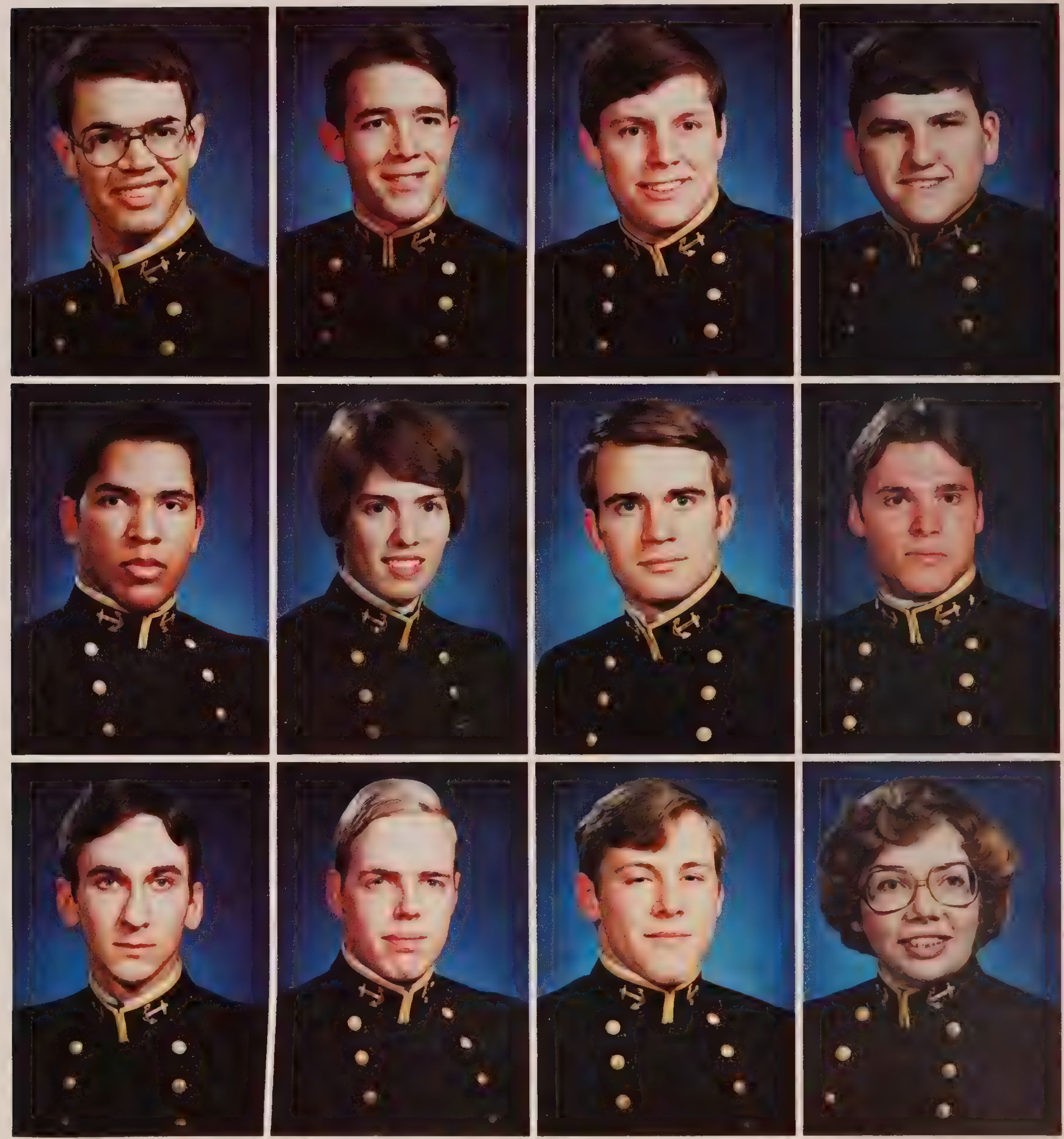
ANTHONY VANARIA
ERIC VANDENHENDE
DAVID D. VAUGHAN



MARK B. VAUGHAN
CLIFFORD VAUGHT
ALVARO A. VENTURA

ANTHONY VERDUCCI
R. K. VONLIPSEY
PAMELA J. WACEK

W



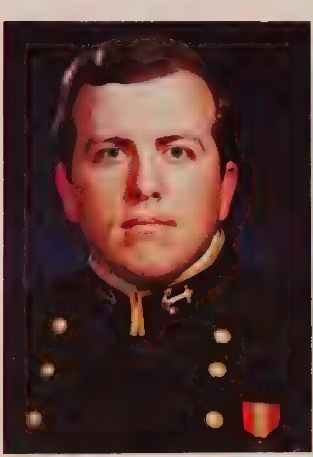
RICHARD L. WADDEL
JEROME L. WALKER
MICHAEL WALLACE

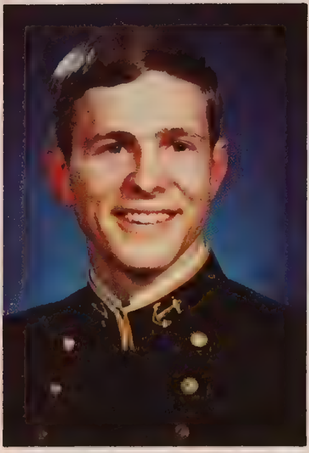
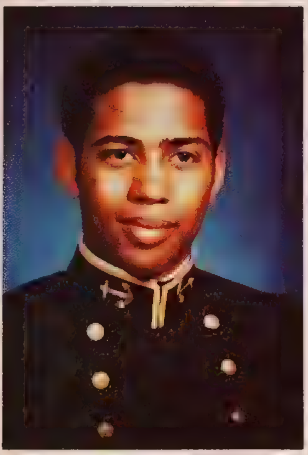
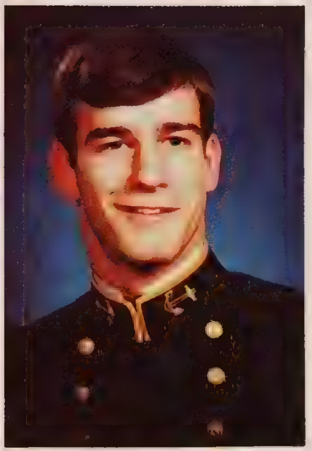
CRAIG WALLINGTON
KATHLEEN A. WALSH
STANLEY WATKINS

DENNIS G. WATSON
EDWIN B. WATTS
WILLIAM T. WEBBER

MICHAEL G. WEDGE
BORIS A. WEISHEIT
SUSAN S. WELCH

W



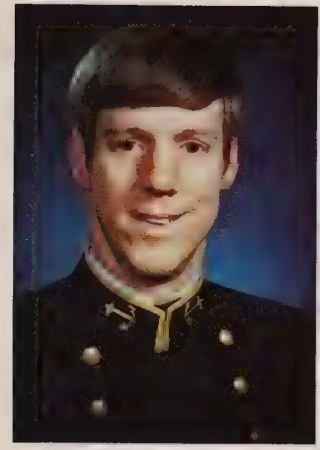
ALAN K. WELLESLEY
JOHN A. WELLS
RICHARD WENDLAND

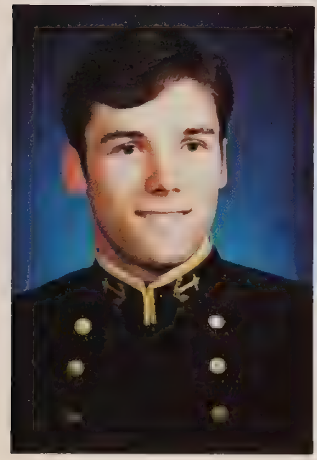
MARTIN J. WENZEL
MICHAEL WETMORE
MARK K. WHITE

STEVEN A. WHITE
TERRY S. WHITE
MARK L. WHITFIELD

MICHAEL WHITING
DAVID B. WHITLOCK
JAY D. WHITLOCK

W





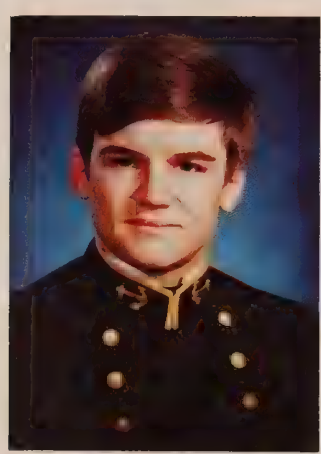
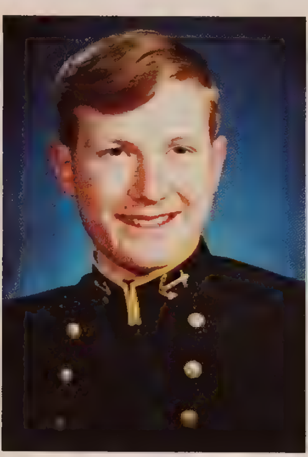
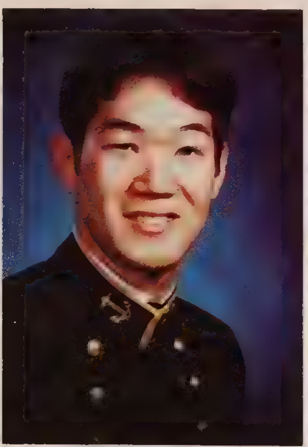
MARK Q. WHITTLE
JOHN P. WIDAY
DAVE E. WILBERT

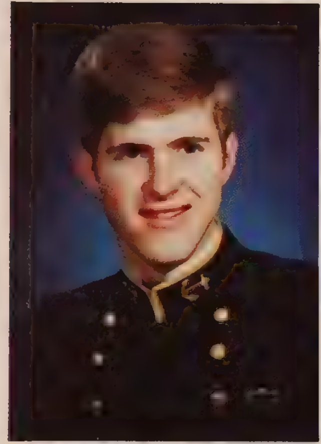
DOUGLAS WILLIAMS
MONTEL WILLIAMS
CRAIG A. WILSON

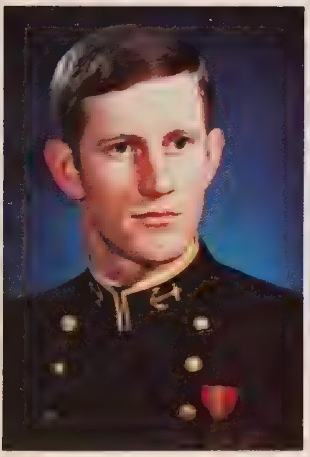
JAMES M. WILSON
RICKY E. WILSON
JAMES L. WINTER

JEFFREY D. WINTER
D. WINTERSCHEIDT

Z





R. L. WOHLSCHLEGEL
BRIAN P. WOOD
R. C. WOOLDRIDGE

DONALD WOOLLETT
MICHAEL D. WYKOFF
THOMAS M. YATES

GLENN YORITOMO
DANNY KIM YOUNG
JERRY T. YOUNG

MICHAEL A. YOUNG
JEFFREY N. ZERBE
MICHAEL A. ZIESER

Z

EMORY E. ZIMMER
JOHN D. ZIMMERMAN

CHARLES ZINGLER

ROBERT C. ZMIRICH

PAUL J. ZOHORSKY

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

The Brigade of Midshipmen

1

KARL JAMES BUTTERBRODT

Brute

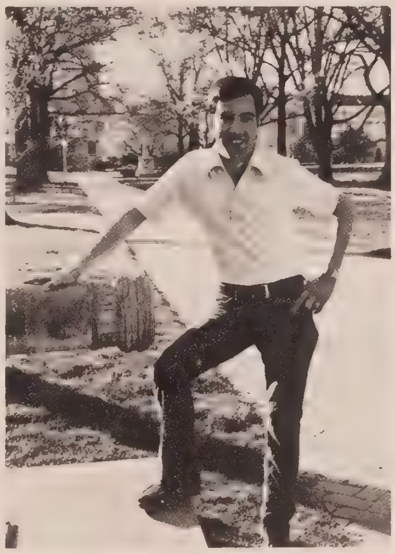
How can a gearhead from upper Wisconsin end up in the Naval Academy? It's easy when your parents fill out the forms and you only sign them! From the start, Brute was in for a unique stay at NAVY. A snuff chewing, black leather jacket wearing hulk, he got off his Harley and his Blizzard snowmobile and into a crew shell for four years. Because of his size, R.C., in a first for crew, took him off of weights and onto the ergometer. Not forgetting his love for speed, he took the Marine Option cruise where he flew high in Hawaii and back into the states in a turbocharged 240-z. Although he missed the Marine Corps selection, he's still going to fly, as a Navy backseat NFO.

HUBBARD HALL
HOME OF
NAVY ROWING
NAVY BASEBALL

LUIS FERNANDO DeAVILA

Fernie

What can you say about a guy who can't speak good 'ol American? Or who has a "weedeater" as a friend? Everything! Fernie came from the land locked nation of Bolivia, high in the frozen Andean wastelands where the word is "Llama Power." After a short time in the Bolivian Navy, Fernie got accepted to good old USNA where he distinguished himself as the fastest Spanish chow caller south of the Pecos River. After mastering the system, "FD" quickly went to work spreading his charm and charisma around the social scene and was quickly dubbed the "Don Juan" of First Company. However this fast and perilous life caught up to him early in his life as a middee, for he was hooked as a youngstar by a local lovely. No more wild and crazy weekends for Fernie, who quickly settled into the "tamed" life. Fernie's future plans include marriage, lots of foreign posts and eventual head Czar of the Bolivian Navy. Good luck and smooth sailing.



JAMES B. DILLINGHAM

Dills

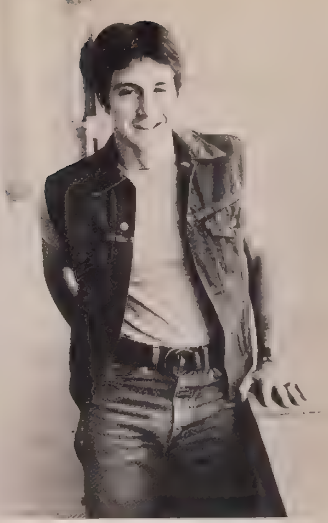
Dills hails from the small potato-sacking town of Wasco, Ca. He might be best known for all of the fan mail he received from young women all over the United States. He was the first in his company to buy a car which led to monetary problems throughout his stay here. While at the Academy, he established himself as the best polevaulter on the varsity track team. In leaving the Academy, Dills will take away some adventures he will not be likely to forget. Just ask him of his encounter with the Annapolis law enforcement officials.

1st Row - (left to right) J. BRIDGE, D. CICCARELLI, D. HUDSON, D. DEBODE, R. FILLER, S. WEAVER, T. LYNCH, E. HOPKINS, P. SCIABARRA 2nd Row - D. QUATTRINI, V. HARTMANN, G. HORTON, J. QUINN, A. BIESECKER, W. CARTER, J. PAUL, J. McCANDLISH, R. MARSH, W. ROBERTS, R. METHENY, W. REARICK, G. MINES 3rd Row - S. COWAN, J. BUTALA, K. McCARTHY, J. McMURTRY, D. BEYDLER, G. DAVIS, R. SCHULZE, D. MURPHY, S. BAILEY, K. FORD, R. WOMER

KEITH JOSEPH DOERRER

Keith Whoerrer

In two days plebe summer, Keith got 13 letters and was headed for his certificate as "Man for Wayward Girls". Instead, he ended up a "One-Nut" for his last two years. Not one to play any sport too long, Keith, a high school wrestler bound for the Academy, ended up a fieldball fanatic. A sailor/drinker on varsity yawls, he ended up playing rugby, both club and intramural. Starving for 10 days, he was the eventual 127-lb. plebe summer boxing champ. Keith Whoerrer didn't study enough, but still got good enough grades to be a nuc power selectee. But Hymie lost out, Keith is the next Easter Seals Poster Child headed quickly for civilian line. A frustrated would-be pilot, he spent first class summer flying high in Hawaii with his gearhead roommate and the U.S. Marines. And there's still a "wayward" girl waiting for him back in Florida, and he won't touch her.



TRACEY ALAN FISCHER

T.A.

A Navy junior who currently hails from Vienna, Virginia, T.A. gave up the good life of Purdue for the rigors of USNA. An orginial "Sea Stud" plebe year, he was a heavy validator becoming a familar sight in first and second class courses early in his career. It seems to have paid off, proven by his frequent absence from the academic scene his last year. Youngster and second class years found him scarce on the weekends being involved in extracurricular activities in the Washington, D.C. area. His new found freedom first class year has caught him making up for lost time with his Hyde to Jeckyl transformations from Mid to mad dog partier. An accomplished wildman, T.A. is a Marine Engineer, who enjoys skiing, cars, and the wild life on occasion. T.A. is destined for the silent service where he should add some spice to the submarine life.

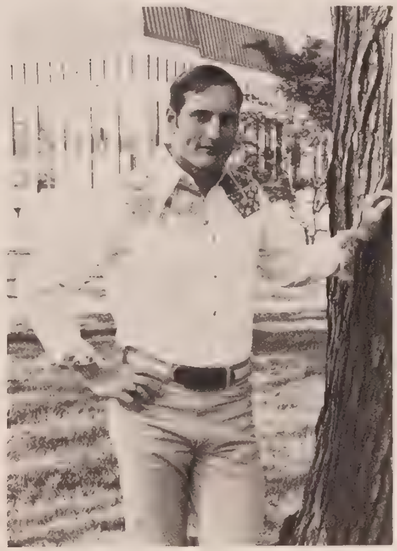
Best wishes in the future T.A.

SCOTT LANCE FITZPATRICK

Fitz

Scott came to USNA from Portland, Oregon, a naive, gullable high school grad. Plebe summer, he quickly distinguished himself as a top performer and dedicated sweat. He continued this spartanistic lifestyle throughout his 4/c year and seemed destined for big stripes. Youngster year proved quite interesting for Fitz, he was introduced to the facts of life through company "movies" and then turned loose on the female population where he found his manhood with just a little help from his friends. Many a weekend found him relaxing in youngster park with the boys of Fun One drowning his sorrows. The fall of 2/c year saw Scott at Woop U. enjoying another plebe year of no privileges and good RME. Scott is a physics major who enjoys camping, scuba diving, and parachuting. A seemingly sure choice for the Corps, Fitz got the calling 1/c year to join Hymie's boys, and catch neutrons for a few years. You've come a long way Scott, all the best of luck.

1st Row - (left to right) H. HENDRICKSON, J. HIGGINS, D. GRIM, A. GRAY, T. KENNEDY, K. MURRAY, T. RIGGS, E. CHAPMAN, J. FIERRO. 2nd Row - C. BEAN, T. GALPIN, D. RUFF, W. MORALES, T. KRESE, C. MITTEN, R. BRECKENRIDGE, M. FOSTER, P. UREY, L. WEBER, G. ROBILLARD, T. BENEDICT, M. TABERT, R. CLYBORNE. 3rd Row - W. SCHMIDLIN, C. HARDIN, D. ANDREWS, W. MORRIS, P. KRUG, M. ROUSER, N. ZENDLE, W. McCORMACK, G. FORSTER, J. CRISWELL.



ALEXANDER TROT FUNKE

Pup, Momma Bear

Coming with sunny Southern Cal on his mind and an even sunnier gal on his heart, Alex arrived at USNA as a matter of tradition. It seems that three older brothers through Canoe U and one surviving West Point weren't enough to warn him. Pup liked to get his hands (paws?) into everything, including two years of wrestling, O.C.F. as sec/treas, a Zoomie tour at the Blue Zoo, a self-appointed spot on the Honor Committee (and nabbing a phone on the way — thanks, Chief!), equiping group Bible studies (zzzz 6 a.m. zzz), squirrel feeding (too bad the ungrateful thing went for his finger instead!), and even into a nuc cruise (or was it a five week paid vacation in Podunk San Diego?!)

All this was insignificant compared to his love for Jesus Christ, who walks before Alex and his life partner as they launch into their career in the Silent Service

JAMES ADDISON HILL JR

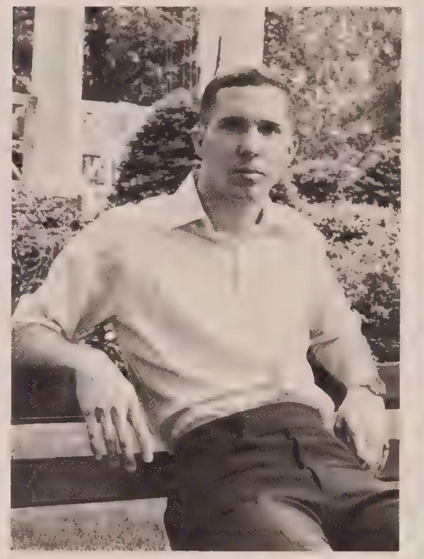
Jimmy

Jimmy arrived at USNA a 3-year nuc-power enlisted. A noted swizzler, had to be to be a nuke, Jimmy helped organize many a Ted Pahooshtie movement order to youngster park to get blitzed. He is most noted for his basketball prowess - he could get a charging call on Doctor J. Nuclear power was bound to be his service selection, even his hometown of Lebanon Pa. was radiated by Three Mile Island. Not one to sweat grades, his political science major is definitely going to come in handy. Hymie is definitely getting a good man, but how is Jimmy gonna keep stats on his Pittsburgh Steelers underwater?

ALAN HALE

Al

"Hale'ing" from the great Southwestern town of Alamogordo, New Mexico, Alan attempted to bring some of the desert's refinement to our lovely campus (and you can see how much success he's had!) An avid amateur astronomer since he was eleven, Alan decided to major in Physics, and clear nights would often find him on top of Michelson Hall, using the telescope there to enrich man's knowledge of the universe. He was not one to let his studies interfere with his social life, however, and a large amount of his weekends were spent in his quest to establish a new record for dating the most Annapolis area lovelies. A case of hay fever took care of his plan to become an NFO; consequently, Graduation finds Alan hoping to be wearing the Air Force blue (a desire which has earned him the title of "Renegade".)



MARK EDWARD HAYES

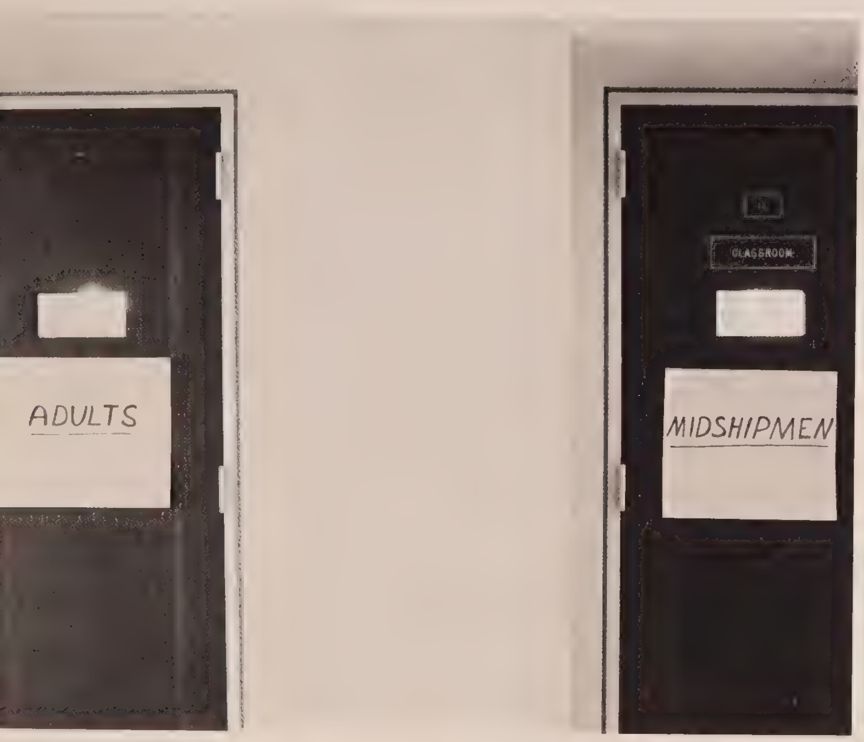
Woody

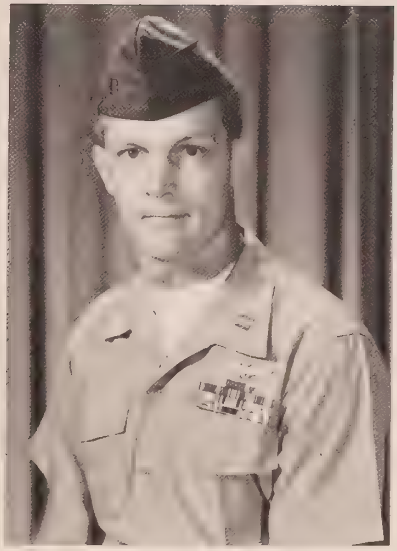
Ever since plebe year, Mark, better known as "Woody" could be found in the rack reading or sleeping or in the wardroom trying to improve his mind. He was for all of 2/c year the walking Company TV Guide. Leisure aside, he sailed through one semester as a Wires major, but because "of a lack of interest", switched into Management. There, he settled down and raised his QPR to an easy 3.15. A confirmed hard core Marine Corps type since Youngster year, Woody's determined to go out into the FMF as one of the best A-6 right-seaters there ever was. (He was almost disqualified physically because of 'rack burns'.) Good luck, Mark, to you and all your friends — especially your friends, they'll need it!

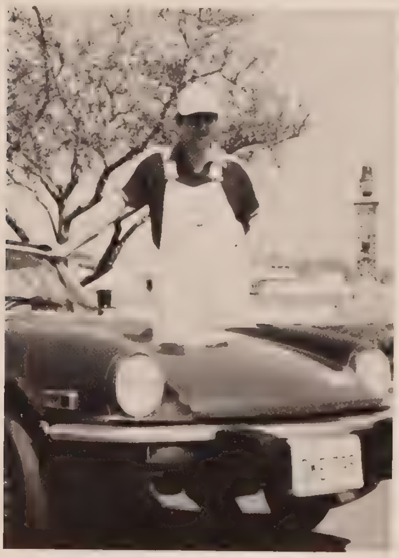
GREGG ALAN HEBERT

Hebes

From day one Hebes, as he says, "studied too much!" A Georgian and a J.B. Stoner fan, he was destined for Nuclear Power. Seventy-five days on a boomer made it definite The only midshipman to take an ensign under-instruction as diving officer. Company fieldball was his first love, but he excelled in company basketball as well. An astronomy nut, Hebes built his own 10-inch telescope and bought a laser to align it. Some may remember his Star War laser attacks on company drill. Leon, his plebe summer squad leader, was/is not easily forgotten. Neither is his departed classmate who claimed he talked funny. Not one to spend money carelessly, it took a girl first class year to convince him to buy a car.







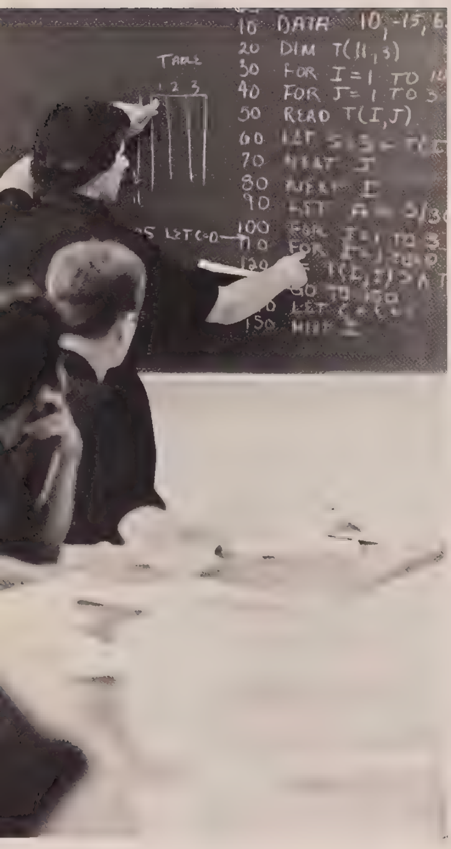
GREGORY B. HUNTER

Huntman

Huntman came to the Academy from the small town of Mill Hall Pa. He arrived with one goal in mind . . . to play football. After two years with the Big Blue, Greg decided that football just was not athletic enough for his needs. After a few minutes of thought he came up with the perfect sport for all of his boundless energy, chasing women. It did not take long before Greg had more phone numbers than the New York telephone book.

Some of Huntman's accomplishments at the Academy include breaking two plates over his head during dinner, a new speed record from Weem's Creek Tavern to the Academy (and back), and four years without making his bed once.

Upon graduation, Greg will be joining the Proud Few. Marine Air is his choice (since they land on the ground). All of the boys from Fun One wish Huntman the best of luck in the years to come.



JOHN DOUGLAS MCMASTER

J.D.

John came to Canoe U. from Cleveland, Ohio. On I. Day, he reported with a less than reg haircut (for a plebe) and subsequently the barber shop took away most of his hair. John followed this precedent for the next four years as he was always reg and squared away. A shut-in plebe year, John necked his way to a high QPR and good grease. However, youngster year he encountered a love second to the books-a Fiat X 1/9 which showed us his desire to fly. First semester 2/c year found John out in Colorado at the Bus Driver U. where he enjoyed the extra liberty and privileges and a chance to go crazy. First class year found John out on the town chasing the women. His partying came to a screeching halt when he got his first "F" at four week grades. John will always be remembered for necking, long distance running, weight lifting, and chewing Redman.

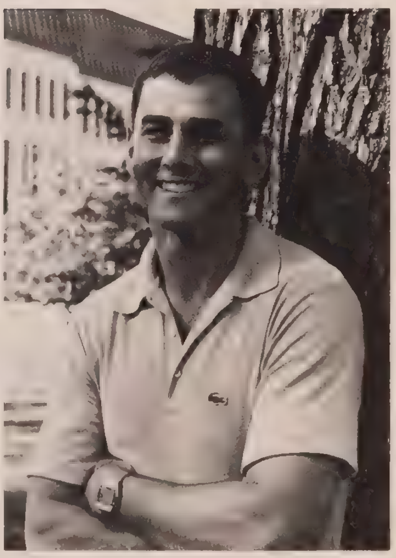
ARMANDO EDUMNDO MENDEZ JR.

Mando

The L.A. Kid came to USNA after a quick detour at NAPS where he left behind many roommates and the Geek. After two intense months as a Meat-Cleaver,. he became a member of the Three Musketeers. Mando decided that the best way to spend time here was to be on crutches, in the rack, or in the Wardroom. A prisoner of Venus after a triple play youngster year, Mando spent weekends trying to look Italian in his Fiat. Surface Line will find this boy happily in their ranks.

ROSS MICHAEL LEVIN

Ross came to Fun One from the land of drugs and hedonism, but quickly adjusted to the much lower keyed rigors of plebe year and USNA. A gifted musician, Ross did his first and only gig at the plebe summer talent show, but soon changed his act to private sessions with the local female types. An appreciator of fine pizzas as well as attractive women, his first three years were spent at Marina's Pizza with weekday visits to the Academy. But then first class year brought three well deserved stripes and a chance for a break in the action. But Ross, a judo brown belt among other things, soon found it necessary to call upon all his self defenses to resist the suction into nuclear power and Rickover's navy. Ross had contempt for all academics, although his grades reflected his overall ability to grin and bear this place. His trademarks were quick wit, a slow Datsun, and erratic soccer. Ross departs us as a decided Marine Corps pilot, but leaves behind an impression of class, and proof that Californians aren't all bad.



ANTHONY STEPHEN MOSLEY

Mose

This young man from the boomtown of Mt. Holly, NJ, came to the Naval Academy after a year of intense party preparation at NAPS, where he broke all S.C. and coke records with Pat and Pat. Plebe Summer he was placed under the care and supervision of Leon, became a Sea-Stud and shortly thereafter joined the Three Musketeers. After burning up the place academically, he visited the Board and decided to stay. Future plans include getting a good job and getting hitched.

JON GREGORY MOTTER

Muffler

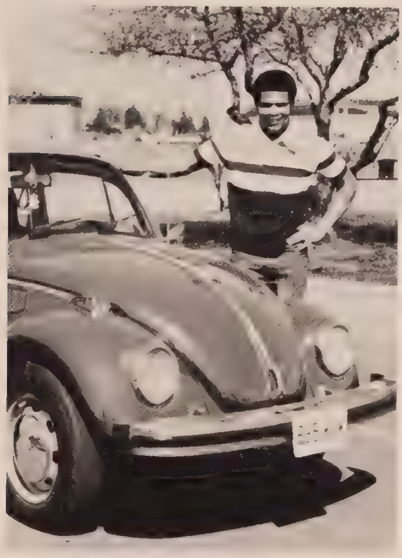
After spending his younger years in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, Jon decided to enter the Naval Academy in anticipation of four years of hard work and possibly even a little fun. He immediately distinguished himself among his classmates by losing his "Dixie Cup" on the first day of his arrival at USNA. However, even though his grades have steadily improved since that time. Now, to his amazement, Jon is even on the Sup's List. He attributes this turnaround, not to anything he has done, but rather to the abilities of the God who he serves. Jon has had an enjoyable four years at the Academy as a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps and Naval Academy Christian Association. He is now looking forward to an exciting naval career in an unrevealed branch of the Navy. Jon's many abilities, sharpened by keeping Christ first in his life, promise this aspiring naval officer nothing but the best for the future.

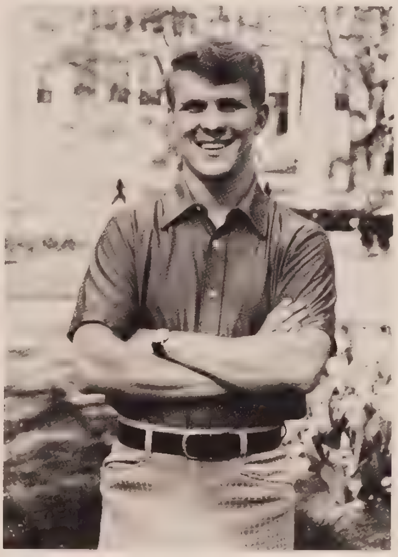
HENRY V. RHODES

Hank

b. 1957
Miami, Florida

Blessed are the patient visionaries, for they will walk the tree-lined boulevards of the Radiant City.





STEVEN ANGELO WHITE III

Whitey

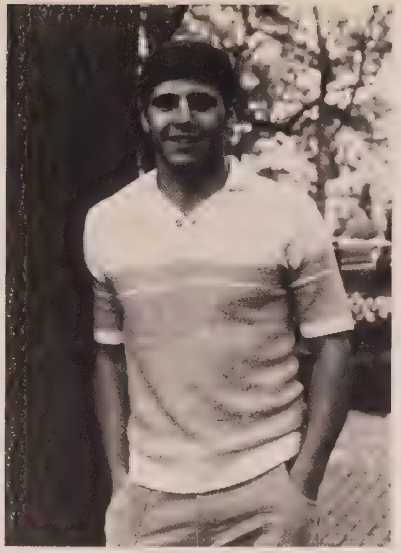
Steve came to Fun One at the beginning of youngster year. Whitey will never forget the names Jake, Tommy, Greg or Jim, or Jake's famous conditioning program — Whitey's never been the same since. Steve also set a record for logging the most TV hours that year. There was also Whitey's Law — whenever he found a girl he also found trouble from the Admin. Conduct System. Steve found smooth sailing as a Physical Science major, well maybe it was a little rough but now that the end is in sight Whitey can leave academics behind and get on with serious business — like partying. Flying has been his sole objective but it looks like Steve will have to spend some time on a ship before P-cola and pilot training. All in all Whitey has made himself memorable to all his classmates he has come in contact with. Always a good man for a party, we will all look forward to the times when the 1st Co. partyers can reunite.

CO CDR - S. S. MOSLEY, seated; CO SUB-CDR - A. T. FUNKE, back right; CO ADJ - J. A. HILL, back left

FREDERICK FAY SCHULZ

Hymie

Big Red, after a short stay at NAPS, came to USNA with some pretty crazy ideas in his head. Namely, he planned to spend all four years here in the basement of Nimitz. Luckily, the Three Musketeers saw his sad plight and out of pity for the lug head, gave him a new name and some emergency lessons in staying thirsty on weekends. He learned quickly. On the bad side his grades still remained very good. Sadly, because of this Rick will spend a considerable amount of his future days underwater, breathing in plutonium and turning bright green. He wouldn't want it any other way, the poor guy.



CHARLES AUBREY ZINGLER

Zing

Chuck came to us from Medford Lakes, New Jersey via Naps football. He once said that his only goal out of high school was to play football for a major college team. His dedication and hard work finally paid off by his junior year when he became a starter here at Navy. He gave it his all and for two straight years he was an integral part of two of the finest defensive teams ever to play at Navy. Not one to completely adjust to the rigors of military life, Zing spent his first two years as an "elite" member of the 200 club. Chuck was enough of a hellion that by first class year, he and his three roommates were separated. Finally settling down, he put his eyes to their best use and opted for the supply corps. Chuck will always be remembered by his roommate as the world's second best sleeper. LATER ZING

DALE ALLEN SHEPHERD

Shep

When Dale came to USNA from the small town of St. Clairsville, Ohio, little did the profs know that they'd soon be trying to keep up with him. Though he had a 4.0, Dale's biggest challenge was trying to find things to do with his spare time. When he wasn't working, he was either with a basketball, a pair of running shoes, or women. Aside from his academic prowess, Dale was an athletic giant. He was recruited for football, begged to play basketball, and was the star player for Fun One's sports. When he wasn't playing sports, he was watching them. His idea of total bliss was watching a Steeler's game while eating a box of pop tarts. Not only was Dale a 2/c six-striper, and a regimental commander as a firstie, but he also moonlighted as a used car salesman. He bought and sold as many cars to mids as Fred Menke. Dale is destined to be an officer of the "fission force" in Rickover's navy, and we're all certain that he'll conquer all. Hmm . . . "Shepherd's" navy?
Good luck Dale! We'll all be thinking of you.

GERALD GARY SMITH

Smitty

Gary came to Navy from San Antonio, Texas with a short navy enlistment in between. Once he arrived at Canoe U., he set out to satisfy his social needs here — much to the dismay of the conduct office. Not easily discouraged, Gary has continued the good life and added to Strohs sales through four years and two companies, while keeping up excellent grades to thoroughly drive the officers here batty. He is best known for his tailgaters and resourcefulness in getting out of most any predicament and the L.S.D. is famous throughout Maryland. Wherever he goes from here, the beer and good times are sure to follow. Smitty leaves behind many good friends including the infamous Quattrini curse which he hopes he is never a victim of again.

JEFFREY HAROLD TUSET

Tuse

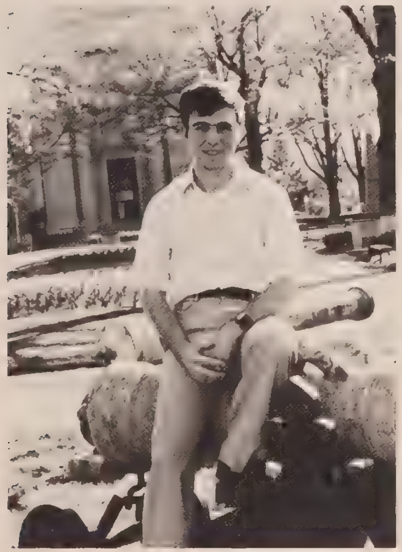
This lad came to the Boat School from the teeming metropolis of Coon Rapids, Minn. His first position of authority was Sea-Stud Commander where his philosophy became "If you don't know it now you won't know it ten minutes from now." He spent youngster year dreaming about the greatest weekend of his life. No more stalling for this Deadhead as future plans include leaving the frozen tundra and the burning Arabian desert for the sun and fun of P-Cola after a short layover in Quantico.

2

WILLIAM L. BRODHAG

Bro

Bill, a gifted scholar-athlete is his hometown of Lansdale, Pa., came to the academy to earn a degree in Computer Science and to play Navy baseball. However, he soon found out that both goals were futile. USNA had no such academic program and Coach Duff felt Bill would be better off in the intramural program, as he was retired during 2/c year. Bill's ECA's were many and varied, but none were sanctioned by USNA. Besides the 1st wing barbershop he owned and operated, Bill could always be found with a deck of cards, drumming up support for a card game. Yet Bro, now a management major, still maintained a QPR high enough to qualify for the first nuclear draft. Having his heart set on flying, he'll find himself instead driving one of Adm. Rickover's long black boomers. Wherever he goes, we'll always remember his great intensity and dedication (to regs?) to whatever he sets out to do. We all wish him well!

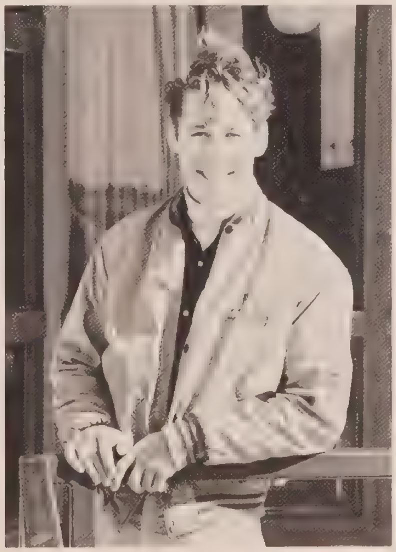


STEPHEN PHILIP CADWELL

Steve

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.
Be strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce — oh shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not — fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

BE STRONG by Maltbie Davenport Babcock



GERARD THOMAS COLEMAN

Mole

Mole arrived at Navy from the haven on Long Island Sound called Larchmont. Since then he has never unpacked his bags. He is the only guy I know who stayed at Navy on a commuting program. Every week was different; New York, Mass., Conn., California, Hawaii but it was well worth it for the three time All American boy. If by chance the boats were idle, Mole could be found on the ice or at his favorite restspot "Hotel Nimitz": he even had his own little room. He was constantly being chased by a member of the opposite sex but never did find time to reciprocate (by Choice). Gerard's personality is as bright as his smile and he should be able to carve his own piece of Navy pie without any problem. HAVE FUN. SAIL FAST.

JERRY ABAÑAR DALO

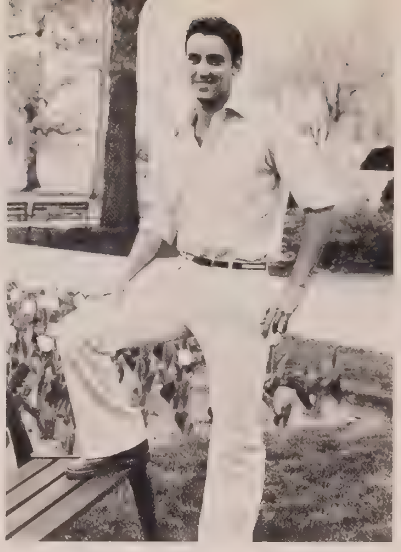
Jerr

Bursting in with sunshine, this California Kid never acquired a taste for arctic winters of Crabtown USA. But his new home was amusing & he decided to play the game of Mother B-&WON! Known for his free spirit & charisma among his buddies, he was always fired up for adventurous road trips (Hood/Mary-Wash . . .) for some fine female filets or mischievous antics w/the "LOOSEDEUCE" boys-WOW, danced w/her chair, huh Jerr? Don't let his easykickback attitude fool ya, because Jerry was a true blue competitor. He overcame the BOOFS of his profs (SPOONKERRCURAN) & worked diligently on the gridiron to be a winner. W/2N* on his letter sweater, team Captain Dalo led his Boys to certain victory. He possesses a quick wit & a fine sense of humor which will carry him merrily along as far as his heart desires. Navy Air at PCOLA will keep you fly'in high, so don't let anything bring ya down Good Buddy. We'll miss ya & remember PF, there will ALWAYS be PLENTY of FISH in the pond; Variety is the Spice of Life! So GO FOR THE GUSTO! Bye. Hugs & Kisses . . .

DOUGLAS FIORINO

Fired-up

Doug came to us from Columbus, Ohio; home of the buckeyes and Woody Hayes. He was recruited by Navy for his prowess on the tennis court, but he soon traded in his tennis racket for a bottle of Panama Jack suntan oil and a permanent spot on the red beach. Fi spent 3 long weeks at jump school, vowing never again to jump out of a perfectly good airplane. Having decided that there had to be more to life than mechanical engineering, Doug spent second class year earning his nickname "FIRED-UP". Notorius for his road trips to all-girl colleges he could often be seen with an ice-cold beer in one hand and a girl in the other. After changing his service selection weekly for several years, Doug finally decided that Navy air was the only way to go. We all hope to have his smiling face and quick wit with us on the beaches of Pensacola after graduation.



JOSEPH GHANA DANCY

Joe

It's not easy to leave Oakland and head for the east and NAPS but that was how Joe began his naval "adventure". An oarsman ever since he was old enough to appreciate sweat, he rowed there and continued that craziness here in the famous "Tuna Boat". Joe quickly found the "amazing" M.E. profs boring and decided to switch to t Resource Management field. When one works hard, one must play hard too and all of those ergos and 10-milers probably lead to his need for a Porsche. Although a small matter (lack of $) forced him to settle with a Z, now he could at least escape Annapolis. This of course lead to many adventures on the roads of Md. and even included a "gumball". Giving the Z a rest for a day, Joe decided to take in the sights of D.C. in the form of the USMC Marathon; he's determined to see the scenery in less than 3 hours next time. Well, as Joe heads into the world of the Supply Corps we can be sure of one thing - Md's drivers won't have to worry about those streaks of blue anymore! GOOD LUCK, JOE!!

TINA-MARIE D'ERCOLE

Derk

Tina came to the Naval Academy from the little known town of Hamilton, Ohio. Not as a woman's-libber, but as one who really desired to be a Naval officer, "Pioneer Derk" diligently engaged herself in establishing a reputation of professionalism and ultimately wound up as one of the first female stripers. During second class year, her life was re-directed, though, as she met Mr. "Slick" and set about spoiling him rotten. An excellent dancer, seamstress ("Hey, when are you going to make me a 3-piece suit?"), runner, and always with an everglowing smile, Tina will make him a great companion someday if he ever gets up his nerve! Tina finds herself headed to Pensacola after graduation to invade the sky and with her motivation and determination should excel in yet one more new adventure. Hats off to you, Derk!

TIMOTHY J DONOVAN

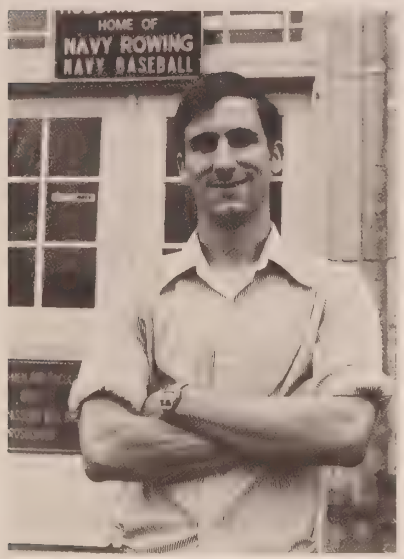
Tim

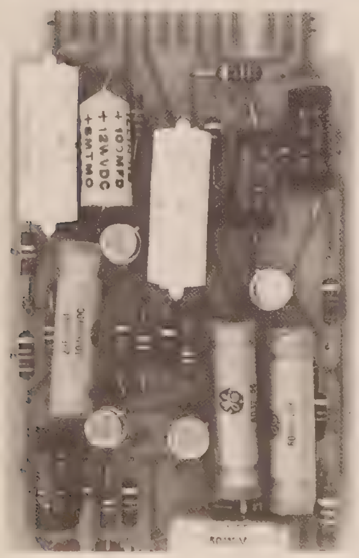
From South Lake Tahoe, the land of milk and honey, came Tim Donovan. Though one would expect that Tim knew all about the academy, having a father, uncle and two brothers-in-law as alumni, he came to USNA with the same carefree attitude that all plebes arrive with. No matter what he got at 4 weeks, Tim always managed to pull out a 2.0, but grades seemed to carry less weight in his upperclass years than rates had in his plebe year. Tim was able to save a tidy sum of money as a civilian but an impressive stereo system, 280-Z, and one-night stands in Mich., Pa., and Fla., left him with rubber checks, an intimate knowledge of plastic money, and a long line of lenders on his trail. Although Tim turned his barbershop skills into a profit-making venture, he never realized the potential that nightly card games held for a veritable jackpot. Forced into the restricted line, Tim will probably choose the intelligience corps. We all wish him the best.

JAMES ALAN GENTER

Dog Body

After a year at a real college called Lafayette, Jim awoke one morning to find himself a bona fide midshipman and prisoner at Canoe U. Stroking his way through 3 years of varsity lightweight crew and tryouts for the Nationals, Jim picked up Aero as a pastime. He also managed to be a regular customer at the first wing casino and barber shop - always careful to avoid the queen of spades. Summer cruises always found Jim seeking to increase his professional knowledge - from those movies in San Diego to the beaches in the Med. Being the practical person that he is (or was?) Jim soon found himself strapped into the cockpit of a 280-Z, discovering life in the fast lane. Jim's love for RME was only surpassed by his love for Ham Francisco, Ergos, and flu shots. Nevertheless, Jim's natural leadership abilities always showed through no matter how much he tried to avoid striper boards. Jim now belongs to Navy Air-afterall, there are no speed limits in the sky.





JOSEPH NICHOLAS GIAQUINTO

Chief

Joe came to this venerable institution with a clear head, high aspirations, and a clear conscience. However, his hoodlum friends soon dragged him down to their own lower depths. A literal metamorphosis, Joe physically expanded to become a tower of twisted steel and sex appeal, who was known by many a young woman in Dahlgren Hall, personally. Quite the athlete, he could be found tackling his "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED" (more often than his aero homework) when not actually on the field, or in the "O"-club (wrestling pitchers). Where would we be without his clan at those tailgaiters and especially his mon's cookies, salami, etc., etc. No wonder he was a great roommate. It's been a long haul, eh Chief? See you elsewhere brutha.

JAMES ALEXANDER KIESLING

Kilo

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.
SEA FEVER John Masefield

EDWARD BANDI MARTIN

Bandi

Bandi heralds from Garden City, Michigan, home of "Deee-troit," Sieger sounds and girls with new luggage and ex-boyfriends. As an ex-Napster, we figured Ed would excel on the drill field. We soon found, however, that the "shovel" in his back pocket and the "flat" in his shoes greatly hindered his performance. For the first two years "strap-ons" had everyone pretty much believing that he actually did date airplanes. But, after a short trip to Florida Ed became slightly sidetracked and his baby blues shifted from "wild blue bombers" to "wild blonde bombshells." Ed then had a new reason for maintaining his excellent study habits. Mary, Mary, Mary, without that phone in his room first class year, this boy would have been unbearable to live with. We'll always know though, that no female will ever keep Bandi from up yonder. See you in the skies Ed, stud among studs, man among men, and of course "brutha" among "bruthas."

DREW PHILIP MEYER

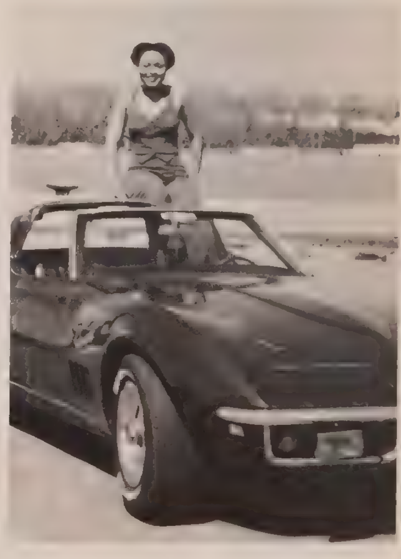
Oh, A definitely easy major for his talents. His number is one which equals his probability of success. May the bird of happiness (most likely a robin) follow him wherever he goes. Spoils of USNA? Multi-stars and a letter N.

DALE LEHENBAUER

Dale hails from the backwoods of Missouri where their only enjoyment is watching the Mississippi rise. One of his big surprises when he arrived here at USNA was that there was a new concept in modern conveniences - indoor plumbing. He is the only person I know who, in the morning, even before opening his eyes, rolls over and puts a huge dip of worm dirt called Copenhagen in his mouth. He has quite a large collection of soda cans lying around the room, but don't get too curious as to what is in them. One of Dale's passions is jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. If it were possible his parachute would be his best man at his wedding - if he lives long enough. One thing I can't understand is his passion for green. Every-so-often a loud "URAH" can be heard echoing down the hall if it is not drowned out by his country music. Dale will really be missed in this company but will make a great contribution to the Corps. He's got the techniques and arsenal.

JANIE L. MINES

"Unique" is the best word to describe Janie Mines. She came here from Aiken South Carolina, not only black but a woman at that! A minority yes, but one would never guess this by her self confidence, big voice and high stature in the brigade. In the same way she was known for her adeptness with words, she became distinguished in parry - fencing that is, where she earned a varsity letter two years in a row. When not fighting a cause or swimming, two activities which took up a great deal of her time, Janie could be found stalking the halls in her "camies". Throughout her four years at the Academy, Janie has steadfastly maintained that the Navy "stinks" and that there was only one true service. Now at graduation, "Jungle-Janie's" dream has come true. She now can be one of the few, the proud, the MARINES. GOOD LUCK!



BARBARA ARLENE MORRIS

Bobs

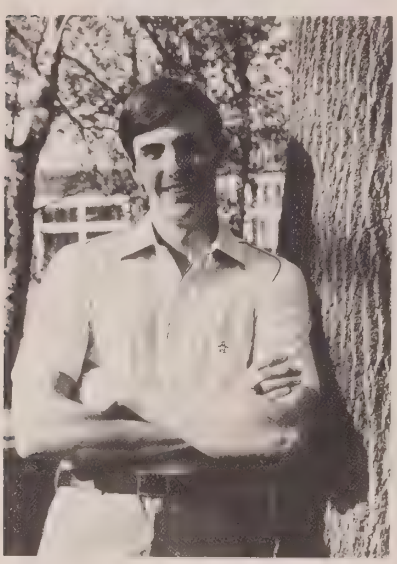
Barb drifted here with high hopes, high spirits, and a high soprano — with every squared corner, the upper class had no doubt women had entered USNA. She became a Varsity dinghy sailor (or is it a ding-y varsity sailor) as a plebe where she quickly learned the ropes. It's amazing that she spent more weekends away from here as a plebe than most 1/C; that in 4 yrs she has yet to learn what Worden field is used for and what time evening formation goes. Through rain or snow Barb was more faithful than the US mail, sailing her way to 4 Varsity N's and 3 national championships.

Professionally Barb 'always did her best' including 1/C cruise spending 28 days at sea baking cream puffs. Academically she was a sweat but soon found a half hour of good gouge is better than 3 hrs of hard work anyday. After 4 yrs Barb, we have but one request — how about one last chorus of "Army Mule"?

DENNIS PATRICK O'DONOGHUE

Denny

Although it's been an eternity, a number of us can recall the quiet Irish guy that Pittsburgh abandoned upon USNA's doorstep. It's a good thing no one knew what was going on inside the head of Denny O. Just when we thought we had a brother in blue, we discovered that he was really Green — not just Irish but USMC-type as well. Alas Dennis has always been Master of the Quick Turnabout: Filtering through two majors before finding a home in Rickover with the Mech-E's; getting engaged (and disengaged some months later); and, more likely than not, he would have tried another kind of turnaround when two parachutes failed for him-in the same jump. Mother Nature and gravity said "No" but the Cheshire Cat came away with a smile and 8 lives left. The smile will probably become a permanent fixture once he has hold of the stick of an F-18. Don't let the green fool you . . . Dennis will still be our Brother in Blue — about 50,000 feet of it! and as our prayers ascend to Heaven, perhaps he'll hear those we say for him.



THOMAS O OKEEFE

Ma' Friend

Tom left Long Island for Newport to convince himself that he wanted to be in the Navy, but when he arrived at the academy he realized he had always been a sailor at heart. While he gave up most of plebe summer's fun times for a stay in the hospital, he made up for it with a flaming summer on 1/c detail. Tom enjoyed many activities, including spinning discs for WRNV, but Rockin' Tom loved sailing the most. Although he dropped the small boys for his own boat and a piece of the sailing captain's ship 1/c year, Tom "get out of my way or I'll break your boat" O. never lost his feel for small boat tactics. Tom also enjoyed decorating, as anyone who entered his "apartment" soon realized. It seemed every year Tom was in LOVE, again, and that this was the one. Yet, he never really found a suitable XO, and is still searching for her. After his service, Tom plans to spend some time Down East, in Maine, Good luck, Ma' Friend!

PAUL ALLEN REMINGTON

Remox

Rem left his home and a large family in Rhode Island back in '75. After a year of rest and relaxation at Deerfield Academy he brought his talents to the Naval Academy. Not being the quiet type, Remox had some abuse saved up for anyone in the same room with him. Although a double major in Naval Architecture and Ocean Engineering, he was seldom seen with a book. If not on the soccer field or in front of the T.V. Paul could usually be found getting ready for a party or recovering from one. As a result of his escapades during first-class summer, he came back for ac-year to a "get-together" with the first batt. officers. Impressed by one of his all night adventures, they rewarded him with assorted demerits and other additional prizes. Paul continued to excell that fall by leading the company's "outrageous" cheers and setting a new record under the keg at one of the many tailgaters. All of his buddies will be looking forward to flying and partying with him down in Pensacola.

DAVID KENNETH PRIDDY

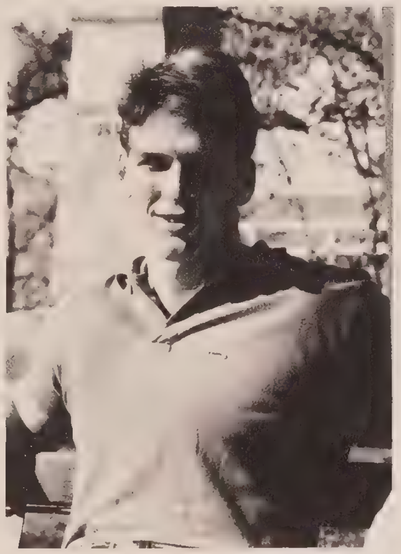
Dave

Dave came to us from down-trodden Warren (where?), New Jersey. He has been very active during his four years here at the school on the Severn. Either chasing after girls, singing his lungs out, chasing after girls, not studying, chasing after girls, blowing his lips off for D&B, or chasing after girls. In fact Dave was so busy, we only saw him in the morning when he woke up and when he went to sleep. After three years Dave finally got two stripes, because there weren't any other firsties in D&B. After "WNDD", his sister's name for Dave, graduates from this fine institution of higher learning for wayward boys, he hopes to say "I got my wings!"

BRUCE CHARLES RENKEN

Ox

Ox, the Jolly Green Giant who never had a plebe year came to us from sunny Long Island. Never known for a 4.0 room or professional attitude, he adapted to a whiteworks lifestyle very easily. Always able to hold his liquor, he proved his ability plebe year at the Fleetwood Mac concert when he called Ralph. Football occupied much of his time, but a bum knee ended his career in his final season (not to mention the coach too). First class year saw a change in Bruce. He finally decided to play Joe Mid. Thus many hours were spent on the P-Rade field, in the library, and cleaning his room. Ox will be the first to bite the dust and hear wedding bells shortly after graduation. One thing is for sure though. We'll always have a place for a homecooked meal in Pensacola!



1st Row - (left to right) M. ANDREWS, T. GRIFFITH, M. MAHRE, T. HARE, B. CONE, M. KELLY, H. HOLT, F. MARCO, D. BAUERSFELD. 2nd Row - S. REDDEN, S. BASHAW, A. MARTINEZ, M. McKINNON, G. HOBBIE, E. ERIKSEN, J. UPCHURCH, T. STUDWELL. 3rd Row - J. KING, C. HUBBARD, J. TRUMBORE, P. BRADY, T. FRICKE, C. KURAN, J. STYRON, M. YANDELL, R. MARTIN.

CHRISTOPHER C. ROBERTS

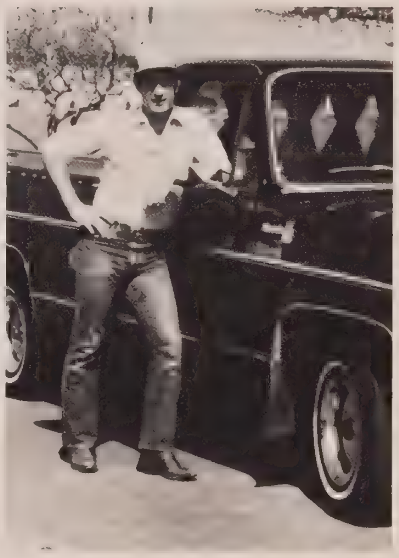
Ribbits

Chris' love for food and Boston sports teams distinguished him early at Club Bancroft. As an Aero major Chris was no HALLRAT and seldomly geeked out. Rooming with a Crew jock definitely had its effects because by firstie year Chris had run a marathon. True to form Chris' guiding light was the cookies and beer at the finish line, so what if you had to run 26 miles 385 yards to get the "goodies". NAVY will be hard-pressed to find a more friendlier guy. NAVY will never find a more astute eater or mid who never ceased to amaze his classmates. Hope you get that P-3 Chris and mass quantities of FOOD!!!

BRIAN ELLIOT RIEHM

Luke

He didn't walk in Gate 1. He didn't drive nor did he need a plane ticket — Brian had only to snap, "Beam me down, Mom", scant seconds before Starship California pulled out of Earth orbit. From that day "Luke Skywalker" has had the jump on most of us. Who else had the uncanny ability to rack out half a period, then wake up and show the profs where they went wrong? He always managed to keep "old Gordie" and "El Supremo" guessing as to what his major really was — Economics or Physics? In the end Luke chose Physics in the hope of straightening out the Universe once and for all. To those of us who knew him he was more than just the Encyclopedia Brittanica in SDB . . . "just a wild and crazy guy" with a deep sense of loyalty and friendship. It is with regrets that we realize Starship California will soon return to take Brian on to greater heights.



JAMES E. SALYER

Jay

Born and raised in Texas City, Texas, Jay has a hard time understanding regular English. Never able to carry a tune, he kept on trying for four years in the Glee Club. He can be seen most of the time in the rack or on the golf course. One of his favorite pastimes is harrassing the female midshipmen in his neon shirt. Forever bemoaning Maryland's lack of Lone Star Beer he has had to make do for four years on Doctor Pepper. One of the charter members of the Mickey Gilley Club of Maryland, he has carried on a never ending campaign against Disco. There will be a permanent vacancy in the wardroom right next to the window. It will be strange to be able to walk down the hall without hearing country music or smelling 10's. His boots and accent will not soon be forgotten as he departs for Pensacola in his Texas two-door hardtop.

JOHN SUTHERLAND SKERRY

Toolie

John came to USNA from beautiful North Lake Tahoe, Calif., and gave up the easy life of a ski bum, not to mention his eyesight and hearing, for the big blue. John was so excited at the prospect of becoming a naval aviator that plebe summer was a snap. AC year, however, shot down his Tomcat, as the long nights of studying aero took their toll on his 20/20 vision (his only consolation is that it sank his sub too). John quickly found that the best way to avoid marching was not varsity athletics, but varsity excused squad, on which he was a two year letterman. Nevertheless, his knees always managed to heal for the ski season and spring tennis. Somehow, John always seemed to be in academic trouble with his 2.5 Cum; maybe he just didn't realise that he only needed a 2.0 to be SAT. Even if John can't arrange for a duty station at Squaw Valley when he graduates, I'm sure he'll find his way there in five or six years. Wherever he goes, John will take the closest friendships. Good luck on the slopes.

BRICE THOMAS SMITH

B.T.

From far away Arizona he came, riding on a western wind — July 6, 1976 found Brice Thomas Smith settling in on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay to try his luck at "EE". He soon found life at "boat school" to be quite different from the desert in which he was raised. Restrictions were tough but BT always managed to find a way out — like those Saturday night trips to Baltimore and back before taps during plebe year. His manner was quite, but he made friends easily, and when his friends were in need, he was always there.

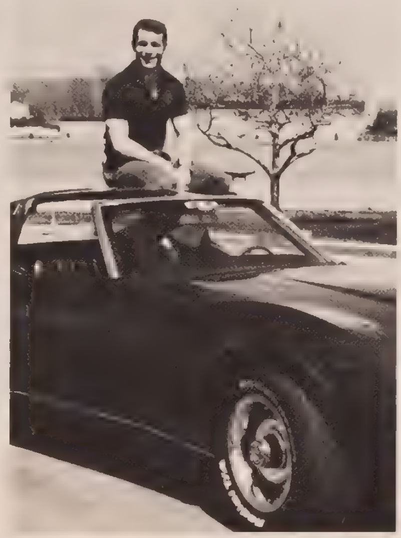
Brice accomplished many great things while at USNA, not the least of which was managing to live with a sharp-tempered Irishman for four long years. And who will ever forget Fred?!-and Kevin!

Good luck to you Brice. Remember that USNA was just a beginning. Many great things still await you.

JEFFREY LEE SORENSON

Jeff

It's easy to find Jeff, just look for the blotter with wall-to-wall pictures (all girls). Jeff gave up an illustrious career as a Playboy photography editor to contribute his talents to this fine publication and to become Lyle's pet. He was well cared for, always getting lots of personal attention. As time went on he began to lose weight deciding to try his hand at football. After he had succeeded in establishing himself as a 150 lb. weakling he decided to "lift" himself up. He has become what he is today — a 175 lb. weakling. Jeff passes the time trying to keep his '68 vette from falling apart and keeping his #1 stooge in the right seat. Upon graduation he hopes to trade his blue 327 in for a lovely green F-4. Not only is he joining the Marines, but he is being joined with his "Maureen".



ELIZABETH ANN STERNAMAN

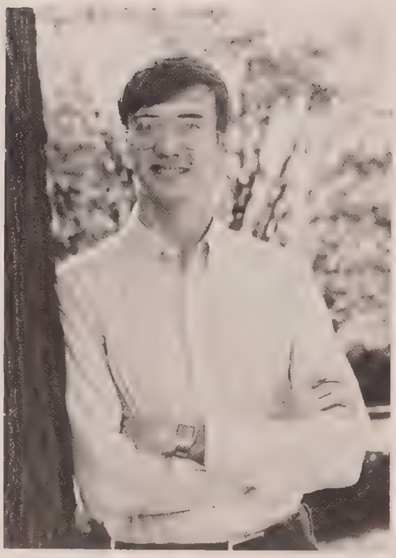
Liz

The California kid, known to many as Mom, is a sun lover and a beachbum at heart. Mo-o-m-m or Liz, is already practicing for this role by clipping out coupons, stitching up a storm, and by playing advisee to the lonely hearts club. Liz is the permanent CAO of the Company, she's been one for 3 years, someone must think she's the perfect secretary. I know, however, her true ambition is to become a card shark. Every other night she's practicing the wheeling and dealing of spades with three other cohorts.

Well, after living with Liz for three years, I couldn't imagine a more perfect roommate and friend. I feel she has the ability to make an excellent officer, so long as she stays out of the badminton racket.

1st Row - (left to right) J. McCAFFREY, S. LARSON, K. PERRY. A. FULLER, B. HAGENBUCH, G. SANDALA, D. STUDT, J. CHERRA, J. LOW. 2nd Row - R. BRADFORD, J. LENEHAN, M. WILLIAMS, C. KNUDSON, V. LAMOLINARA, W. VARGO, T. GUERRASIO, D. SCHMICK, R. CENTENO, W. KOVACH. 3rd Row - J. VANCE, R. ADRION, G. WITTMAN, R. DANIEL, C. KLENTZMAN, G. HANSEN, S. KINGSTON, C. KING, G. LAHR.

CO CDR - J. SORENSON; CO SUB-CDR - J. SALYER; CO ADJ - L. Thomas



PHILIP WAYNE TAYLOR

Phil

Phil arrived at USNA in the summer of '76 of sound (?) mind and body. Plebe year for Phil wasn't all fun and games, but he found some direction in life when he chose the less trodden (and highly dangerous) path of Mech-E. During Youngster Cruise he could be found waking up at sunrise on the chart table, having crashed on it after standing the midwatch. As a 2/C ME he led the way in becoming a true night owl by sleeping every afternoon and pulling all-nighters to crank out those ME/EE labs. He left us early at the end 2/C year on the French Naval Academy exchange program and "roughed it" in Paris on the Riviera. No one could find him (We hope!) on 1/C Cruise, for he was "Lost and Confused" on patrol in the Nuclear Navy. Phil is at the top of his field in ME, always willing to help anyone in need of his much sought-after gouge. Phil will be closing the hatch of a boomer to his four years at Navy, entering the realm of smashing atoms and active sonars. We all wish him the best of luck

WILLIAM LEWIN THOMAS III

Lew

Lew came to USNA from the rolling hills of Westminster, Maryland. He earned his reputation as a sweat Plebe year when the Log Magazine made references to his "beading" activities and gave him the name "Muk-Lou." Youngster and Second Class years found Muk-Lou studying late until 2 or 3 in the morning. What dedication! Never the less, Lew will never be forgotten in the Fencing loft where he spent many an hour building and repairing swords. He managed to do some fencing himself, most of which was done on the ROOF of MACDONOUGH HALL!

Western Maryland College became a weekend hang-out for Lew when he became a First Class He managed to keep this haven of beautiful women all to himself and didn't even tell his friends! Now everyone knows why he came back smiling Sunday nights

Navy Air was Lew's Service Selection, but Adm Rickover requested his assistance. "I'll take the money," says Lew, "but can you at least put afterburners on my submarine?"

ALVARO ALBERTO VENTURA

Alvarox

Alvarox Venturox came to us from the tropical paradise of Costa Rica and quicky became our resident latin lover. Never a good navigator, on his way to Annapolis he became lost, and spent a year vacationing at The Citadel. There he gained some facility in the English language, although he could never pronounce "iced marble sheet cake". This expertise was exemplified at the Ring Dance when he forgot his date's name. We are not sure of Al's plans after graduation, but rumor has it that he may be either the first admiral in the Costa Rican Navy or a rum-drinking womanizer at Stanford or M.I.T. Buena suerte!

DENNIS GEORGE WATSON

Watkins

The shortest of our Michigan men, WATKINS, the landlord of our apartment on wheels, was instrumental in many a road trip. Always the life of the party (an inherited trait at which he has had much practice). He has been known to recite the immortal words: "Don't the girls all look prettier at closing time?" When not wearing his beer glasses he could be found on the 150's field intercepting many a pass with his hose club hands. Denny is known for his spelling acumen, bloodshot eyes, and whimpy roommate (6'-5", 250). Always a brotha, we'll see you down in P-cola.

JOHN DANIEL ZIMMERMAN

Zimba

Four years ago, a phenomenon more bizarre than any previously recorded by mankind manifested itself within the confines of USNA. It was then that Zim, alias Zimba, materialized and made his debut as a midshipman and aspiring naval officer. Having traveled the vastness of interstellar space from the distant land of Michigan, birthplace of Fords and mechanical engineers, Zim met plebe year with enthusiasm and an extremely low profile. Youngster cruise took him to the exotic Caribbean and Virgin Isles, a challenge he met with equal enthusiasm. Aside from delaying the operations of the entire Second Fleet while thought lost on the streets of San Jaun, Zim emerged unscathed.

Now an aged 1/C and ensign soon-to-be, Zim is destined to skim the waves in conventional style. Though a great loss to the Nuclear Navy, a better Mech-E will never be found. We all wish Zim the best in the years to come. His intelligence and integrity will carry him far, and as a friend he will never be forgotten.

1st Row - (left to right) C. KIERGAN, M. QUINLAN, M. RYAN, G. WALTER, G. ESPE, J. MOKRIS, S. KENNEDY, M. VERMILLION, J COVELLI. 2nd Row - A. LENZ, W. MOLANO, N. DAVIDSON, M. SIMMONS, J. CROCE, A JENSEN, A. SILVER, G. WHITBECK, M. ASTELEFORD, E. EDWARDS, A. GALLOP, A. SCHLAEPFER, D. HAAS, S. HERRMANN, R. ZAPATA, D. CASMEY, D. FISHER. 3rd Row - R. PIROUMIAN, T. HERNDON, D. STREIT, K WALKER, C. TURNER, A. PARRA, J. HULTS, J YOTZ, J. HAGGERTY, J. DACE, T. THAMES

3

JOHN CARL AGUERO

Hodgie

John came to Canoe U. from the sunny state of California, S. San Francisco to be more exact. John, more commonly known by either Hodgie or Taco, won the coveted "woodwork" award for his discrete efforts during plebe summer. Not one to sit still for long John faithfully served as the P.R. man for his favorite hometown groups, Pablo Cruise and the Doobies. A short exchange semester up at the USCGA proved two things to John. #1: it is nice to be close to your O-A-O, but, #2: Navy provides the best "three hots and a cot." Academically, John budgeted his time expertly so that he could spend as much time studying as he did in the wardroom. Being an avid sports fan, John loves to watch and play all sports. His love for the Giants and the Forty-Niners is only exceeded by his love for mechanical gadgetry. Good luck to John and JoAnn in their life in the surface community, or is it Navy Air? Wherever he may go, it does not matter, he will succeed, for that is John's nature. "You Know!"

KENNETH RAY BERGMAN

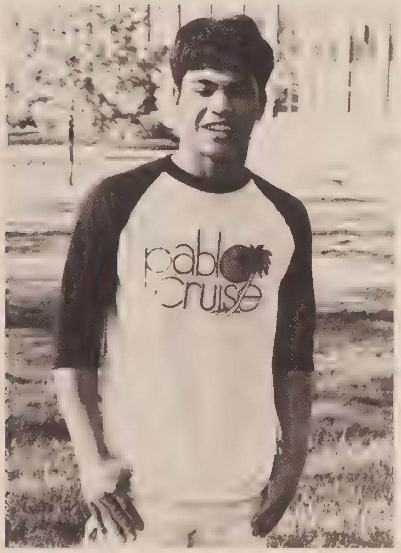
Bugs

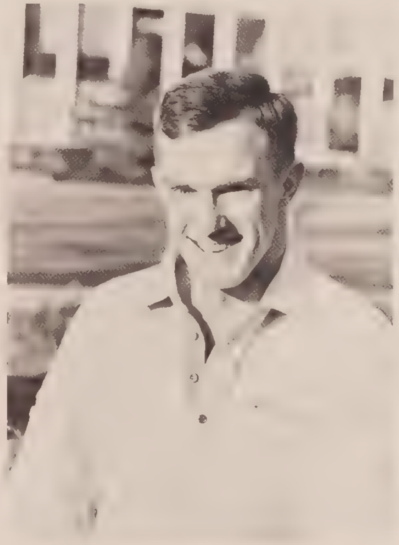
Answering the call of "Jack Benny HO!", Ken made a name for himself with his fiddle and his brace. Despite the handicap of his age (a mere five-month fetus according to his ID card), Ken set out to prove his worth. A dedicated, hard-working young man, Ken has spent many a night in Nimitz solving the world's economic problems. Despite this dedication to academic excellence, Ken has managed to sustain a fine Bergman tradition of contributing great musical talent to USNA. A veteran Glee Clubber and Chapel Choir member, Ken also started a string ensemble and sings baritone in the Barbershop Quartet. One of his greatest musical moments was his solo rendition of "Happy to see you again" by Bacardi. When Ken is at play, he likes fast women and fast cars (a Pinto?). A confirmed bachelor, he has left many a broken heart in his wake. Upon graduation, Ken will be upholding yet another Bergman tradition when he becomes one of the "few and the proud." OORAH!!!

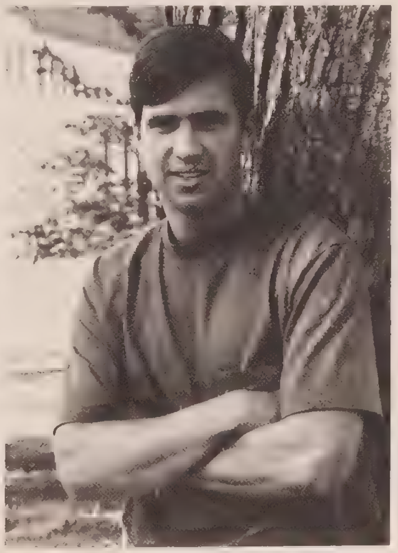
JOHN CURTIS COUGHLIN

Cogs

Curt came to USNA from quiet little B-town via that institution of lower knowledge, Bullis prep. But in his four years here, Cogs has been anything but quiet. Youngster year was really tough, with trips to the Barrister, Fleet Reserve, the swamps, and then always back to the rack. He also started the annual sled trip to Florida with Tim and Mo. His only goal was to get to next semester — it'll be so much easier! Second class year found Cogs watching movies and feeling confident that at least his grades couldn't get any worse (it was all a ploy to deny Rickover his services — it worked!). He also became a leper among his friends — they always seemed to get in trouble around him while he got off scot free. Finally he bought the greatest (used) car in the world, in which he cruised in to First Class year. He spent most of that year commuting to Ft. Meade and living at tailgaters. Cogs is on his way to P-cola where he plans to throw more parties. Yahoo!!!!





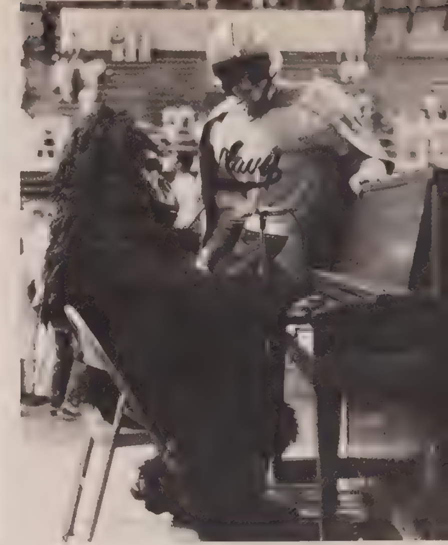


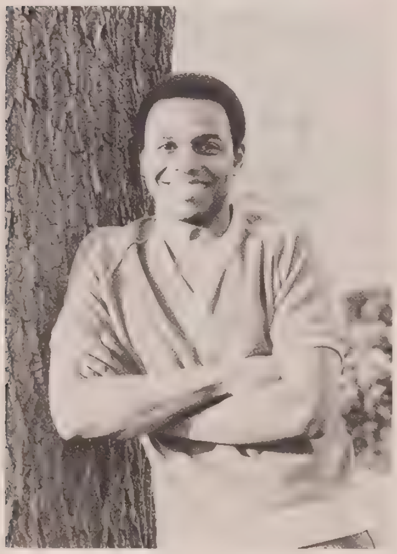
1st Row - (left to right) M. KRAUSE, D. LYONS, E. CARMANY, J. GERBIG, M. MARA, J. CARSON, G. NAGY. 2nd Row - G. HLUBEK, R. COHN, D. DENSFORD, J. PARKINSON, G. WILDFONG, L. COULTER, R. TOVES, R. MORGAN. 3rd Row - T. FULTON, D. GUIN, R. OLDHAM, J. HEAD, W. HILARIDES, H. NAVARRO, J. WETZEL, J. VANZYL.

RICHARD GENA EPISCOPO

Pisky

Rick came to USNA from Wilmington like his brother. But first a quick detour at Naps. Like all Naps studs, he continued his varsity career for 4 more years. His double major in Management helped him to manage both his time and weight in the loft. Pisky never let academics interfere with his education. Sucking weight was no uncommon endeavor for the Beaver. Pisk was Navy's first captain elected by default. Although Rickover begged, Navy Air had Rick from the start. Hope you don't take on a bridge with your F-14 like you did with your Vette, right Beaver. When it came to weekends, Rick was no amateur. He took more weekends 2nd class year than the entire first regiment. There wasn't a Reg in existence that was safe from the elusive tactics of Pisky. He was well liked by all, but rumor has it that he paid his roommate to stay for 4 years. If it had something to do with Wrestling, Vettes, Girls or Peppermint Schnapps, you know you could just ask the Wild Beaver, he was bound to have the gouge. Take it easy, Rick. We'll see you around.





FRANCIS DANIEL

Fran

Francis is definitely one of a kind. Who else at Navy can have a brother named Army, resign and come back a month later, and be excused from shaving until graduation? From day one, Fran has been known for his singing ability. The Firsties used to "come around" Plebe Summer just to hear him, and he eventually sang for President Carter at a Georgia Tech game. A man of moderation, Fran hit the books just hard enough to make the Glee Club tours. He spent his dinner time singing, his study time eating, his rack time studying, and his class time sleeping! His crowning achievement was being Glee Club President, something he'd planned for three years. The love of Fran's life is a brown Berlinetta, which spends most of its time at Genderson's. Concerning women, Francis has had some close calls, but is still among the free. Keep trying ladies. Hopefully, a year from now Fran will be at P-cola, rather than a colder environment up North. "Take her down"? No way!!!!! !!

JOSEPH G. DOYLE

Joe

Joe came to USNA after an intensive year of partying at NAPS. He might of had a 4.0 semester in Chem, but the kid got a "C" in English. A person of high goals and "high bars", Joe dedicated much of his time to gymnastics. Every night he could be seen burning the midnight oil in the gym, working on that one thing that would make him stand out. The pipeman was not just any jock for he knew the payoff of hard work. With his athletic career on the upswing, the Chemist fell 14 feet, tearing his knee to shreads. The question was could they rebuild him, with the help of bionics things looked good. The Californian was quite an arguer, no matter how right you were, he'd convince you that you were totally wrong. Though he never achieved his dream of becoming a Rock Star, he could be seen at many parties playing the electric broom stick. Joe now dreams of a Vette driving Med student. In this world of crime, chaos and perversion it's nice to know that Joe's around to keep things going.

TIMOTHY MICHAEL DUNLEVY

Blokie

We thought he was into soccer, then we thought he was into school, we wondered if he was into the Navy (until 2/c year began). Then we wondered if they'd let him stay (he had a "few" demerits that year) and regain his form as the all-American-boy-next-door. We finally found out that Tim was into the beach, tennis, tequila, and blond beach bunnies. After graduation, he'll take his dream car and drive to his dream duty on a dream beach in Pensacola. And then back to the Golden Bear state, Yahoo!

FERNANDO FABREGA

Ferndiggy

Fernando, more affectionately known to everyone as Ferndiggy, came to the Boat school from the "canal country", Panama. During his stay at the USNA, and for that matter his stay in the USA, Ferndiggy studied alot and slept alot but gradually digressed to just sleeping alot. Voted most fashionable by his classmates, Ferndiggy became famous for his "black socks with everything" look. They seemed to be painted on his feet! While most of his classmates will be heading out to the US Navy, Ferndiggy will be off to Panama to learn the tugboat trade and with a little luck he'll get a position at his Grandmother's rum factory. Santanna and Bacardi forever

MARK DANIEL GUADAGNINI

Mark came here from Long Beach California. He quickly became known as octa-guad by Sue, Stef, Diana, Chris, Freda, Mo, Lisa, Fran, Maria, Ann, Crybaby, Mich, Karen, Beth, Posty, Mary, Penny, Madeline, Rhonda, Jill, Christine, Cindy, Carmela, Maxine, Judy, Gay, Mindy, Mary, Ellen, Rebecca, etc. When Guad wasn't chasing girls he was playing power volleyball, but come to think of it you coached the womens volleyball team too. Remember the time you ran into the O.D. after taps while you were going to see one of the above. The Air Force Academy second class year found Guad being drug down the halls by a bunch of doolies. You were of course naked. 1st class year found Guad's most reliable red volks burn up out on the beltway, Nothing like paying for a car you don't own. Oh well, keep on stuffing those balls.

HUGH ALLEN HENRY

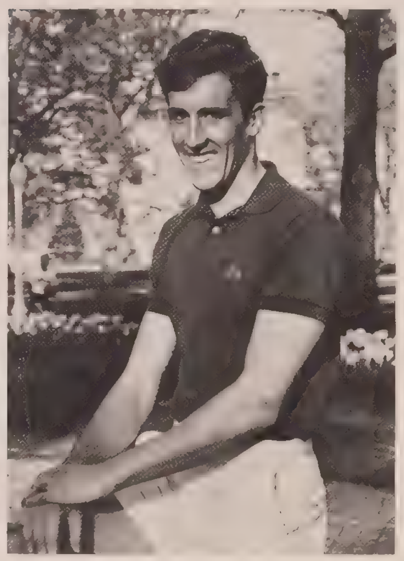
Hank

In spite of a promising career as a Napster, Hank decided to take the plunge and become a midshipman. And plunge he did, surfacing only to utter such profound statements as "Have you seen my glasses?" or "Who's Who Henry?"

Hailing from Alexandria, Hugh's favorite hobbies were Plebe year and changing majors. Once people got to know him, however, they found out two things: the boyish grin was for real and the squared away image wasn't. Hugh, however, did have one thing nailed down, and that was that the most important event in history happened 2000 years ago when Jesus Christ gave His life on a cross. Giving his life wholly to Christ, Hugh will never be the same; nor will the Marine Corps, in which he plans to spend the duration. Now, if someone would please direct him to Quantico . . . . . .

DANIEL J. LAW

From day one, Dan had the makings of a "stellar" mid. However, while shooting for the stars his PE classes gave him trouble getting off the ground (or water in his case). Nevertheless, in academics he was always outstanding in his field, as long as he stayed in his field. Initially a Poly-Sci student, he gave thought to a more marketable major. But after a year as an M.E. he realized that Rickover Hall was no place for him. Although he returned to Political Science, the experience was not without its benefits. How many mids get to take Thermo and Steam? Roomates were another trying experience for Dan. When two years of "Darlin' Darlin'" didn't impress his Glee Club roomies, he decided to pair up with a southern boy from the swamps of Florida. As a firstie he has only to endure a sour guitar and a roommate who talks in his sleep. When all of this "snows" him he can count on his sponsor and "good buddy", the Dept. Dant to pull him out. Best wishes to Dan & his lifelong roomie, Kathy.



VINCENT J. HERDA

Vince came to Canoe U. from Albany, Minn. Before that he had been everywhere, including San Francisco where he lost his heart. AHH! The toils of a long distance relationship. He Walked into the Academy with long hair and walked out with Max. Stripes. Vinnie was a Brigade Boxer, a Basketball specialist, and a Field Ball Hero! Sometimes he was too enthusiastic, but he always had enough to maintain 8 straight semesters of stars. But also, there were those times that Herda would let loose and he'd be the first to roll at Ping's famous parties. After using the Butts and Covs as examples, there wasn't a plebe who didn't shake when Vince walked by. Service Selection came and Herds knew S.W.O. was the way to go.

He came, he followed, and now he leads.

PATRICK KELLY INGLIS

Ping

What can you say about someone from Linthicum, MD., everyone's favorite city? Ping arrived at USNA after practicing for a year at NAPS and immediately made use of his prior military experience by managing to catch mono during plebe summer. A staunch believer in hard work, Pat's philosophy paid off in academics where he managed to do well especially when weekends were at stake. Weekends gave Pat an opportunity to display his talent as a tour guide. Who else could show you such rare sights as Seven Hills, Belmont Cemetery and the Haunted Tunnel? For those who believe uniform races serve no purpose Pat is living proof to the contrary as on numerous occasions he managed to throw off civies, shave and shower, get into SDB's and run down to formation and inspect the plebe who was giving the 5 minute call when he came in. Two summer cruises have convinced Ping to opt for the less exciting life of a Navy pilot. For the mid who has everything including a Corvette, a super O.A.O.-Snoop, the only thing missing are wings of gold!

CHARLES KANEWSKE

Chuck

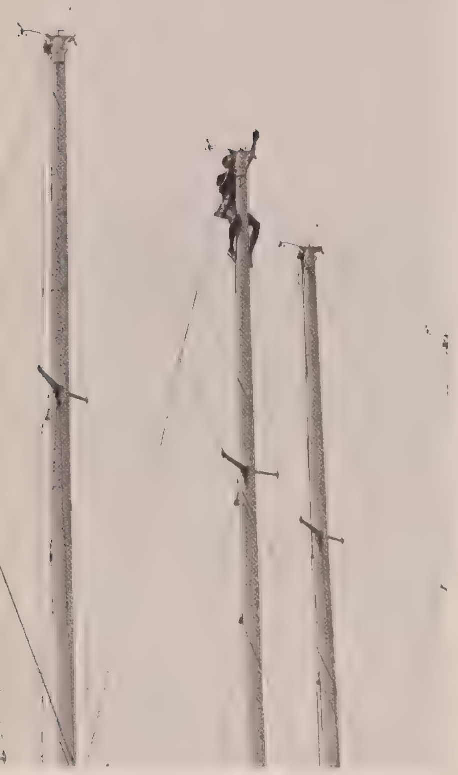
Charlie was the typical minimum effort midshipman while at USNA. Not only did he pick a bag-it major (3.6 QPR in EE) but he also avoided any form of physical exertion by spending his afternoons hiding in the crew-house. He spent a laid back 1/c summer in Hawaii sunning on the beach when he was'nt burrowing holes in the Pacific Ocean. His plebe summer was so easy that he decided to do it again, this time as Bravo Company Commander. The plebes must have loved him because they kept him for first semester Ac year. Even the influence of an older brother, in the class of 81, could not mend Charlie's easy going attitude. Maybe what he needs is a good woman to straighten him out. A certain Texas sweetheart could be just the cure.

CO CDR - C. KANEWSKE, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. AGUERO, back row - left; CO ADJ - B. LINDQUIST, back row - right

CHRYSTAL ANNE LEWIS

Chris

Chrystal Anne Lewis hails from Alexandria, Virginia although she calls at least thirteen different cities "home." A Marine Corps brat, she impressed her plebe summer squad leader with her professional knowledge by replying that an OV-10 was an "ugly airplane Sir". Chris was the Marine's best saleslady, papering her walls with Harrier posters. It was two years before they finally gave way to Gone With the Wind posters (due to much roommate persuasion.) Always the athlete, Chris began her plebe year taking 6 hour jogs during study hour. Her first two years she spent on volleyball and basketball courts before defecting to the river. There she rowed and captained the gal's crew team to victory after victory. First class year she found another love and has since become the Hockey team's biggest fan. Always the adventurer Chris spent her second class summer becoming airborne qualified and went on to be Navy's first gal to earn her gold. For a change of pace she heads to P-cola to be a Navy pilot. Surf's Up!!!



REUBEN ANTHONY PADILLA

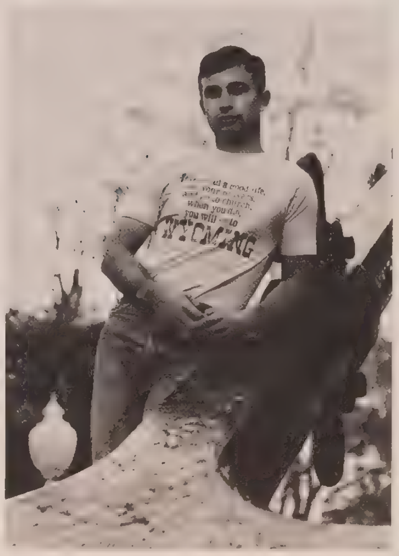
Reubs, Beaver

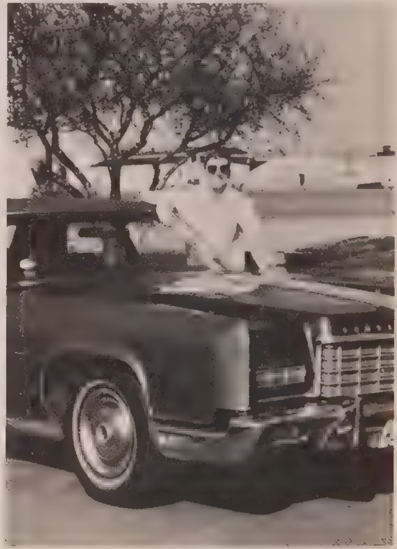
Reuben, better known to all of us as "THE BEANER," came to Mother B, after a short stop at the Hotel NAPS, from the plains of Wyoming. Reubs was known throughout the company for his decision making. By Nov. of firstie year he narrowed his selection down to nuke power, surface line, marine infantry and navy air. Who will be the lucky one? Reuben could never bring himself to leave half a beer at those high society 3rd Company social events. (tailgaters, blowouts, and especially roadtrips) An avid sports fan, Reubs loves to watch and play all sports. He is most famous for his "jump on the bandwagon" attitude towards sports! Need we say more. During his spare time, if he could drag himself out of the rack, Reubs could be found shooting hoops at Macdonough or tinkering with a cheap imitation of a 'screaming chicken.' Whether Reuben becomes a jar head or a bubble head, he will be sure to excell. GOOD LUCK BUDDY. (t.s.)

HANSON DOUGLAS PICKERL

Pick

After a stellar high-school record, Pick came to the U.S. Institute of Naval Technology from the sprawling megalopolis of Downers Grove. He immediately established outstanding trends of performance. Hanson's thanks go to Steve Basford and Mike Tryon for their selfless dedication to his development as an "atypical" midshipman. He remembers "Black Wednesday" as the high point of a truly memorable Plebe year. Youngster year found Hanson buried in his physics books, taking time out only for his daily turns on the high bar and for wearing gloves to bed ever night. Before long, he decided that the high bar wasn't high enough so he tacked on his silver wings and is working on his driver's license for a "Strato -Cloud". He returned from first class cruise with dolphins in his eyes and on his heart, and with a blue "poopy suit" to cover up his "submarine sun tan". Hanson will continue to excel if he can only find a way to have Mom's chow packages delivered to his submarine.





BETH ANN LINDQUIST

Calling home Bow, New Hampshire, Beth came to USNA ready to prove that farm girls are toughest. It's no wonder she became famous as "Stoneface". 2/c year she cracked her first smile, during a "pisky" gross out. Beth's earthy interests carried her to the fish and rocks major for which she became the infamous source of gouge. Chris and Sue insist that She's a most versatile person, her music ranging from hick country to acid rock. Her goats, Emily, Rosebud, and Chrystal were her true loves, except for the Caesar Salad Wonder who chased her about her desk daily. Always having trouble with her specs, Beth lost two eyes 2/c class spring, but only her roomies know for sure how far below 90 her pistol quals were. After an oceanography party cruise, she found her true vocation, to be the skipper of the "Love Boat" out of New London, URL. So concerned for the community, Beth worked for the local 7-11 as cashier and raked in enough cash to wing it to California at X-mas for "Miles" of rest and relaxation.

SUSAN MARIE PRESTO

A Massachusetts Yankee, Sue left her cozy home in Holyoke to brave the tides at USNA after one of those spectacular bicentennial graduations. Academics were no sweat for Sue as she found a special attraction for Mahan's galley warfare and thus became a history major. Always striving to improve her forceful aggressiveness, Sue went out for fencing, for which she's a four year veteran. Generally seen propped on her pillow with her nose in a book, Sue still managed to party hearty with Chris and Beth. Great things to remember are; Army-Navy games, all four years . . . . . . Trailor at the shore . . . . . . King Tut Summer . . . . . . YP667, "the love boat" . . . . . . Cathy's apartment . . . . . . Port Batt Sub flamer . . . . . . beer and roller skating do mix! . . . . . . gay, romantic Port Hueneme . . . . . . fire engine red mustang . . . . . . ride's home . . . . . . what hubcaps? . . . . . . the last of the great trios . . . . . . and from here, destination unknown!

SCOTT EUGENE SANDERS

Dogbreath, Sachmo

Scotty came to USNA from Tucson, Az. by sled. The sled didn't make it four years, but Scott did. From the beginning he fell in with the right crowd (Pa, Foot, Pisky, Cogs, etc. . . .). Sailing won his heart, but partying won his soul. He found a new home at Weems Creek which he visited frequently (when he wasn't punching plebes!). From the very start he set some goals and achieved them all: validating computers, having no stripes, and two phones in the room. Scott would do anything and everything from jumping out of airplanes to descending the depths of Key Largo (ah . . . Pina Coladas) and you might find him taking an occasional nap on Wisconsin Ave (Go Wires!). Come on Mo! See ya in Pensacola or at the 2nd annual tacofest . . . yep!!!

EDMUND R. SELBY

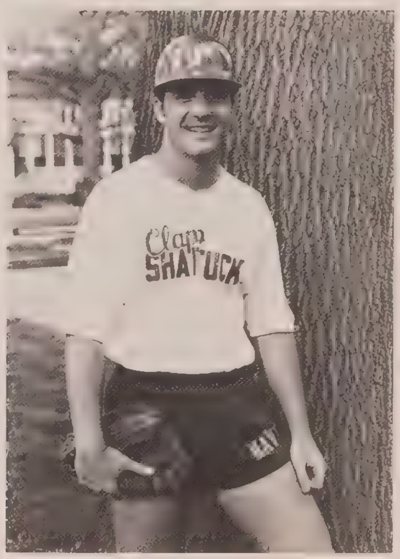
Plebe summer taught "Edmund" the value of a low profile . . . the hard way! Bravo Co. thanks him for keeping the 1/c busy. Love those cadences. In RM 1019 he still couldn't crawl into the woodwork, although things were known to crawl out & on to the breakfast table. He also introduced a new camouflage for tanks . . . candystripe! If pep rallies weren't enough to keep Selbs in stitches, plebe boxing was, and a memorable Thanksgiving resulted. (Suck it up, Bob!). But what other plebe watched Army on TV? When the cold, dark ages hit, Bob kept the heat on with immortal words like "80-3 days till the #&!% hits the fleet!" Bob finally got out of sight 3/c year; a penthouse suite with M.Q. and the RegMan. The altitude got to Bob & he took a big fall. Her name, Liz, but to Bob that heavenly body was all the celestial nav he needed. Besides, he had to convert his 2/c roomie, right? The marine option has Bob thinking surface line . . . on the USS Neversail & a voyage of romance with an all "Volunteer" shipmate.

1st Row - (left to right) T. TKAC, P. PEYTON, G. ROWE, T. LOGUE, A. DAVIS, J. KNIGHT, S. ENGELHARDT 2nd Row - C. CHICO, J. JURCEKA, D. LOA, G. BOWMAN, C. RIGGS, R. REINKE, S. SURKO, R. SMITH, J. WILSON, T. COSGROVE 3rd Row - D. YAMASAKI, D. CULBERTSON, T. SPARKS, B. DUDLEY, R. STURGELL, J. HEAD, E. DELANEY, B. SCHMICKLEY, G. BONSAU, R. JULIUS

1st Row - (left to right) I. HOKAJ, J. McKINLEY, W. MYSINGER, W. GRANT, B. KIDDOO, E. THOMPSON, G. OLSON, P. HENKEL. 2nd Row - T. FAN, D. WINIALSKI, A. POWELL, D. JENKINS, R. HARRIS, E. GLASS, D. RADI, M. WALLACE, K. FANCHER. 3rd Row - D. BEARD, J. SMELTER, J. PANDYA, F. FRANTZ, J. FARRELL, M. WILSON, W. TRAUB, M. SCHAEFER, A. FURTNER, J. SCRUGGS, D. LAKINS, J. REICH, M. STANTON, F. HALLIWELL, D. MOLTHEN. 4th Row - L. SHIPPER, M. ARNOLD, J. HEAVNER, A. BASILE, P. OLIVIER, W. LIETZAU, P. HUNT, F. BOWERS, R. GRAHAM, L. VONIER, P. ALLINGER.

GARY MICHAEL SIEMS

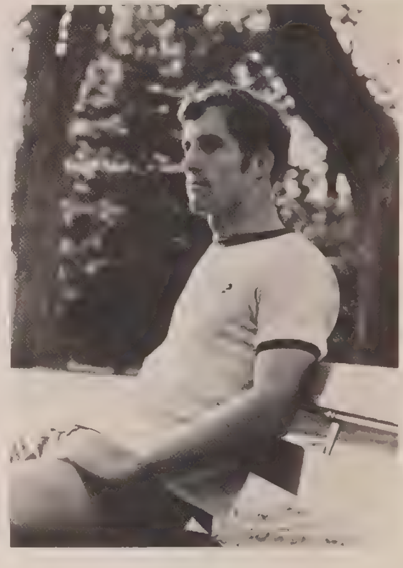
Gary: "The Dancing Bear" He came, he slept, (took time out for a certain favorite redhead!) slept some more and left . . . What is WUBA?? Whiteworks forever!!! The only thing worse than an Ocean Engineering major who is NPQ is one who is also from New Jersey (sorry, had to throw that in) . . . Who could forget Youngster year with Bobby J? BOO-BOO & BIGFOOT — only the Fleet Reserve Club or The Barrister can answer that one! I think . . . I guess we all have an appointment June Week, Huh? Just watch out for those swords, they can be dangerous! Especially with Sachmo on the other end! On the serious side, "Best Wishes" for you and Carmella from all of us in Third Company . . . Gary — Take Care (Hail Springteen & No Nukes)



THOMAS GERARD STEIN

Steiner

Out of the deep dark halls of Bullis Prep came the Keystone Kid. When he arrived at the boat school Pis, Ping, & Hodge, suggested he try on the new fashionable head gear introduced by Link and company. To Harp's surprise Steiner learned how to give a super chow call. He moved on to bigger and better things. The 150s team had to deal with this typical jock. Tommy always had a swimming pool around his desk when it came to academics. Nells and Reubs never could find enough towels to soak up the sweat from his brow, but don't worry Steiner always pulled it out in the end. Tommy always had a way with the babes (who could forget Bert) but when it came to plumpy ones he was never at a loss for adjectives (Tom what's a SLAG?). Known as Pepe Stein, a Jewish Pope? Maybe not but he knew how to party, right Ma. We see the boat school trained him well to join Pappy in the sky. Good luck and we hope you won't need those jump wings, Steiner.



BRIAN E. THORESON

If you can't understand my silence;
Then you couldn't understand my words.

LMP

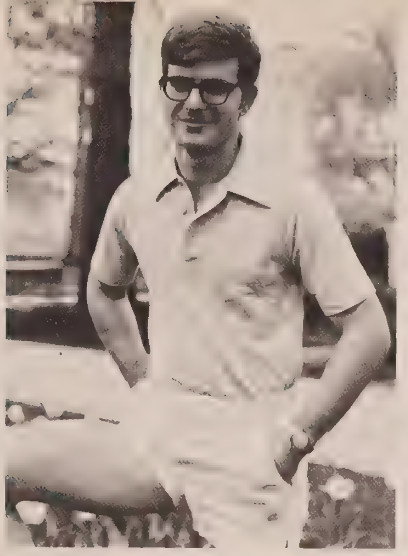
MARK QUENTIN WHITTLE

The Skipper

Mark came to the Naval Academy from the bustling metropolis of Perry, Florida. Once we deciphered Marble's language, we all found that he was really a nice guy. Mark's pursuits in the academic world were "exciting", to say the least. Somehow he always managed to pull it out in the end. The skipper's real strength was in the professional world where he constantly amazed us. When it came to the Navy he seemed to know everything. Mark became a weightlifting fanatic while at Navy, but never let it get in the way of his rack time. He did manage to become one of coach Lentz's studs first class year. Mark's biggest accomplishment was proving wrong the age old belief that stripes are always dependent upon one's QPR when he became the First (2.5) Battalion Commander. As usual, the Skipper ran a tight ship. An ardent Seminole fan, Mark is looking forward to returning to his native Florida for flight school. A great friend, a great Mid and future great naval officer, we wish Mark all the best.

CO CDR - P. INGUS, seated; CO SUB-CDR - M. GUADAGNINI, back row-left; CO ADJ - S. SANDERS, back row-right

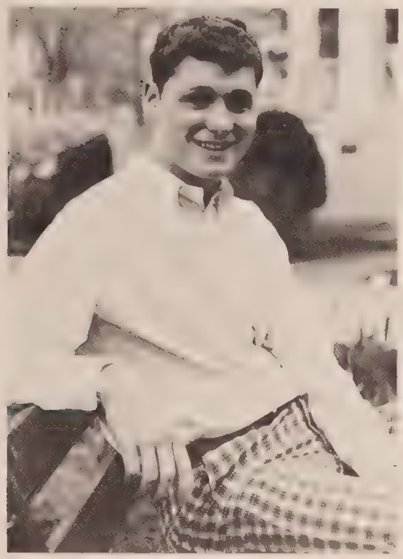
4



TIMOTHY JAMES CALLAGHAN

"TJ"

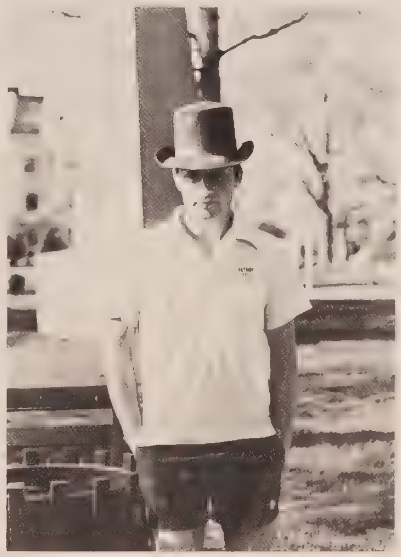
Timothy James Callaghan arrived in Annapolis determined to prove that an intelligent, hard working young man from the snow drifts of Minnesota really could succeed at the Naval Academy. In the "early years", "TJ's" love of Enginemath and Atoms made us all wish that we were Physics majors too! Although few would believe it, he actually managed to escape from academia long enough to star in softball, company lightweights and Batt. tennis. After experiencing the trauma of Plebe Detail Tim settled in to become a fairly mellow Firstie. But a fourth year at the library and Glee Club rehearsals left only enough time for him to defend against on occasional "anti-Flint" terrorist attack and the semi-daily bouts with the "green monster". Tim must have realized that those long hours in the lab would lead him to bigger and better things and proudly became one of the "Admiral's" disciples on Service Selection Night. If the past is any indication, "TJ" will surely have a colorful career in the "Underwater Line".



WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLINS

Kilo

Bill came to us from the amazing state of Massachusetts, still green in the ways of the world. "Kilo" has changed a great deal since he first marched through the gate on I-day, mostly for the better. Although his main objective at U.S.N.A. has been to challenge the M.E. department and his favorite profs, he has never been afraid to take a study hour break for a "cold one" or "story time". Kilo has demonstrated his expertise in such areas as basketball, dieting, and charming the hearts of many a young lady. The latter has earned him the well deserved title of "The Doctor", and we all seek his knowledge in a tight situation. Bill loves hard work and a challenge, which we feel will make him very successful in his new career "under the sea".



MILTON T. CRAIG

SANDY LEE DANIELS

Sandy

Sandy found her niche at U.S.N.A. on the Varsity Sailing Team. She has sailed across the Atlantic aboard the Mistral, participated in innumerable races, (including a two-handed one from Bermuda to the States), and is the first woman to skipper a yawl at the Academy. An English major who manages to get involved in the Glee Club Musical, Churchill Society, the Judo Club, Human Relations, and other activities in addition to her beloved sailing, Sandy is a generous, outspoken individual who is always ready to celebrate just about anything with her friends!

No one who knew Sandy could fail to be impressed by her determination once she set her mind on something. Her goal is to fly for Uncle Sam — so standby! Fair winds and following seas to a classmate who is literally going places in the future!

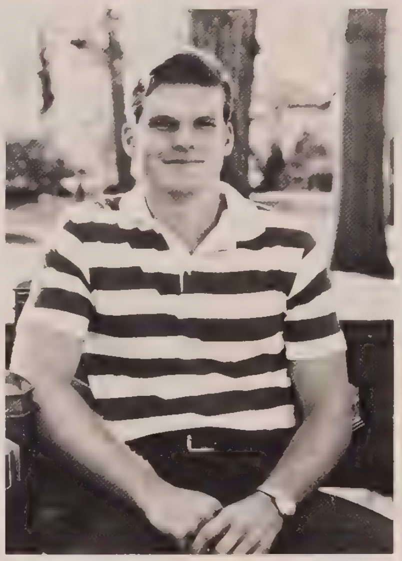
JAMES BURCHAM ERVIN

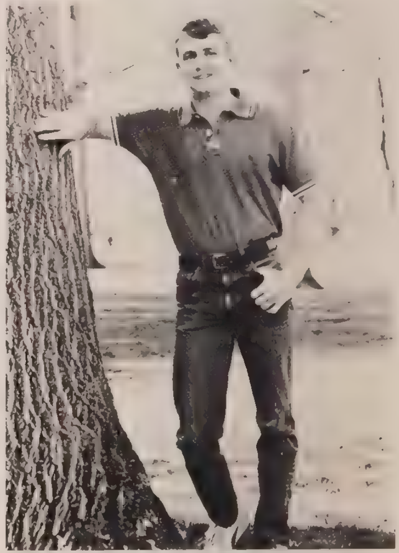
Jimbo

Over the years, Jimbo has shown himself to be a rare combination of sedulous student and veritable stud. He could often be found pounding the books in his free time. We all thought him a fool for choosing chemistry as his major, but in spite of the difficulties, he managed to keep his QPR high enough to qualify for the prestigious surface warfare specialty. He began his preparation for the surface navy early and became a varsity yawl sailor his plebe year. The salt spray and invigorating bay weather didn't seem to be enough excitement, so he decided to give some of the intramural sports a try in his later years. His desire to achieve the standards of the "typical mid" forced him to vary his interests. While at the academy, he discovered the local night spots with the gang, challenged the depths of the Florida Keys with his scuba gear, and scared himself silly by jumping out of airplanes. From the academy Jimbo intends to return to the california coast to begin his naval career.

CHRISTOPHER DODS

I spent four years learning here at the ACADEMY, some of it was in the classroom. Free time in the summer was spent in travels from South Korea to Venice. I learned alot in those days on the road. My time here at school was spent on the playing fields of 150 LB Football (2 years), and in the squash courts of Halsey fieldhouse (4 years). I learned there too, but mostly I learned from the everyday contact with the people I learned to love. My ECA'S include and Ski Club, Scuba Club, Sigma Iota Epsilon. GOODBYE.





THOMAS M. FELDMAN

MICHAEL THOMAS GRABBE

Grampa

The great state of Arkansas is Mike's home, and he will tell you that there is no place better. Hunting, fishing, cold beer, wild women, wool shirts, cold weather, blue jeans, and good food; these are but some of Mike's favorite things. Although he's had numerous nicknames, "Grampa" has stayed with him the longest. This is because he walks and talks so slow, obviously the result of that good Southern living. Many women have tried to tie Mike down, but he has somehow remained a free spirit over the years. One is going to get him one of these days, and most of us don't give him over a couple of years.

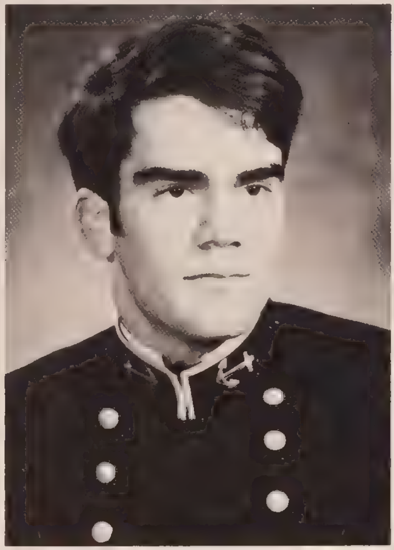
TONY G. GRAGG

Here's another boy from the surf of California. Four years here on the East Coast has been an experience in itself besides the fact of spending most of it at the Academy. The first year, besides trying to get use to the unusual four seasons, was spent in hiding avoiding as many of the upperclass as possible. Sometimes referred to as "the mystery plebe", most of the hiding was done on T-tables and the Sailing Center with the Plebe Sailing Team. Tennis, football and softball became the afternoon activities after all the hiding from Plebe year. First class summer saw his heart captured by a hometown girl, which would eventually lead to something special. Either in the air or on the water, the memories will always be there and now it's time to head back West.

JOHN BLAISE GRAHAM

Blood

John came here straight out of high school. Like so many of us that did, he found that things were not as he expected. However, unlike so many he appraised the situation and began to grow. Overall, John probably has not changed radically since he arrived here, yet all who know him will quickly volunteer that he has grown, both mentally and physically more than any other midshipman they know. John is independant, yet he is strong enough to achieve his goals on his own. John is willing to look for a good time, yet he chose for his career option the Marine Corps. John doesn't do much, but what he does he does well. First, he is a weightlifter and general fitness nut; following this he is a waterskier, an audiophyle, and finally somewhere down the line he is a dancer extrodinair. Overall, most everyone will tell you he is good man and will do well.



RAY ANDREW GREEN

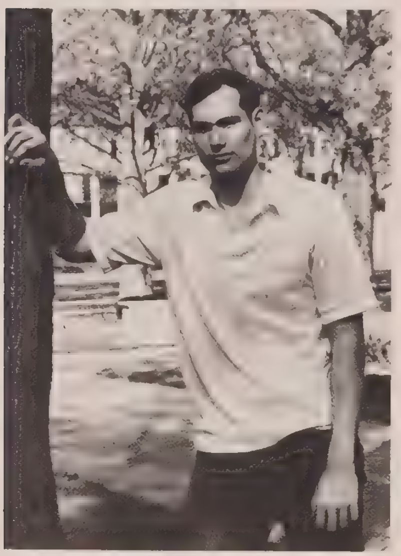
Bugaloo

From the heart of the Southland, Ray sacrificed his home in the backwoods of Arkansas for a career in the Navy. "Mung" proved himself at the Academy as early as plebe summer, when he earned the nickname of "Bugaloo" in plebe boxing. Smooth sailing was in store for Ray until late Youngster year, when a nurse from Philly finally threw a saddle on him. Ray claims this to be the high point of his stay at the Academy, as he plans to keep her. Kathy will accompany Ray to Pensacola when he leaves Academy for bigger and better things.

1st Row - (left to right) J. KESSEL, R. BALL, A. GAUGH, P. MAJKOWSKI, W. CRENSHAW, D. PHILLIPS. P. IMS 2nd Row - M. BODROG, P. NOLAN, W. TATE, J. ZURLO, G. PACE, S. HOWE, S. METZ, D. MARRIN 3rd Row - J. CRAVER, P. GIOSA, P. BRANNIGAN, D. FOSTER, A. ROMERO, F. MOREMAN, E. JUBA NOT PICTURED - R. BLUNT, L. CICCHINI, P. CRANOLEMIRE, J. GERDING

DONALD PAUL HARKER

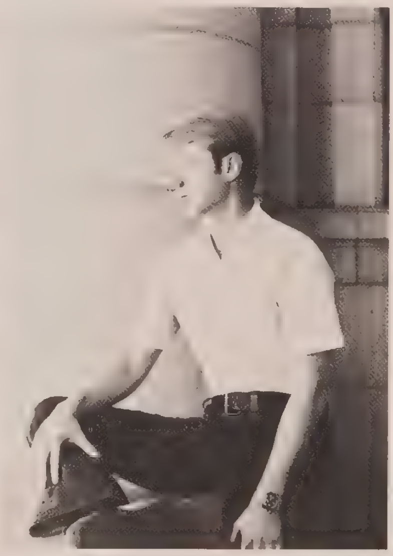
Hailing from the well known city of Park Ridge, Ill., Don was one of the fortunate few who, came to us after a year at NAPS. Choosing to "study" Political Science with a special interest in Russian, he spent most of his time catching up on the sleep he seldom missed. A quick glance at "Dondo" will tell you that few people at the Academy could have stressed physical fitness more than he. To the surprise of many of his friends and to the regrets of none, this wildman was easily tamed by a first rate nurse from Pennsylvania. Following graduation in May, Don and Carol will be married in Pa. before heading south to Pensacola, where he can fulfill a long time dream of flying the friendly skies of . . .



FREDERICK ANDREW HOOVER

Andy

"Hoovs" came to the academy from Kansas City, MO, a quaint town which is about as far from civilization and seas as you can get. He seems determined to keep it that way, aiming for the sky and a pair of pilot wings. Not contented to gather any moss, Andy actively participated in a wide variety of intramural sports over the years; basketball, waterpolo, swimming, and sailing to name just a few. He also sought excitement on his free time through the diverse sports of sky diving, scuba diving, and skiing. Andy impressed all with his unique style of living and leading. An ingenuous fellow unless provoked, many have learned the wrath of the "Doctor of Love" in the wee hours of the night. Being a mechanical engineer with good grades and high ideals, it seems that everybody, including Adm. Rickover, is after him. The dream of flying is still bright on his mind, but only time will tell whether his flying will be done above or below the ocean's surface.



ROBERTO Y JOHNSON

SCOTT ERIC JASPER

Jasbo

Scott Jasper came to the Naval Academy as a bright-eyed boy ready to take on the world. Plebe year saw high grades, a strong devotion to Navy Crew, and alot of sweat. During Youngster year, Scott bombed the local Schools, ran the Batt, and kept out of trouble. In the Fall of Second Class Year, an intense desire to pump iron pulled Jasbo out of the shells and into Weight Room. Then, as the ME Department started to take its toll on Scott, he retaliated by buying "The Beast", and devoting himself to leather and the other fine things in life. This theory dominated him First Class Year and will probably stay with him as he heads to the skies via Navy Air.

DAVID M. LANCASTER

Dave

You wouldn't call Dave a redneck, no, not by any means. But all you have to do is catch a little bit of that accent and see those boots to know he isn't a city boy. Nevada, Missouri sent us Dave, and for a little while there it looked like he had found his long-lost twin brother here at USNA. But all that worked out (they just look alike) and Dave was launched on his Navy career. He took an Oceanography major, but didn't get too deep into it to enjoy the finer things in life. He started out fencing (no one could ever stick a foil into that skinny body) but soon found that he'd rather pursue some of the more aesthetically pleasing things in life — like every $1.98 sci-fi novel ever written. He also found a little time to get involved with the theater; enough time, it seems, to find himself one of the make-up assistants (female type). Dave was our Marine rep, but still isn't sure about service selection. Whatever it is, we know that he'll do well. Good luck, Dave — smooth sailing.

1st Row - (left to right) P. GILL, B. UNDERWOOD, M. STAMMER, J. HEIBEL, D. CLEMENTS, R. CLAYPOOL, J. LINGAR, B. McKENZIE, J. SULLIVAN. 2nd Row - M. OLECHOWSKI, I. DEBATE, C. DELMONTE, B. RISO, S. GARSIDE, P. PITKIN, B. FITZGERALD, J. GARMAN, W. FLYING. 3rd Row - M. YONEHUEBY, C. BOROWSKI, T. BROWN, D. DINKINS, J. BUGLEWICZ, P. THURMAN, H. SCHNEIDER, W. BROWNING, S. WECHSLER.

MICHAEL HOWARD McDANIEL

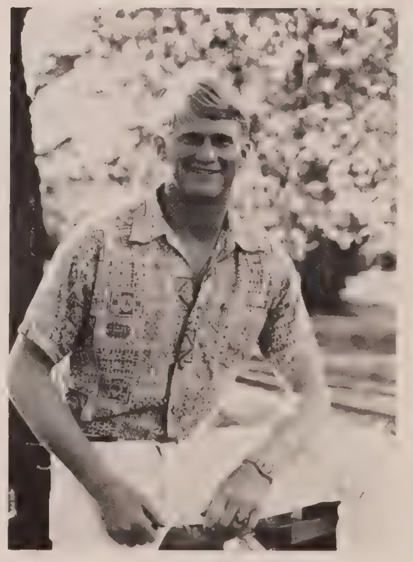
J. Wadd

Wadd rode in on the crest of a wave only to find, much to his dismay, that his golden locks and multitude of adoring girls couldn't come with him. The bronzed SUNGOD-SURFDADDY quickly recovered, though, by consuming massive amounts of beer . . . unless, of course, girls were reported to be within four miles. It wasn't surprising, either, when J. Wadd chose the major dominated by the Yankee Echoes. No one can really blame him though for always trying to do what he naturally does best. As good an athlete outdoors as he was inside, Mike starred as the running back on two Batt Football Brigade Championship teams and helped lead 1st Batt Basketball to three Brigade Championships. A dues-paying member of the "Sick Dogs", Wadd could often be found in the lower 5% lounge expounding on the priorities of life — Surfing, Girls, and Beer.

JOSEPH L. McGETTIGAN

E.Z. Joe

Yes, even a Napster and Philly Phanatic can make it at the Academy. Joseph "Easy Joe" McGettigan came to USNA from Pennsauken, N.J. Brought up through the farm system at NAPS, he graduates as the only four year letter winner in fieldball. He was also a tested veteran of the 1st Battalion football squad, twice league champs. In spite of his sacrificing performances on these fields, he is graduating physically qualified, ready to tackle the world in his destroyer instead of as an NPQ EDO. A man committed to the sea (C), E.Z. eased his way through the Naval Architecture major like a runaway trolley on a towing tank. Joe was also one of the Brigade's spiritual leaders, inspiring the Brigade and many girls as he pranced around on the sidelines of football games with his big hairy chest and Navy banana. On a serious note, Joe had the respect of his classmates due to the examples he set as a naval officer. We all wish Joe and Bernie good luck and pleasant sailing in the years ahead.



FEDERICO RAUL NIEMANN FIGARI

Fred

There may be logical explanations for people coming to USNA. But why anyone in their right mind would go through two Naval Academies is beyond all reason. But that's just what Fred did, finishing the five year course of instruction at the Escuela Naval in Chile in four and coming to the State and Navy as a plebe . . . again!! But, that head start in the Navy served Fred well here, and besides — he was commissioned five months before any of the class of 77. Fred followed a varied course of study here, taking on a Systems major and getting involved with a number of different sports and activities. But Navy definitely didn't take up most of Fred's attention. One of his fellow Chileans (of the fairer sex, of course) caught his eye and most of his weekends. And that car. He spent almost as much time on it as he did on his girl. But with that kind of price tag it should have come with its own butler. Above all, though, we knew Fred as a professional. Good luck at home, Fred. Hasta Mañana, my friend.

HUGH EARL NIXON

Bald Bart

Baldy came to Crabtown from the podunk of Bay City, Michigan. He describes his years at mother B as fruit. If he wasn't getting the gouge, he was racking out with the pad monster. Here is one gungy middy who will do an excellent job on his sub. Bart was often seen buffing his bald head on many a youngster afternoon.

PATRICIA MARY O'NEILL

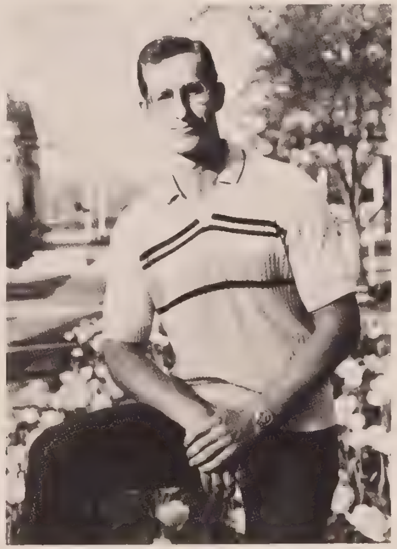
Pat

What's a nice Irish Catholic girl doing in a place like this? Sometimes even Pat wondered . . . Her trademark plebe year (and even now) was to run — no, sprint — down the hall leaving a fast pit-pat pit-pat echoing behind her. Those short legs could really move around corners — endangering any unsuspecting individual who might be in the way! Her artistic talents have had few outlets here, but she has lent them to sheet posters, the Company Flyer, windows and even VTNA. Pat worked hard for Navy Crew as a Plebe coxswain, and since then has sampled everything from sailing to soccer ref. Her love of musicals and singing put her in Catholic Choir and a Glee Club Musical. Her latest accomplishment has been to win the respect and admiration of the Class of '83 during plebe detail and ac year. We'll remember her for her ready smile and listening ear, and amazing amount of spunk for such a short body.

JON ERIC PARIS

Skygod

Jon Eric Paris tracked down to the Naval Academy from Hamilton Square, New Jersey with a truly professional attitude. However, bitten early in his stay at USNA by the urge to jump out of perfectly good airplanes and helicopters, Jon generally had little time for anything else. Occasionally overcome with guilt (or messages from above), Jon would hit the books for an intensive study period lasting 4 or 5 hours. But through sheer dedication and determination, he managed to fight his way through four years surviving only on sleep, skydiving and chow packages. As president of the Skydiving Club, Jon did much to increase the interest in skydiving at the Naval Academy. He could generally be found packing parachutes at all hours of the night. With his easygoing personality (a trait even present during the Plebe Detail), Jon is one person who will not "take it in" in anything that he does. Foamin' Fourth sends one of its best out into the world and we all wish him the Best O' Luck.



1st Row - (left to right) J. BAEHR, T. PETERSON, A. BAI, D. HOPKINS, G. RIVAS, C. VOIGTSBERGER, R. MOORE, B. FOLEY, F. WATT. 2nd Row - R. BOGGS, E. SULLIVAN, R. NESS, F. FREE, J. MURRAY, S. OLEVNIK, K. HONEKER, M. HELLMAN, R. RIVERA, J. CANNY, J. CURRER, G. WELLS, M. THURMAN. 3rd Row - J. SCHOPPY, B. RISO, K. ZUMBAR, R. GAMBRILL, S. TRAINOR, H. HUNDLEY, G. MANLEY, M. GREEN, D. NESTOR, L. PYLE, F. MORNEAU, V. TISDALE. NOT PICTURED - R. DAVIDSON.

CO CDR - W. COLLINS; CO SUB-CDR - S. JASPER; CO ADJ - P. O'NEILL

KARL ANDREW RAIDER

Radar

This mild mannered hedonist pulled into Canoe U. with visions ot glory and lots of gungy ideas. After dispatching of these Plebe year and filling youngster year with crew, "M.E.", and dragon-slaying, Karl settled into his next seven years with one goal: an A-6 loaded with napalm. Founder of "The Kinks", co-captain of Foamin' Fourth's intercollegiate beerball team, and powerlifter of little acclaim, Karl was into leather, good friends, a bottle of wine, bizarre women, and an almost Trident Scholar in the study of the lewd and crude. If Karl can keep his knack for throwing tailgaters, pumping iron and generally having a good life, the stars are the limit

REUBEN C. SMITH

Sugar Bear

Though Smitty started out with a serious handicap, he has managed to overcome it admirably. Coming from a land of sand, sun, surf, and a liberal supply of the fairer sex, he decided to make the pilgrimage to Canoe U. anyway. Surviving the shock, he rose to great achievement, slaying monsters, clearing out dungeons, saving fair damsels, and flinging an incidental Watch Bill or two. St. George's private time, however, has been spent mainly with his own favorite Snow Dragon, and it's still unknown just who tamed who. We'll soon be losing Smitty, though, as he plans to keep his head in the clouds after graduation. We won't say goodbye, because old Sugar Bears never die — they just fail to come out of hibernation

WILLIAM HAROLD STANLEY III

Woody

Hailing from Beloit, Wisconsin, an exciting city deep in America's dairyland, Woody came to USNA bound and determined to become one of the select few to get a B.S. in English. B.S. always came easy to Woody, and he proved this by becoming a star of the USNA stage. His ambition had always been to play a young, strong character, but he seemed to always be cast as an old man. Maybe it was the belly, maybe his distinguished manner; maybe, considering his decrepit cars, he really was an old man. His exemplary personal and environmental hygiene standards followed him to Annapolis, and under all the dirty clothes, ashes and magazines piled in his room, one wonders if there IS a room! As the long time class treasurer, Woody had led the cash for the "enterprising class of 1980." Upon graduation, Woody will head for the surface fleet, although he will always be a frustrated helo pilot. And so, as the sun slowly sets on the USNA career of one of 80's most popular memberships, we bid Woody — Etwas Spater!!

ROBERT L. WOHLSCHLEGEL

Wolfe

Wolfe came to us from the country, and one can tell by his healthy smile. His crazy Idaho mannerisms reflect his view that life must be filled with action and fun. Thirsty ways and wild women are his livelihood and desires. With his literary art talents he writes graffiti to his hearts delight. Words flow from his hands as weights move with his pumping of iron in the weight room of the Halsey Field House. The potatoe fields of Idaho produced a fine athlete, Wolfe had many varied interest such as wrestling, powerlifting, parachuting out of fast planes and most important of all, rowdy, muddy games of "beer-ball" with the boys. An aviation selectee, his ambition is to be a Navy P-3 NFO.

PAUL J. ZOHORSKY III

P.J.

Paul "P.J." Zohorsky was a first round draft choice for the famous Fourth Company fieldball team, coming to us from Locust Valley N.Y. (Somewhere around Indiana?) During his stay here, Paul never had any trouble with academics and his Ocean Engineering major, but you would never know that to talk to him because he was always sweating something. Some of Paul's accomplishments include running Plebe Cross Country and Varsity Track, being on the Commandant's List and the Superintendent's List, and even a shot at the helm of Fourth Company as Company Commander. "Z" participated in a foreign exchange cruise to Denmark for his 1/c cruise, to do some first hand research into alcohol abuse. Paul could always be found either talking in his sleep or studying French and sometimes both. P.J. is headed to become one of Rickover's boys and old Hyman can be sure that he's getting the best that Foamin Four has to offer. Good luck Paul. (Sorry about the Orioles.)

5

DANIEL JOHN ARCHER JR.

Danny

Hailing from far flung Orient (Point), Dannyboy, the freckled faced fish stick, graced us with his presence for 4 years at the National Nautical Playground. When not tending the sheets of a sailboat, or gun'n from 20 ft. on the b-ball court, this excitable boy could be found hot on the trail of a plethora of unsuspecting nubile nymphs. . . . Goucher, Mary Wash., Hood. Academically, Danny spent more than his fair share of midnight oil -OH, that's what the gold stars and stripes are for, huh Dan Boy? BZ. If the bubblehead nukes don't get you, we'll look forward to seeing ya in the wild blue yonder over P-cola. How can you forget second class summer? Good times. If not, then we're gonna miss your effervescent smile and laugh that we've come to enjoy so much. But keep taking it to the limit and go for the gusto in anything you do. Also, California sunshine will always be there waiting for ya.

WILLIAM BURLON BLACKWELL

Opie

The Naval Academy attracts all types from all places and Bill is a prime example. Just where is Forest, Mississippi?

Forever concentrating on improving himself, he developed an ethical system by which to live. Short-term pleasures gave way to long-term goals that would have lasting and significant results. It was the belief t improving his relationship with God would help him accomplish these goals and through the Baptist Student Union God has helped him find the answers.

Membership in the Orienteering Club, Scuba Club, and Outdoorsman Club reflect interests which spell out USMC. He also takes pride in a blue MGB that does not turn off with the key and requires a new battery every six months. Good luck wearing Marine Green, work hard, and keep in touch Bill.

CAMERON JOSEPH BOSNIC

Cammy Jo

"Cammy Jo" started his four year visit to the Academy arriving from the little town of Indiana in the wilds of western Pennsylvania. However, since Cam figured he was not going to get much liberty for a few years, he decided to take full advantage of the more alluring aspects of the Academy. Fourth Class year distractions were few and Cam decided, although decision implies intelligence, that our illustrious Company Officer looked rather dry at a company party and proceeded to douse his nice green uniform with water. Youngster year involved "Bozzy" and his roomates in a broomstick war with another youngster room next door which led to trouble with our new C.O. Second Class year found Cam in more conventional pursuits such as scuba diving, flying, and skiing. First Class year saw Boz adapting his newly developed fondness for the spirits in organizing the company tailgaters. Cam will be remembered as one of the good guys in Company five and the NFO community has a great asset to look forward to.

LARRY J. BURKS

Moose

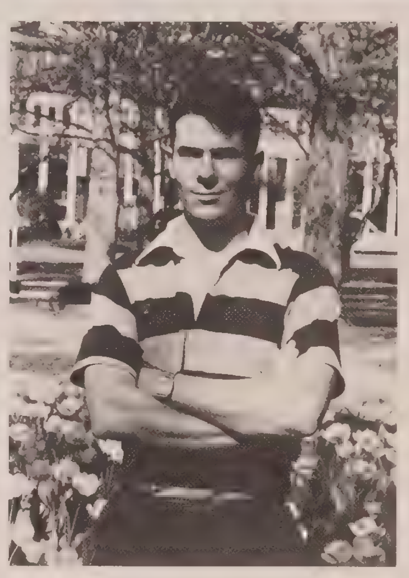
Larry blew into USNA from Montgomery, Alabama, via NAPS. From those first hectic days though, Larry had girl problems. They just wouldn't leave him alone. He still has that problem. But Larry gets by. When not fighting off the ladies, he could generally be found underneath somebody's car. He was good at it, even though an occasional throw-out bearing took longer than it should have. Academically, despite his end of the year moaning to the contrary, he got by. In sports he shone like a supernova. On the football field especially, he was tough. Many a dent on Farragut Field has a matching dent on some one. Larry is the kind of guy who could cheer you up when you got down, and a hell of a man to have in your corner when you needed it. He will always be remembered by those of us who knew him as a generous, helpful guy with a good sense of humor. Unfortunately, for medical reasons, Larry will not be commissioned, but rest assured he will be successful in whatever he does.

1st Row - (left to right) D. FERANDEZ, S. WADDLE, K. HAUER, M. MATHES, T. HUXEZ, A. DICKINSON, R. WARE. 2nd Row - R. LADAO, A. SCRIVENEX, M. PORTER, S. HAMPTON, D. FUQUEA, T. PAYNE, B. OLIVER, G. SCOTT, F. ZUCCO, C. THOMAS. 3rd Row - F. BERRY, J. ANDERSON, B. BARTON, M. McGUIRE, P. ROANE, M. ASHLEY, J. REYNOLDS.

CARL EDGAR CHAPMAN

Quick Carl

Carl lived by the rule, "Never let academics interfere with your education." He was well educated at the Academy, learning such lessons as: don't throw water on your company officer — especially if he wears green . . . look out for Severna Park girls . . . a Trans Am is fast, but a police car is faster . . . Trans Ams and guardrails don't mix . . . Fuzzbusters and CB's do work . . . look out for reporters in bars . . . Idi Amin doesn't like to speak with American journalists . . . Phy-Sci isn't always "QPR high" . . . Company wardrooms are a great place to live . . . and, especially, don't give up on a Plebe Year "Dear John." Carl was known to take out much of his frustrations on the "lightweight" field as the team almost won Brigades. He spent some of his First Class year as Editor of the book you are now reading. At graduation Carl dons civilian attire as he has discovered the secret of "Civilian Line, Mighty Fine." He returns to the heart of Georgia to be united with Jody.



EDWARD MICHAEL CONNOLLY

Hound Dog

An emigrant from Greenville (Green-vul) N.C., Ed was quick to let people know he was "Southern born, Southern bred, and when I die I'll be Southern dead." There were three things that Hound Dog stuck with during his entire four years here at Canoe U.: Margie, his high school sweetheart; baseball, in which he played an important, albeit unsung role; and his search for the gouge, which he refined to an artform. As a sideline, Ed could always be counted on to have the latest juicy rumor, leading to the setting up of "Rumor Central" during second class year. Hound Dog went through the usual love affair with his car, but never let it interfere with his hall rat qualifications. As company commander, he worked hard to bring Fightin' Five together after the divisive year under '79; of course, hearing his name at the home football games didn't hurt. Those of us going nuc power couldn't be happier that Ed will be with us.

DAVID FRANCIS D'AMBRA

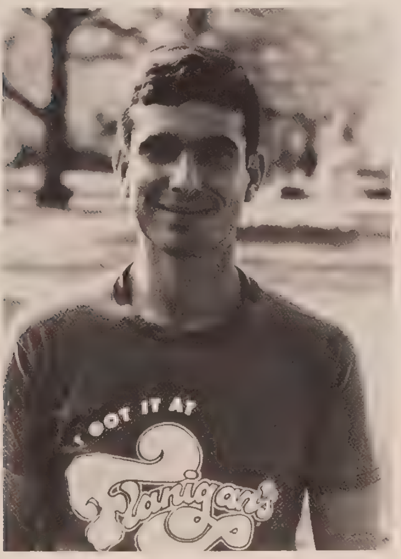
Chipper

Chipper flew to USNA from Livermore, Calif. and with luck in the Nuke draft that's the way he'll leave it. He lives, eats, and sleeps flying. He's got more reading material on flying than the Naval Institute has back issues of Proceedings. Daves second most notable characteristic is that his room and personal appearance set standards in order and neatness for the underclassmen. His hair always conformed to regulations, thanks, of course, to the family trim comb. By the way, the name Chipper originated youngster year when it was common for him to spend an entire study hour munching on his roommate's chow packages, with the intensity of a starvation-crazed chipmunk. Club Foot was always hell with the females too. Many classmates were shocked when he brought a real live girl instead of a Merlin IIIB to the Ring Dance, and the picture under his blotter proves it. Good Luck, we hope the kid from Fightertown, USA gets lots of flight hours.

ERNEST HENRY FORNI III

Ernie

Having once before left the sea at Cape Cod to join the corps, yet almost falling into Rickover's arms, Ernie again leaves the sea for the Marines. And all he wanted was a computer. The guide-on bearer to the end, Skip promoted himself to youngster J.G. the first time he saw the chapel dome. And who can forget "Ernie Forni for Channel Check?" Only he could see eye to eye with the newscaster. A star to the end, he met the girl of his dreams after a filming session in Pittsburg. And to think he started as film director for a low budget Army flick. But it took two more Army projects for him to realize a profit. Not satisfied with the company's contribution, Ernie got the whole battalion to help him make payments on his Datsun. While not a 'Vette, the 45 mpg sure helps when he commutes to Pittsburg every week. And pity the man who says the Bruins are a second rate hockey club.



DAVID MICHAEL HARRIS

Mouse

Dave "Mouse" Harris hails from Pompano Beach in the Sunshine State. He spent some enlisted time talking on a radio and then decided to go to NAPS. When Mouse got to the academy, he showed his knack for beating on the drums. People would come from miles away to hear this strange beat and he has performed with "Homegrown", "Pegasus", "NA-10", "Trident Brass", "H.M.S. Pinefore", "Damn Yankees" and the "Drum & Bugle Corps".

Mouse decided to get a van at the end of second class year. He sure puts it to good use since he needs to change his shocks more often than most people, but he does drive it occassionally.

Well, when the Mouse isn't playing the drums or using his van, he finds time for the books. The Prof's couldn't fool Mouse too much and his grades were good enough to go to that Reactor School in the sky. He is a member of the O.S.B.

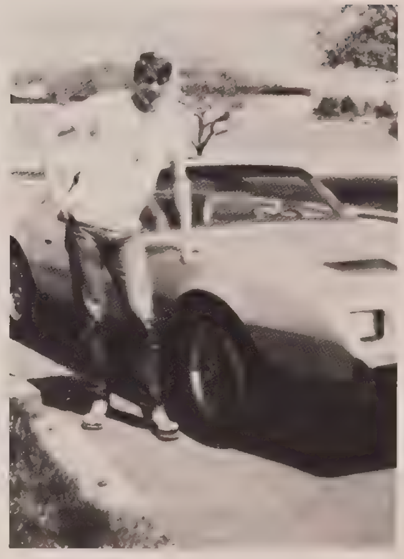
CO CDR - E. CONNOLLY; CO SUB-CDR - M. RUSSELL; CO ADJ - C. LEMAY

JOHN F. HERLOCKER, JR.

Doc

Arriving from the thriving metropolis of Kenilworth, Illinois, Jack was one of those rare individuals whose presence honored the sacred halls of Bancroft. Never one to jump on the bandwagon, Doc could always be counted on to be independent in his own special ways. Whether listening to Fiedler, wearing his derby, or roaming the halls wearing his smoking jacket while sipping warm coke from a champagne glass, Doc displayed a flair and style admired by many. Not thriving on the second aspect of wine, women, and song, Footlocker opted for physics, knowing physics majors consider it negligable. The spring of segundo year changed all that, and from then on, Doc could always be found out with his best girl Bobbi. One heck of a guy, a true scholar, gentleman and friend, Jack will go far diving with Hymie's best.

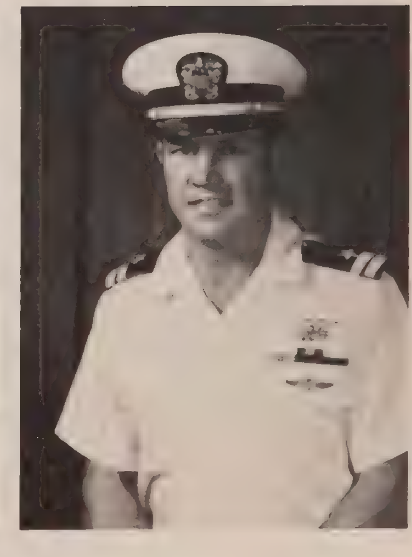
ROBERT V. HUFFMAN



ROBERT PAUL JANISKO

Bo

Robert "Bo" Janisko floated to USNA from Johnstown PA., land of steel mills and beer guzzlers. Bo spent most of his time sweating at his desk or at 6th Co. gouge sessions. Although Bo was a hard worker at academics he also found time to wreck havoc on Annapolis on weekends. The little fella went through more six packs and women than Attila the Hun. Bo's athletic talent proved a big boost to geek 5's intramural sports. His career plans include finding the "right girl" and sitting in the back seat of a Tomcat. The 3310 gang will be far apart in the future years but we'll never forget our little pal BoBo - a true friend in every sense of the word!



CHARLES E. LEMAY

Beaner, Curtis E.

Charlie comes to us from the beautiful South American country of Chile, where he somehow managed to graduate from the Chilean Naval Academy. But Charlie quickly became Americanized, especially in his language, where he picked up some real cute expressions. He enjoys America immensely, though, that is, when he is in America, and not off skiing in Europe, again. Charlie quickly established himself as Fifth Company's answer to Hugh Hefner; total devotion to the good life. He was great at putting off until who knows when what he should have done yesterday, but that was to become good training for first class year, and record D.C. to Annapolis trips. You wouldn't have had to drive so fast if you would have left earlier than 1158. And of course, Charlie was quite a lady-killer, (but then, they got even, didn't they, Charlie?). We wish you the best of luck in the future, where ever it may take you. Viya con Dios.!

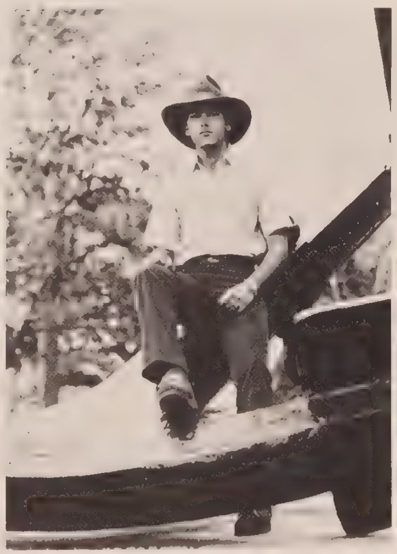
PAUL TIMON LORDITCH

Chief

Paul Lorditch hails from the steeltown of Johnstown, PA. Paul's continual quest for professional knowledge earned him the nickname "Chief", or was it the way you wore your cap plebe summer? Chief's independent nature often found disapproval from certain spineless elements within the company administration, as evidenced by his lengthy conduct record and a year and a half of youngster rates. Fortunately, Chief's athletic prowess and leadership have overshadowed his tendency to behave as a naughty boy on occasion. Chief's hobbies include drinking Iron City Beer, occupying Faranda's Bar, forgetting locker combinations (PING! PING!), and putting disgusting tobacco products between his cheek and gum - right SKOAL BROTHER? Chief's future plans call for a June 8th wedding in the city of the mills with his one and only, and a trip to Pensacola. Congratulations Chiefer and smooth flying!

MARK DAVID DANIEL LUNDGREN

Mark came straight from Deep Creek High School, in Chesapeake, Virginia. Being a quiet person, Mark didn't hit it off too well plebe summer, but he sure lightened the load for the rest of the plebes in his squad. Although academics were not his favorite pastime, Mark chose Aerospace Engineering for his major, besides what is one A C Board second class year anyway? He didn't fare too well with roommates either, out of five only three made it, it seems that one had a wife and two kids at home. He wasn't an outstanding athlete yet Mark played a variety of company and battalion sports, which included softball, team handball, fencing, and plebe crew. It seems that next to getting weekends disapproved (grades), Mark enjoyed country and western music and lots of television. With a little luck from Tecumseh, a little love from his fiance, and a lot of help from above, Mark is going to enjoy flying in a navy plane somewhere. Good luck, and God be with you.



1st Row - (left to right) R. STROHMEYER, C. KIRBY, R. REED, E. HARTER, E. HACKETT, F. REESE, A. BATES, D. MITCHELL, T. FERRELL. 2nd Row - L. MOSIER, S. DEPETRIS, S. BUSS, D. CRAUN, S. IBORG, M. COCHRANE, T. WATKINS, D. TRACY, S. WATSON, M. KLUNDER, C. YAMASHITA, A. PLATT. 3rd Row - R. MOORE, T. BOGGS, R. SANSONE, D. LEADER, M. RUSSIELLO, B. BUSH, J. RIGHTER, B. DELVALLE, M. RENNIE, C. BATCHLOR, P. DOUR.

CO CDR - C BOSNIC; CO SUB-CDR - D. SCHRADER; CO ADJ - W. BLACKWELL

WAYNE ROBERT REIF

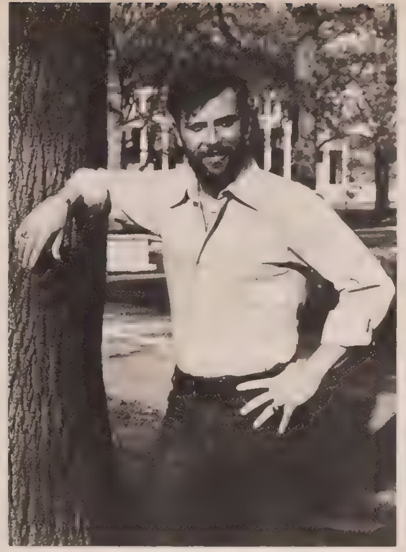
Wayno

Wayno, "The Boy," had to travel to the Naval Academy incognito from that great little city of Levittown, PA. The swarms of girls were hardly going to let him get away that easily — as it got out (of his own lips) quite rapidly that here he was, the greatest womanizer of all times; the numer of female candidates for 81 tripled. Poor Reefer, never a moment's quiet. By the way, that incognito look was never lost as he fell prey to that nasty rash that keeps the chits coming in. He rarely wastes time; during study hour he can frequently be found inside his bag — his sleeping bag that is. Wayne has received few honors and awards since he arrived at USNA, but few will forget when the "Bagger-of-the-Year" ballots were counted, and the result was unanimous. Since then he has come to love and abuse three things; liberty, women, and a cute little Z-28, not necessarily in that order. Since Rickover won't draft him, the girls of P-Cola had best watch out, cause here comes Wayno.

CHARLES NICHOLAS MARSH

Chief Swamp

Charles Nicholas Marsh, alias "Chief Swamp", came to the Naval Academy from Flushing, New York right after graduating from high school and began his trek toward becoming a professional. His greatest achievement was in wrestling and "Ole Buddy Rube" can attest to that. "How did you ever learn to execute the body slam so well, Chuck? Was it due to your experience gathered from you frequent trips to New York?, or maybe Baltimore?" The only other love in Chuck's life besides Cora was his Hot Rod Lincoln, oops, Flaming Road Runner which can qualify as runner-up for the land speed record, if he doesn't wrap it around a tree first. "That was a close one on Old Annapolis Road, Ace!" He will leave us after graduation and broaden his horizons in the Surface Fleet from the piers of San Diego. We will miss him and hope that he and Cora have an enjoyable and successful life together in the future. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH AND SMOOTH SAILING"



MARK HAROLD RUSSELL

Too Big

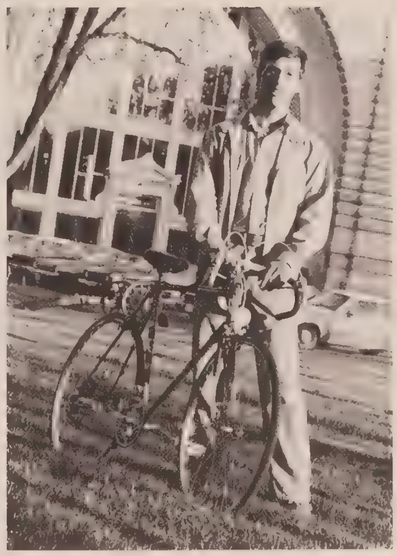
When this Okie farmboy came to the academy he was new; real new. But Boz and the boys taught him everything he needed to know: flying, skiing, and drinking. He thought he was really living — until he found volleyball. Now USC wishes he had never signed up for this Navy "adventure". Mark will remember a lot of things that happened to him at the Academy: like ranging at the Olympic development camp with Guad and Lopes.

There are some things he would like to remember more clearly: like June week champagne parties. And there are some things he would care not to remember at all: like the mornings after. Look out boys, the Skyranger is ready to take off!

JAMES BRADFORD McGEE

Brad, McGoo, McGeek

Brad came from the small town of Carmel, New York (WHEREINTHEHELLIS Carmel, NY?). He concentrated solely on academics his Plebe Year until he found his true love — computers. Spending nearly all his waking hours at a Tektronix in Rickover Hall, he soon acquired an ability to perform magic with a computer. This magic earned him the Navy Achievement Medal his Youngster Year. Even though Brad spent more time on the computer than he did on academics, he managed to work his way into "Stardom" five out of eight semesters. On a blind date at the end of Youngster Year he met Char. It was tough trying to support both his computer "wife" at the Academy and his girlfriend in Severna Park at the same time, but Char was able to monopolize his weekends. His total unaccountability as MIS Liaison Officer 1/C year improved both relationships. After a quick chat with Rickover, Brad is going to Orlando for NPS. Future plans include becoming "fully educated."



JOSEPH WILLIAM OSBORNE

Ozzie

Joe drifted to USNA on a California breeze. Better known as Ozzie, he soon developed a taste for the unusual and different, not everyone wants to major in Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture. Joe chose to pursue a double major and after that he could be seen on many mornings greeting the sunrise as he completed another night of studying. He and his rack soon became strangers as Joe logged many an hour behind a desk. One of Ozzie's favorite pasttimes was sailing, and he even tried the Varsity team for awhile, but he returned to company intramurals to show his talent on the soccer field. The blue bomb he affectionately called his car somewhat resembled a Mercury Cougar, when it was on the road. Joe was always looking at the classified ads for a new car, but he will never let go of that convertible. When Admiral Rickover's invitations go out, I'm sure Joe's will read, "See me ASAP." His desire for the sea will have Joe riding the waves in a surface nuke.

NY
WESTCHESTER
21

HENRY GEORGE RAUM

Hammerin Hank

The "greatest-of-all-times" turned down a lot of promising things to become a midshipman, including: RPI, Cornell, and probably a seat on the left-hand-side of God. Hammerin Hank sees all and knows all, just ask him, he'll tell you. Along with amassing more nicknames than anyone in the Brigade, Sgt. Stedanko has clicked off a record amount of rack time, TV hours and easy listening time with Hot Tuna and Jorma. Spaceman originated many great sayings and traditions, such as: Max Sierra Time, and the ever popular question, "Are you proud to be a midshipman?" Some say that Sky King was FURY — ous about the loss of his car, but he hasn't missed it all that much since there's a blue 69 Ambassador waiting for him in the Midstore Parking lot every Friday noon, driven by none other than Devious Dee herself. She's living proof that you don't have to leave Timmy's alone youngster year. White Shoes is happy to slide, like every good SRM man till he's grabbed by the Nukes, P-cola, or is it USMC Mr. Ramfrez?

DAVID LESTER SCHRADER

Schrades

Dave was a high roller from Vegas, but he had enough prior experience living in Maryland and New Jersey that he was right at home here in the East. Wags was off to a slow start when during plebe summer he stood out because of his size and grins. Once settled in, he decided that his original plans of a major in Physics were of line and he went the way of a true man . . . management. As time went by, Schrades picked up two hobbies; studying and saving money. He enjoyed them so much that he pursued them every weekend. When Dave didn't have his ankle in a cast, he could be seen on the field or court with his UNLV t-shirt. The doctor never liked WUB'A' or reefers, so these two uniforms saw little action in his first class year. He always did look better in white anyway. Not being perceptive (depth) enough to be a pilot it looks like the big kid will have to settle for a back seat when he goes to the sun and sand of P-cola. That is, if he can survive that Rickover draft, GOOD LUCK!

SHARON LYNN SHEFFIELD

Betty Boop

Sharpes, Florida lost one of its best Sheepfields when Sherry came to Navy right out of high school. Once she had her hair curled, however, she became known as wormhead, Li'l Orphan Annie, and most affectionately as Betty Boop. Whenever she was not answering such questions as, "Did you forget to put your finger in the socket this morning?", Sharon was busy throwing birthday parties, making Christmas stockings, playing dominoes, and otherwise raising the professional consciousness of Fighting Five. No genius, this phy-sci major worked hard, but nonetheless saw one summer of Canoe U. Certain Honorary members of 29th Company knew she was one to come to for notes and her infamous memorization jingles. Sharon tried nearly every sport possible before finally letting her natural meanness shine on the fieldball field. Since she was born on Paris Island, it shouldn't have surprised us all so much that Sharon took it to heart when an instructor at Quantico told her that her eyes match the fatigues. Once a Marine, always a Marine!

JENNIFER LAURIE SMITH

Drift

Jennie, Frat Five's token Space Cadet, drifted to the banks of the Severn from the far away land of New Mexico. Even though she wasn't really with it plebe summer, she learned the ropes quickly and by first class year had excelled to the illustrious rank of balloon commander. Never much one for studying she instead managed to chalk up more rack time in four years than a hibernating bear could in twenty. Among her favorite pastimes were popping Orville's, running the mile and entertaining her many friends. Upon graduation, Jennie will begin her exciting career as a toilet paper distributor. Good Luck Jen! May your life be one of good ole Southern Comfort. Oh no! There she goes again! Hey Jen, How is it up there in the ozone?

DENNIS MICHAEL STARR

Dusty

Dennis Starr better known as Dusty calls Reno, Nevada home. This suit's Dusty well. After all, its legal there! He came to the Academy, after a year at NAPS, experienced and ready to party. He did not let USNA change his ways. As a member of the Chinese Club, Sport Parachute Club, MMMB, Concert Committee, and as a Disc Jockey for WRNV Dusty kept busy, yet he still managed to find time for, what he felt to be most important, honor. Dusty acted as Company Honor Rep. all four years and as Batt. Rep. for two years. He was one of the most sought after advisors as well as a permanent member of the Brigade Honor Board. His dedication and sincerety will make him a success in the fleet as it did here at USNA. Member of the O.S.B.

WILLIAM GEORGE STUEHLER

Wild Bill

Wild Bill blew into USNA from Cleveland, Ohio — the cultural capital of the world. First Class year was definitely Bill's most exciting year. For some reason, no one would leave him alone. Having lost his mind, he proposed to a very lovely young lady who shocked everyone by accepting. Bill loved to get into intelligent discussions about football games, the most memorable being the Dallas-Cleveland game where he had a disagreement with a Dallas fan. We also cannot forget when some friendly car thief tried to take his head off with a crowbar. Maybe the Fleet will be too boring for him. Bill was one of those guys who knew what he wanted to do; first it was Nuke, then NFO, then Marines, then Nuke . . . I hope he enjoys being one of Uncle Hymie's spineless wonders. The Company sends Bill and Nancy their best wishes. Good luck to you. We hope that you have a long and happy life together.

ROBERT B. STUCKY

1st Row - (left to right) D. SCOTT, T. JEWEL, D. GWILLIAM, B. HINKLEY, R. WEHMAN, V. MERCADO, E. McFARLANE, D. PELLETTE, J. FRYE 2nd Row - P. ELLIS, B. LAROCHE, R. CLYBORNE, J. CERASUOLO, J. LOVERING, K. BRUZAS, R. MARTIN, M. PHILBROOK, H. WOLFANGEL, J. COONEY, G. BUTLER, J. BEAMAN, J. RIEGEL B. DAMMEIER 3rd Row - J. MILLER, T. REXRODE, J. HARDING, D. ANDERSON, C. McDAVID, M. OTT, M. WALSH, J. NEWEL, G. DUPONT, D. BLIESNER

6

ANDREW JOSEPH BARTON

Andy had rough plebe year. The great amount of attention he received had a bad effect on his academic efforts and he vowed to improve his grades. His youngster year he was hindered by the Airborne program, but he dropped it after his record breaking feat: landing in the trees twice in one day. Second class year he became engaged to a hometown girl which dramatically increased his study time as his "wife" was 3000 miles away. Andy's grade improvement program worked very well. Too well in fact, since all it did was draw a "nuclear invitation" from Uncle Hymie. This blow made Andy decide to blow off his first class year. This consisted of not studying on Friday or Saturday and only studying on Sunday if he had a test on Monday. One should not infer that Andy was all work and no play. In fact he was involved in some of the best stunts and had an excellent sense of humor. Andy was truly one of a kind and will be missed by all. Good Luck and watch your six o'clock.

ROBERT DAVID BERKEBILE

Berk

Bob is the Naval Academy's 5 ft. 10 in. answer to the Hulk. Bob's change, however, has taken almost four years. The only place he spends more time than the weight room is his girlfriend's house. There he gets a workout of a different kind. As far as academics go, Bob excelled in his own way: he went through more majors than most of us went through term papers. Everyone in the company knew that if they had any questions, he was the one with the answers, he never said they would resemble the truth, but he always had an answer. Bob has been keeping medical on its toes for years, too. He has done everything to his knee except for taking it off and running it through a meat grinder. No one has worked harder to be NPQ than he has. Bob has amused his friends with his efforts in such activities as bowling, handball, and his newest (only?) intellectual endeaver, chess. As you head for those wedding bells, Bob, remember you'll at least get $50 out of it.

MATTHEW GERARD BOENSEL

Steerface

Coming to us from the land of the sun gods Benz demonstrated early on that he was a top performer. Youngster year saw this mans fancy turn to black N's and yard engines. As a member of that highly exclusive club called the Sick Dogs, Benz was happily christened Steerface by his cohorts. Study hours usually found him in the lower 5% lounge or not at all. A true Management major, Benz was frugal with a buck and quick with a chic (usually someone else's!). When he could spare a moment from his all encompassing social life, Benz would generously lead Nave Water Polo on to victory. As the Jack Lambert of Batt football he was instrumental in two Brigade championships. On the field of sports as well as the field of life Benz was known for his moxy and his ability to "shoot for the corners and grind the bone." The future looks boundless for Benz as he heads toward the skies over P-cola (if the Nukes don't get him) and his girl from home. Benz will be remembered as a true friend and one of "The Boys" forever.

1st Row - (left to right) M. PATTON, W. CURTIS, P. SKOPEK, F. OSALBO, M. O'ROURKE. 2nd Row - D. ROBERTSON, N. VREVICH, K. COOPER, L. RAMIREZ, W. FRANK, T. GAVIN. 3rd Row - B. PELOQUIN, M. SHEILDS, T. HARTLINE, G. SMITH, T. GARROLD, K. MAHOSKY, R. MOLINA.

KARL PHILLIP BUNKER

Karl showed up at USNA and demonstrated exactly what brains were for. Once he dispensed with the trivial bother of academics, he turned his attention elsewhere. He took charge of the Masqueraders light crew and managed to drop something on himself at least once a show. Not a recluse by any means, Karl kept himself active by also showing his "friends" just how to play backgammon and handball. This not being nearly enough for our man of letters, he took to reshaping his once soft, marshmallow-like body into a lean, hard love machine that netted him his very own woman. Ah, but on those long, slow evenings back at the hall, the mirror sure did get a workout. We'll miss your stories of what it was really like back in California. As you fade under the ocean with your very own nuke glasses, we hope you'll think of us when the only view of the sun you've seen in three months is through a periscope.

GERMAN EDWARDO CAMACHO

Yelly Bean

"Hormone" came to us from way South of the border — land of coffee beans, rubber trees, and the wicked weed: Colombia. Though many might have thought the language difference would be a hindrance. "Yelly Bean" soon turned it to his advantage (Sir, I do not understand. What you mean by "meñu for noon meeel"?). As the company Latin American culture rep, he let us learn just enough Spanish to make us curious what he was telling his friends about us. In the wee-hours of the morning, when most engineers are asleep, dreaming of sweet young formulas, Germ was still burning the night oil — driving his HP-25 to an early grave. As the rest of us prepare to grace the fleet with our presence, our "German Camaro" is looking forward to a PCS shore duty a little closer to home — with Kodak, Exxon, Westinghouse, etc. To Columiba's finest — Good Luck and Godspeed!

JOHN KEVIN BRADY

Shark

J.K. blew in from the Windy City on I-Day, signing on as the second youngest member of the class of '80. Having had a strong base in the Family, Kevin has been faithful in writing to his mother, to other peoples' mothers, and to his future children's mother. His expertise in Bull landed him English for a major, and an Army Nurse for a fiancee, though Turtleboy's interests included incorporating Marine Biology into Bancroft Hall. After exploring the recesses of Mother B, Marathon Mid went on longer treks, including two to Boston. After finding out from his roommates that the first shall be last, Kevin had a really flashy way of proposing to his all-time OAO. Service Selection possibilities passed in and out of focus, but after lots of help from God and a 1980 quarter, J.K. decided on spending his career in a cockpit. May God bless Kevin — and all those who must put up with him.

BRIAN F. CORNISH

CO CDR - E. WATTS, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. McGLOCKLIN, back row-right; CAO - K. McADOW, back row-left

JOHN JOSEPH DENICE

Doc

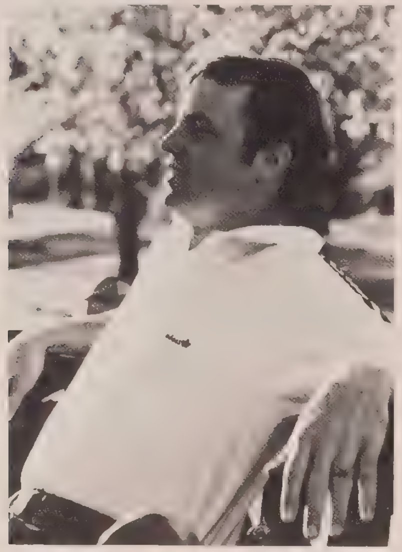
John arrived at Canoe U, helplessly, only to be fully and irretrievably corrupted. We taught him about booze, women, rock, cars and some things unfit to teach. In short, Howdy Doody would never be the same. Only 7 miles from home, it was a task tearing him away from Mom and the Little Woman on weekends (and the rack on weekdays). Not that anyone called him tight-fisted, stingy, miserly, cheap or Scrooge, but JJ knew the true value of a dollar (a month's worth of gas). He added a new dimension to the meaning of fun at concerts and what would we have done without the Denice Dating Service? Though he spent a lot of time on the bench, on the field he'd give his left arm to play. On the court, Dr J demonstrated what "grace" and "albatross" have in common. Though it hasn't changed him any (chic Navy-issue glasses, swell haircut, pencil in one hand and calculator in the other) it wasn't until Uncle Hyman asked nicely & offered TAD near (where else?) home that Doc finally saw the writing on the wall: Go Nuke (he thought it said Neck). Good Luck!

1st Row - (left to right) F. KOYE, J. KELLY, B. CHENEY, E. MANZANO, J. JUDGE, J. WASSINK, G. CLIFTON, S. GATANIS, N. DAVIS. 2nd Row - G. ANDERSON, E. PETZRICK, P. LIMBACHER, D. ZEISE, J. UINIOTIS, H. CLOPP, M. QUERCIA, P. STRAIT, B. KEARLEY, M. CISSEL. 3rd Row - A. DOBLER, S. STEEVES, M. MILLER, E. LARSON, C. COMI, B. WIMMER, P. DAVIDSON, S. HOOPER.

JAMES "GRUNE" GRUNEWALD

The tough guy from the City of Brotherly Love arrived at USNA via NAPS with that fiery personality we have all come to enjoy and love. It quickly became evident to any geek who crossed his path that he means business when fighting in defense of his boys. Grune-dog was never found without a great story at his famous gouge sessions in the 5% lounge and he helped destroy many a Batt football team in the pursuit of two brigade championships. A poli-sci major with the uncanny ability to find the poop and the miraculous devine guidance to come up with the answers in the middle of a test Grune barely survived his academics with a CQPR of 3.2 The Sick Dogs will never forget Grune, especially since every Sunday night we're all going to check out Maureen's cooking once we get to P-cola. Remember, you don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind, you don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger and you don't ?@#*! around with Grune.

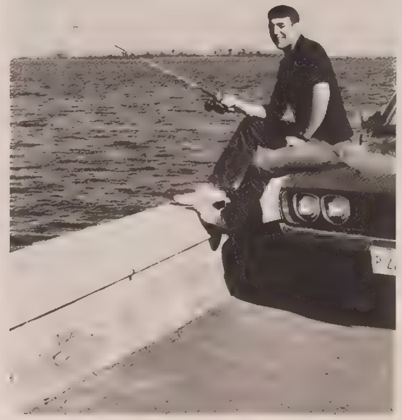
Philadelphia



TERRANCE FITZPATRICK

Chauncy

Fitz rotated up from Fairfax earlier than the rest of us, didn't like what he saw, so he went home and partied for a year before pledging Tappa Kegga Bru. Often heard saying "follow the rules and you don't have to sweat them." Always one to appreciate the "Tiny Hynie", Chauncy's philosophy to live by chance and love by choice left a path strewn with broken hearts but good times — sorry girls from Mary Wash., Hood, etc. A stud from the word go, Fitz lead three different sports to championships and, being quite the steadfast student, Chauncy even went as far as studying Law during the summer. His natural leadership ability inspired active participation in both the Lower 5% Club and the Sick Dogs. A connoisseur of the Black N, Fitz was also one of the privileged few to wear crows. One of the Boys and a great friend, Fitz will be down in P-cola doing it up big time with the rest of us. Don't count your Heinies before you're drunk. Taste it, big boy.



JOHN EDWARD GALLI

Bootie

One July morning long ago, John Edward Galli bid a fond farewell to his O.A.O and the land of the sun, a young man bent on conquering Canoe U. and as many East Coast girls as he could muster. Utilizing such classic one liners as "Hey; how bout it?" and "I just love to eat," Bootie became an instant Honey Bunny to all. The only mid ever issued a steerage credit card, John nearly melted the thing trying to keep in shape for the infamous slam. A member of the varsity crew team for two years, John finally turned in his oar to become a starting tackle for the Brigade championship Batt. football team. On the line, there were none more feared, as Boots worked diligently to perfect the "look out" block. Definitely the best natured of all the "boys," John was always there to lend a hand, help out, or just have fun. Loved and respected by all, things look bright for John, as he moves on to gold wings, a golden girl, and a nine case Heineken party. Here's thinking about you buddy.

LEONARD BRET GORDON

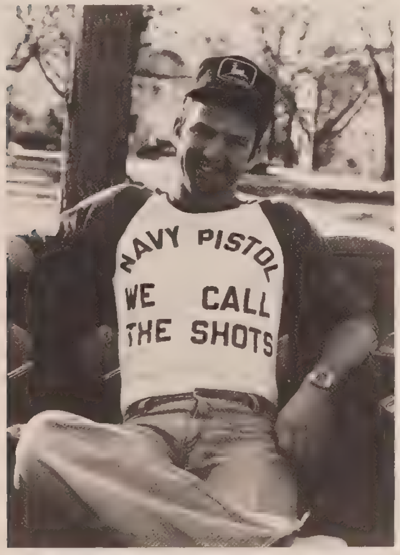
Gordy

Having been thrust from the Slavonian fishing village of Gig Harbor WA. (Pop. 1500) into the teeming metropolis of Bancroft Hall (Pop. 4300), Bret quickly discovered that fun could mean more than just watching the fleet pull in with a good catch. As the thrill wore thin, he realized that he was in one of the last remaining all-male companies at USNA. Not to be discouraged, Bret's finer qualities of charm and salesmanship soon won out, and girls were beating a path to his door. Not to let such trivialities as MIDNREGS, Dry Laws, hair, uniform and room standards encumber him, Bret pursued his own professional development. Of course, the Court was where Gunner Gordon really distinguished himself, and his agility on (and off) the O-Course won him the revered title of "Iron Mango" at Quantico. Like Mohammed and the Mountain, "Mom Gordon" brought us a home a little closer to "home," in Virginia Beach. After a flirt with the Corps, Bret has decided to carry on the Navy Air tradition.

MILES EDWARD HALE

Bucko

After ejecting him to USNA from Santa Cruz, California, Miles' folks moved to Hobbs, New Mexico, and then Albuquerque — but he found them both times (barely!), even trying the tactic on his own roommate. Bucko's firm-mindedness and singleness of purpose (ie, stubbornness) led him to prove himself a real bigshot by captaining Navy's SWAT team to their 4th National victory during his stay. Although almost asked to remain at the Academy because of his unique mental capabilities, Miles obtained his MR degree (Master's Rack), and ended his era of bachelorhood by luring old Watts-her-name into his revved up VW. Ready to give his views to any mid or State Park policeman, the Toast Wizard was led into an air career, and other paths which he is sure that God has planned for him. But will he enjoy it? "Hey — You bet!" See you in Florida, Bucko-J.K.



DAVID MICHAEL HUEY

Screwy

A distant relative of Jimmy Carter, or so he claims, David Michael Huey hailed to us from the good ole state of Georgia. Suspect his first two years, for some of the company he kept, Screwy quickly matured into one of the "boys" his second class year. Not one to care much about academics, he was a professional in every sense of the word and maintained an appropriately interesting library. Returning from Christmas 2/c year, Dave surprised everybody with his new RX-7, a car with which he drove into many a young lady's heart. By the time of the Ring Dance however, Dave was quite enamoured with a cute young philly. Though a little shy, she did her best for Dave, and by the closing of the week they knew each other quite well. Obsessed with cleanliness and economics, Hue Daddy could always be counted on to know who hadn't done what and who owed who how much. From here, it's on to Gold Wings, the good life, and Bootie's Heinekens, provided the call of the submarine doesn't get him first.

RUSSELL IVAN JONES

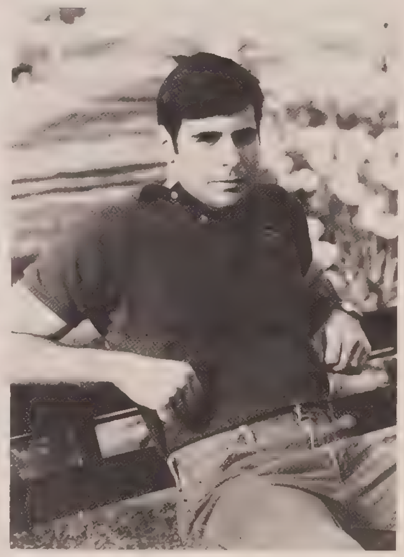
Rhode Island

Russ came to the Uncollege from Little Rock, after a slight detour via Newport. Always the epitome of professionalism (nice haircut, Russ), he was a one-man guardian of the USNAR, STAMPing out violations and injustice with sizzling exatitude. First class year "Ivan the Tolerated" turned his energies more toward his role as Mr. Honor, and to following the Derbs' tradition ("WW-RI"?). While off the court Rhode Island was our Varsity Poker, on the court was where he was a terror. Since acquiring the skill of simultaneously dribbling and walking, he has turned his attention to learning how to make a layup. We never knew much about his social life, since the women in Russ' life knew better than to write him at the office (they knew their place was in the kitchen, right Russ?) Having gone head-over-heels for the Corps this summer, it looks like we'll be seeing RI applying his grace down in Pensacola. Good Luck.

1st Row - (left to right) B. SPRINGSTEEN, C. SINK, W. SMITH, D. LINTON, F. GALLO, K. KILLMEVER, B. OMBERG. 2nd Row - P. MANIBO, M. ZIMMERMAN, L. McCOMBS, J. HILLE, M. SEAVER, B. COLLINS, J. STAGLIANO, A. ROSS, C. WALKER, J. BENNER. 3rd Row - J. JONES, J. DRAKE, D. KELLY, K. ANDERSON, D. PAGE, J. KREPPS, E. REUTER, S. TOOLFALO, M. KOVAL, C. PIERSALL, E. SAX, C. ST. GEORGE, C. RESSEL, D. DAVIS.

GREGG BRUCE LARSON

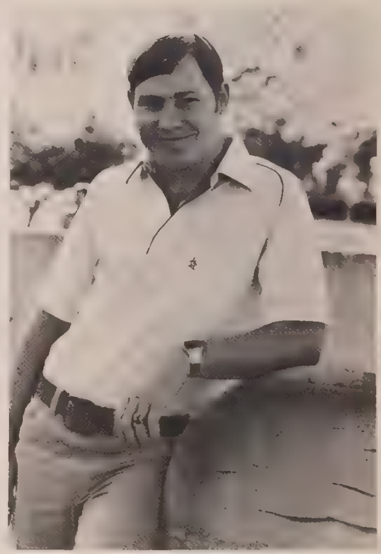
Gregg cruised into Annapolis from sunny California only to discover that cutoffs and sunglasses didn't make it for plebes. Once the initial culture shock passed, he found solace in water polo and Marine Engineering, a strange major for an A-6 pilot from birth. In an effort to get closer to the sky, Gregg climbed mountains and read drug books. Unable to convince the administration he was a frustrated radical, they made him a striper. No harm done there, though, Gregg was harmless in a job that had no jobs. His chief duties lay in listening to his stereo and complaining about how little there was to do around here. Cheer up Gregg; Pensacola will show you your true calling. The Marines will let Navy pilots like you provide close air support any time



STEPHEN JUDE LAUKAITIS

Moose

Grune Dog, Conehead, Fitz, Benz, Hoot Owl, Booty, Ho, Big Bac, D Street, Ferg, Wadd, Czar, Mont, Big Bart, Little Jit, Fred, Stew, Pinehead, Boxhead, Sully, Stoner, Country Al, The Rickan, and a host of others. These are all the guys who made the hard work worth the reward. And, there are two things that "Moose" loved about the Academy. One was this great bunch of guys and the other was details at eleven.



KENNETH LEE McADOW

Mac

Ken came to us from Texas (where's that) sporting a varsity Math letter, the runs, and the uncanny ability to talk through his nose. At first, he seemed like an old mother hen, the way he was looking after us all, but we soon found out how kickback Ken really is. Although he looks like he would have a high probability of getting blown over in a stiff wind, "Hands" McAdoo played a big part in two Brigade Championship football teams. An ocean engineering major, Ken had no problems with his academics here which is evident by many of our grades. Ken came to USNA anticipating a gold ring but undoubtedly never expected he would be giving one also as he met his true love, Lesa, in Maryland. As we all head south for P-cola, all of us bachelors are looking forward to being at the McAdow's on Tuesday nights for pizza, beer, and cards. Be there Ken — Aloha.

JON PAUL "CONEHEAD" McGLOCKLIN

When Conehead came to USNA, he was the model Mid. Having consumed only one beer prior to leaving Franklin, Indiania, Cone quickly discovered that there were fast cars and fast women to be had. Always one to have fun, Cone was a charter member of both the "Sick Dogs" and the "Lower 5% Club". As a political science major with more than considerable basketball ability, Cone managed to dribble his way right through USNA with little difficulty. Even though his hairline is ever receeding, Cone learned early on (via Wado) that a good line and a quick move will win the fancy of any damsel. A Batt basketball and football hall of famer, Cone has also received recognition as a "Black N" winner. Truly one of the "Boys", it's hard to comprehend that he left a twin conehead back in Franklin. As for the future, Cone has the nuke draft beat and gold wings are as good as his. Undoubtedly the Hall will ring forever with cones gospel; "Drink beer and drive fast".

GARY DOUGLAS McLEAN

Big Gar'

Big Gar' came slithering into the Academy grounds from the white sands and golden sunshine of Fort Meyers, Florida. Sensing an immediate need for humor, Gary quickly asserted himself as the company clown. Always true to his "Dearest Laurie," he would be a Hall Rat for several weeks straight, saving money so he could fly to the Sunshine State to see her whenever the impulse struck him. Snake always waited for long breaks, like two day weekends, to fly to Florida. Gary's heart drifted from one service selection to another until he finally set his sights on the Marine Corps. Once he made up his mind to be a "Grunt," Bit Gar' went all out. Guerrilla warfare school was his big thrill for First Class summer and he was one of the few firsties whose hair was shorter as a firstie than as a plebe. On the serious side — well, there is none. But Big Gar' is a first class guy who is, and will be a success. Good Luck, Gary

CO CDR - K. BUNKER, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. BERKEBILE, back row-left CAO - M. BOENSEL, back row-right

DAVID LEE QUESSENBERRY

Hooter

Dave came to us from the wilds of San Diego where he spent the majority of his time pounding the beach as a long haired surf daddy. He had visions of glory on the Navy football field, but after a year on the meat squad decided to join the ranks of Batt. football instead. He started as tight-end and linebacker for 3 years, and co-captained 2 Brigade Championship teams. In addition, Dave got his letter in rugby his final year. Hoot Owl enjoyed trips to the cemetery as a plebe, and earned his black N that year for less than sober behavior. Dave had a flare for the unusual, from eating glass, to downing flaming shots, to skiing into a pair of frostbitten toes. Weekends often found him getting totally hootered or keeping the Ho Daddy watch. A real lady killer, he usually played hard to get especially with his WUBA girls. A Dean's list Poli Sci major, Hooter was the king of useless babble and a boisterous member of the boys. A true blue owl Dave is headed for wings of gold, an F-14, and a warm CA. Nest.

DARRYL K. RAYMOND

BRUCE ALLAN ROSS

B-A, Rosschild

Mr. Ross is there something wrong with your neck? Many believe Bruce followed his Daddy's footsteps here to brush up on his secretarial skills. He proved this true by pounding the keys till odd hours of the night, sacrificing his roomies sleep, in order to attain the goal of — "MASTERDEBATER!!" Although Bruce disliked beer and rarely touched the hardstuff, he had his own way of getting high — caffeine and a strong rebuttal. Bruce lived up to the sailors motto of "having a girl in every port." Australia, Hong Kong, Holland, 5th Company . . . He leaves this hallowed institution with a very high cum and two degrees: a big B.S. in Poli Sci and an even bigger B.A. A friend to all and an athlete to none, Bruce leaves us with many fond memories. The Navy's not losing a debater, they're gaining a pilot. Good Luck Bruce. "Seeing is believing!"

LEE "BOXHEAD" ROSSETTI

Hailing from Bay Shore, N.Y., Box drifted in one day, signed up with the Beaters & Blowers, and picked the geekiest major around, thus establishing him among the upper 95%. Since then he has redeemed himself, not only as the figurehead coach of an all-star football team, but also as a budding rock star. What was going on in that cubical cranium for the first two years we'll never figure out but we know Lee as a guy who'll come through in the clutch and he's one of our own. Box's future looks steady as he readies to tie the knot with his hometown honey, Sue. Destined to be a surface skimmer, we look forward to meeting this squared-away sailor in any O-Club as the years pass by.

ROBERT HO RUSSELL

Ho Daddy

Coming to us from the distant shores of Korea, via a five year stop-over in the great Northwest, Bob let it be known from the very start that he was a true blue, two fisted drinking man, who put friendship and partying above all else, especially grades. Overcoming some initial hardships with Plebe academics, youngster year found the Crazy Korean comfortably settled in as one of the Sixth Company international specialists. Evening study hours could usually find him deeply invovled in some philosophical endeavors such as hearts, or watching an illegal tube. Not one inclined to sticking around Mother B, 2/c year found our beloved Uncle Ho the proud owner of a new Triumph, which he quickly put to good use searching for the often illusive East Coast femmes. A stalwart athlete, Ho has been on the infamous 1st Batt Football team. In the final analysis, it can best be said that we will never forget the times we shared together getting Ho'd out, Fitzed up, Bootied down, and totally Hootered.

ERIC ALAN VANDENHENDE

Mad Stork

Uncle Vandyhendy came to the boat school from the plains of Oklahoma. Having never seen the ocean before "Punk Rocker" soon learned all about the blue water Navy on the banks of the Severn! Constantly striving for academic excellence, Eric spent many hours studying the backs of his eyelids in many ingenious places. I.E. the classroom or the deck. Spending most of his free time in Mother "B's" M.S.A. room "Eric the Conqueror" waged bloody battles all over the world pillaging and plundering all the way. Athletics were always one of spiders strong points because he survived 3 yrs. of Batt. Football and fieldball without losing any bodily functions or appendages. Graduating into the fleet as a hardened Surface Liner Uncle Eric will never be forgotten as the best and mellowist roommate for 3 1/2 years. He deserves a medal for all the grief he put up with. Good Luck and Godspeed Eric.

FELIX JOSEPH RYMSZA

Flex

Flex came to Canoe U. right from the golf course at Lyman Meadow Country Club, leaving behind a stellar career as a high school basketball player and golfer, from a little town at the base of Mount Southington in Connecticut. Bringing with him only the barest of essentials, his "sticks," his Springsteen albums, and his bottle of Yukon Jack, he was often heard asking, "Do you know how to make a Snakebite?" Leading a mellow existence in the Hall, Flex took on the "EE" Dept. with varying degrees of success. One ride in one of Adm. Rickover's boats, and he was sold, to such an extent that he gave up alot of liberty, and saved alot of money, his first class summer on a "boomer" cruise. The money sure came in handy though in paying off his grand Italian touring car. Christened the "Green Comet," she saw alot of action cruising between Dewey, the Old Severn, Sixteen Fathoms, and most any golf course in the area, with a cold one in hand, and NRBQ on the stereo. Good Luck, Flex, the Yukon Jack will always be next to the J.D. in the cabinet!

DOUGALS CLAYTON SMITH

Damage Control (DC)

After vectoring through Bilger's Gate by sonar on July 6th, D.C. began his USNA career of professionalism and patriotism. Intent on 20 years in Nuclear Subs, Damage Control soon realized the folly of the Marine and Reactor Corps, and decided to go Surface Nuke instead. After quitting Glee Club Youngster year in search of livelier game, he proceeded to quit Mech E. as a Second Class, and celibacy as a Firstie. His Airborne training prepared him for daring midnight raids on Sandy Point, and long walks back when his motorcycle wasn't available. Inspector Clouseau showed his investigative qualities as evidenced by his remakrs in the CDO log, and by such famous Naval Sayings as, "Hurray, I'm finally in charge of this place!", and "Hey-It's twelve o'clock!" His First Class pastimes included guitar, piano, ironing, and preaching to his two Bible beating Baptist roommates. USNA has definitely prepared Doug for a healthy career of service to man, God, country, and Joseph Smith.

DANIEL ALBERT TANNER III

Dan'l

Dan was one of the most stellar performers in his company. He consistently gained high striper positions, to the amazement of everyone. Dan was also on the Varsity Rifle team, winning the coveted N* in his junior year. Rifle shooting was easy for Dan because it required absolutely no coordination. Dan was also an outstanding student and proved himself to be a really sophisticated person. He drank J.D. and coke, wore jeans that usually were not really dirty, and sometimes he even shaved on weekends. Besides his J.D., Dan's other vices were driving crazy, women (even his classmates), and wanting to get married. He met Missy one summer and found that between them there were at least two big reasons to get married after graduation. Dan is a sure bet to be an F-14 pilot, if they can find someone insane enough to get in the back seat with him. Even though he never said it, Dan really loved USNA, and will probably come back, if he ever remembers where he left the place.

EDWIN BRUCE WATTS, III

"E.B."

"E.B." or "The Bead" flattered us with his presence when he came to this community college from nearby Arbutus, Md. He sang himself into everyone's heart by tagging along with the Glee Club for four years. They must've felt sorry for him, for he managed to become the Vice President as well as a '50's Rock-and-Roller named "Slim" in 'the Skivs'. He also was a singer/pianist in the Folk-Trio.

After feeding us the bull that he was 'born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep', we found that he was our resident NPQ candidate. Being color-blind, E.B. often amused the company by leaving for a weekend in red pants and green shirt.

E.B. finally made it to first class year and even became Co. Cdr. We all think that someone pulled his name out of a hat. Mother Bancroft is really going to miss E.B., as we all are. He will certainly add flair to any command; and since I have to say this or else . . . GOOD LUCK BEAD!

7

KURT ARTHUR BADEN

Kurt

The Navy's loss is the Marine Corps' gain as Kurt, alias "Spiderman", "Max", or "Easy Rider", heads down to Quantico after commissioning. He will long be remembered by his many friends as a quiet daredevil. The only restraint he knew was the reins of his strained checkbook — preferring any new adventure to financial stability.

Kurt, an Aerospace Engineering major, always said, "Who cares why it flies, just show me HOW to fly it." This devil-may-care attitude exemplified Kurt's outlook towards many of his more risky activities.

The AV-8 HARRIER Community is ready for a man like Kurt, and he is ready for it.

Good Luck Kurt in all your many endeavors.

CARL SCOTT BARBOUR

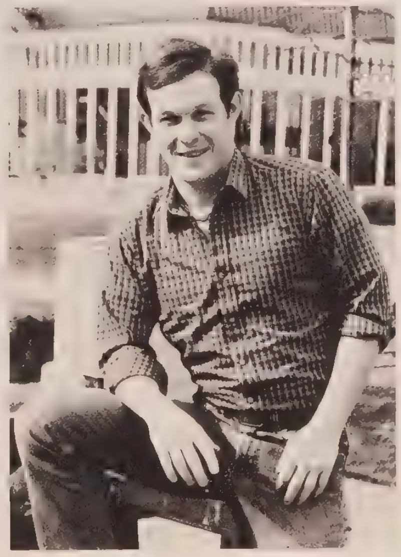
Miller

If there is any existing argument that man is a product of either his environment or his heredity, Miller will quickly discredit such rumors, for he is neither. He is truly a unique piece of work and was a welcome addition to the company. Born into the charm and well-refined manners of North Carolinian gentry, Scott came away empty-handed. With the couth of an Aborigian hunchback, he nevertheless won the hearts of all. He is most remembered for his academic prowess and of course, his mouth which usually preceded him by three corridors wherever he went. No one could ever forget immortal words of "We don't play Notre Dame" he tried vainly to sing during plebe summer. Having won the very top honors as a poli-sci major with minimal effort, Scott still found time to make himself available for E.I. to anyone and still catch the tube in the wardroom or a fast game of hoops. The grode will be sorely missed by all members of Space Alley. See you at P-cola.

WAYNE PETER BORCHERS

Borch

Coming to the Academy by way of the artic state of Wisconsin, Wayne Peter Borchers brought with him a unique spirit of enthusiasm. Better known by his friends as the "Green Bay Fat Man," "Navy Football Waterboy," or simply "Borch," Wayne became involved in several extra-curricular activities during his four years here. Within the company, he somehow garnered the reputation of being the party man, more-or-less the proclaimed "social chairman" of the class. This continuous drive and enthusiasm seemed to emerge from his innate sense of humor and his realistic attitude toward the Naval Academy. "Borch's" beer-drinking antics (like a drain) and his almost unbearable laughing style attracted the attention of those who shared some time with him. Upon our graduation, Wayne Borcher's free-spirit attitude will be remembered by his mates and it will accompany him, being passed on to others he meets along the way. —— Thanks Wayne!

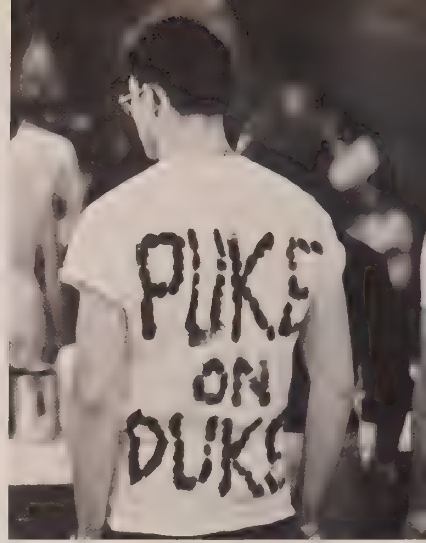


1st Row - (left to right) T. HELLMAN, R. HARKINS, B. BOSKA, C. AYUSO, J. WILSON, T. QUINTERO, E. BARRERA 2nd Row - G. HENNING, J. WELCH, L. YATES, D. WAGNER, S. WHITFIELD, T. FLEISCHER, M. SCHMID. 3rd Row - W. LEWIS, C. MORRISON, D. WARREN, G. HITT, J. JONES, K. LIPPOLD, R. TRENTI

CHRISTOPHER MURRAY CONROY

Snake

From Buffalo, New York, Christopher has spent most of his time on the Class "A" Sailboats, learning how to play with the wind and stay clear of the rocks. Despite the Do's and the Dont's of USNA, Snake has always found the fun, even at the cost of a few weekends. His dreams and expectations have always been off the ground with those who pursue excitement in the air. His home in snowy Buffalo has not been put in the past as others do, but has occupied a warm place in his heart along with the girl who has put sunshine into his life. Chris departs USNA knowing that he has always stood by his God, his friends and his country.



MICHAEL BOROWSKI

Mikey

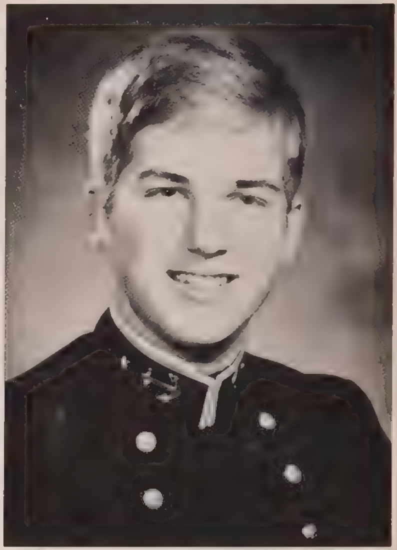
Good old Mikey he'll eat anything climbed down from the Colorado Rockies to learn about flying the Navy way. Why he did not go to the AFA is beyond anyone here, including Mike. Boris, as he was apt to be called, played the part of a Polish midshipman well; he used an inversely reversed polish notation calculator in determining his many changes of mind to determine (1) whether to be a mechanical engineer or a general engineer (2) whether to be an NFO, a SWO jock or a nuke (3) whether he liked girls here or not. Ski's favorite activities included ASME (whatever that is), calculus, YP's!?, tennis (HA, HA), conditioning squad, rack and staying up late at night (or was that early in the morning?) Mike's greatest fear while at Navy was being drafted for the core.

PATRICK IAN CASTLEMAN

Patneck

Pat came to USNA from New England: Maine, the Blueberry Capitol of the World. He endured Plebe Summer under the iron rule of "3 Dollar Bill" Mickler. Plebe year he and a fellow New Englander drove one roommate crazy and almost succeeded with another during the next year. Youngster year he flamed on as Bulletin Board King when a plebe said, "OK, I'll do the board; you do my term paper." Second class year Neck was (un)fortunate enough to meet the Company Commander at the Wharf on a Wednesday night! Even after 75 he got 2 stripes as a firsty. First class year he was the only person who thought that a Fiat was a motorcycle. Obviously "Castleman" is a Polish name.

For 3 years Patneck was a diehard Surface Line type. His motto was: "Haze grey and underway, Fossil Fuel: the only way." He fought CDR Twigs' nuclear hard sell tooth and nail until first class year brought new Battalion and Company Officers: both Nukes. Pat's final words: "Always ready, come what may, Nuclear Power: the only way."



WILLIAM IRA CLEMENT

Will

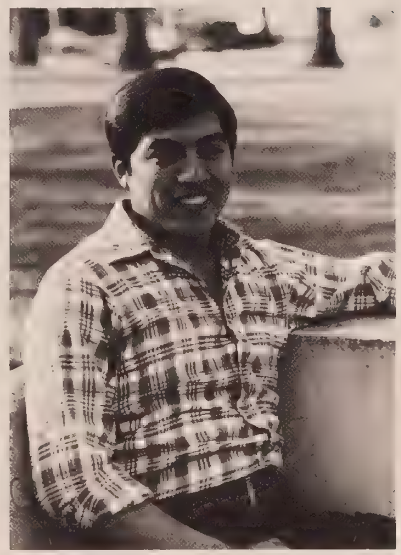
Never seeming to find academics a hardship, Will was the envy of many of us who studied harder and earned less. Will breezed through the Academy as a double major, earning degrees in Math and Systems Engineering. Always willing and quite able to help ANYONE with ANYTHING, Will would think nothing of staying up half the night or delaying his departure on leave or liberty to help you with ANY problem. His response — "No problem."

His fiancee Angie, a Burke-Equivalent Scholarship, Quantico, and Pensacola, all await Will upon graduation. His undying sense of humor and straightforward honesty have placed him at the top of his company and have won him the lasting friendship of his classmates and friends.

Opportunity and great friendships can be the only words to describe the future of a guy with Will's outlook!

SAMUEL JOSEPH COX

Sam always seems to be on the move, and using Chicago as home base he has been to nearly every corner of the globe. One summer foray saw him "down under" on New Zealand FOREX, and his only complaints were of rough seas, winter cold, and length of absence from Ocean City. A Trident History Scholar, he was quickly tagged as the "day student" because research took him to Naval Archives, Library of Congress, and serious consultation with a Georgetown grad student. Unequalled by any of his colleagues over in the History Department, our resident Naval expert also left no doubt who was tops on PCE's. Rarely in the Hall on weekends, his habit of hard work during the week nonetheless carried him to academic excellence, and his winning attitude propelled cross country teams and YP crews alike to Brigade honors. A quiet individualist whose irreproachable integrity and keen analytical skills earned him everyone's respect, Sam is headed for Pensacola, fighter wings, and much success.



ANATOLIO BENEDICTO CRUZ III

A.B.

Known as A.B. to his many friends, and "The Texas Player" to anyone modulating on channel 19 from Canoe U. to San Antonio, Texas, was not one to let academia interfere with his beloved MOPP. Being a varsity tennis player sure didn't hurt his off-court reputation with the weaker sex, although he did fall for one young lass and will soon have to pay-up for that mistake. One word can describe A.B. — no it's not wetback — but class. He had his head screwed on straight, and was always willing to help out a classmate, no matter what the cost. As proved by that fateful June Week of '78 when he left his two future room-mates stranded ten miles from the Chapel Dome and only fifty-minutes late for taps. But all was reconciled after the OOD's speech and his white shoes were tossed out the window to a waiting wardroom worker. What's left to say, except the best of luck and hope to see you sitting in the back seat of my plane . . . . . .

MICHAEL JAMES FITZGERALD

Fitz

Fitz, a Navy brat, who claims he's from everywhere, never had a permanent home. He'll enjoy his First Class Year living with his family in the yard and seeing his "best friend", Happy, whose picture remained four years under his cover. Fitz's time was spent wisely in the pool where most of his desires focused on obtaining that elusive second star. Serving the Navy unseen, he will be taking most of his liberty from a periscope and riding his one-wheeler in many small circles. His motivation and desire to serve the Navy is true and also a family tradition.

DAVID D. FOY

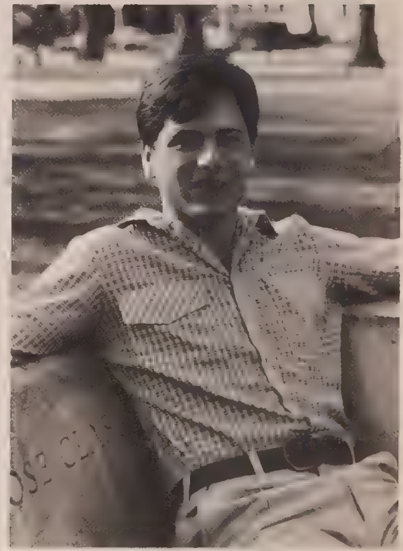
Maddog

"Maddog" Foy, a varsity track man out of Palmetto Fl. made his appearance in the company behind fifty pounds of explosives. He had bought out every fireworks stand from USNA to Florida just to make sure that there would never be a dull moment in the company. Maddog was never a man to cross because he never got mad, just even. Whoe be to the car that belonged to the person that got on his bad side. Besides all this he also had a habit of locking his wonderful roommate out of his room after a productive night because he had brought a "guest" back to the hall for the night. You always knew Dave was guilty when some recon raid was pulled but being a track letterman, who was going to catch him? Maddog was always a good guy to have around and it is a sure bet that Dave and the space alley gang will be causing the Navy trouble for a long time.

RONALD PETER FRIDDLE

Ron, Frid

Frid drifted into USNA from the Windy City. While a Seadog, Frid was a mainstay in Co. basketball and fieldball. Academically, on the sound advice of his roommate, Ron switched from Systems Eng. to Poli. Sci. A wise move for this lofty thinker. Socially, he has been known to chase "fast" cars and "married" women. A hellraiser at heart, Frid's inebriated misadventures will be well remembered in such places as UVa., Mary Wash., Richmond and, of course, Space Alley. Torn between a career in Nuke Power, Aviation, or Auto Sales, Ron has yet to decide on his future. Yet, no matter his choice it is certain that he will be a success. His sense of humor and devoted friendship will long be cherished by his classmates and friends.



FERNANDO GAITAN SALAS

Gato

Fernando, also known as "Gato", "Fern", "Fercho", and the "Latin Lover", came to the Academy as one of the youngest midshipman in the class of 1980 after graduating from high school in Bogota, Columbia. After coming to the Academy, he quickly overcame the language barrier and used his appeal to aid in making friends — friends of the opposite sex. His ease with the ladies was also carried over to his academics because he had no trouble with either.

Gato's support for company sports and the Spanish Club have also been two of his many outstanding contributions. He was part of "The Spanish Connection", which was the mean front line of the seventh company's soccer team, and he was the President of the Spanish Club.

Being from Colombia, Fernando has no obligation to the U. S. Armed Forces and after graduation will go "civilian line". He plans on remaining in the States for his graduate studies and if all goes well, he will remain here. "Que tenga mucha suerte en los anos siguiente!"

1st Row - (left to right) S. STAIB, K. HAGMANN, M. HUNDLEY, B. BEACH, B. SWANSON, C. HENRY, S. ROBERTSON, J. TREADWAY, G. ZANTI. 2nd Row - J. BROOKS, B. DUNCAN, T. SCHAUDER, J. BRIGHT, M. BATEMAN, R. SAVICH, J. TONDU, T. VANPETTEN, M. RICE, D. WALDMAN. 3rd Row - P. McGEHEE, J. BLACKBURN, J. HYNES, R. PERKINS, B. BONNER, J. KENNEDY, P. HING, D. DINGMAN.

CO CDR - M. BOROWSKI, seated; CO SUB-CDR - W. BORCHERS, back row-left; CO ADJ - F. GAITAN, back row-right

LESLIE MARTIN HAHN

Mar-tie

L. Martin Hahn came to USNA, via NAPS, from Connecticut, and quickly endeared himself to Micks and the boys during Plebe Summer. A firm believer in the God of 2.0, Mar-tie started out in Marine Engineering, but soon got realistic (like the rest of us) and switched to General Engineering and lots of weekends. Between bouts with the rack monster and brew-ha-ha, Marty had a habit of throwing things at people, namely pennies, shoes, and buckets of floor wax. As well as being a bagger's bagger, he was also a ladies' man, going through more girlfriends than anyone else in the company during our four years together. So, to the Barber of 5-0, we wish fair winds and following seas, because he'll need them if he runs into his old buddy RLC, aka Jaws. Whatever service selection he makes, both Marty's and the Navy's futures are bright.

ANTHONY WAYNE JILES

T.J.

A lover of ladies and everybody's care packages, T.J. left Springfield, Massachusetts, and all that is in it, to pursue a career in the Naval Service. Adapting to the stiff requirements of Plebe Year proved no real problem for Tony, who made it through the four years with flying colors. Tony was always an asset to the company, whether it was in the area of intramurals, company projects or just eating Doritos at the tailgaters. Possessed with a continually warm personality and smile, he was always popular with those around him. Tony's natural athletic ability was a true asset to company sports. As a member of the soccer and softball teams, he managed to make a name for himself. A varsity swimming subsquader, "Aqua Rock" surprised everyone by passing the 40 minute drown on the first try. Whatever the future holds for Tony, be it Nuc Power or the Gyrenes, he is sure to give it his best, and enjoy himself at the same time. TONY: Suerte. No rompamos lo que podemos desatar. En mi siempre tendras al mejor de tus amigos. GATO

DAVID A KISH

Dave

Which ever way, Marine Air or Navy Air, Dave decides to go, he is sure to be one of the more exciting pilots. He will be remembered as the guy with all of the pictures. We rest assured that as he leaves the Academy, he will maintain his high level of chivalry which he showed us continually. Dave will also be remembered professionally as an expert parachutist, and an outstanding leader. His activeness in ECA's was contin by being the president of both the Military Parachute Club and the Foreign Affairs Club. Athletically, Dave was to say the least, active — a true "player." He participated in track, rugby, company sports, and even tried his hand at "BIG TIME FOOTBALL." Overall, Dave was more than just an average Midshipman, he was and will be a respected friend among many.

LEE JAMES HALL

Although Lee entered the Naval Academy unsure of exactly what he wanted in the Navy, he resolutely strove from the start for nothing less than the best. Lee quickly progressed through his physics major and branched into other disciplines, excelling at everything from acoustics to creative writing; a record which placed him in contention for a Rhodes Scholarship. His versitality was evident in such achievements as president of the Physics Honor Society and varsity letter winner in 150lb. Football. Although generally reserved and always modest, Lee nevertheless exhibited a true leadership ability recognized by superiors and subordinates alike. Lee always had the courage to stand by his deep-rooted convictions of honor, integrity, and duty, regardless of whether or not it was the expedient or popular course of action. A consumate professional naval officer, Lee will continue to stand out, even if aboard the hottest running nuclear submarine in the United States Navy.

RICHARD ALLEN LEPPER

Uncle Rich, Lep

Rich came to USNA after a year at NAPS and a year at Wesley College in Delaware. Known as Uncle Rich to the underclass, the fatherly image was always part of his style. After 15 children on the detail, Rich may be thinking twice about a family. Philosophically Rich was about as far right as one could get. He was one of the few who was good with the paperwork too. His hard work and late nights never showed up in his QPR. His activities included the Car Club (even after destroying his car they made him president), some crew, a term with the Brigade Activities Committee, and acting as Coach Lenz's righthand man in Conditioning squad. Surface line with the Air Option holds the future for Rich.

ROBERT GREGG MORISSETTE

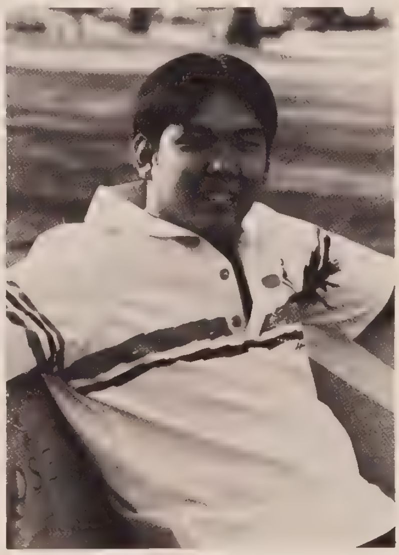
Gregg

Gregg came to Annapolis from the land of fruits and nuts armed with all the knowledge a California education could provide. Overcoming this initial handicap proved to be a formidable task but, with the help of his plebe year roommates and a little Geritol, he was equal to it. In four years Gregg was transformed from Gomer Gergg to Chief Inquisitor Morissette, Minister of Justice. Armed with his stars and stripes and a charter membership in the James Webb fan club, Gregg struck fear into the hearts of those who would frustrate the Supe's fairy tale of a Naval Academy without sexual favoritism and battled against Lt. Earlobes and his sidekick Chester the Molester over hypocrisy and moral perversion. Gregg leaves U.S.N.A. for at least five years in Navy Air, taking with him the well earned respect of all his classmates, and the best wishes of his many friends.

ROBIN YASUO MORISHITA

Buddha

Robin Morishita began to grace us all in Seventh Company with his presence in July of 1976. Hailing to us from the always sunny, tropical paradise of Hilo, Hawaii, "Buddha" started off plebe summer as a celebrity. Nobody will ever forget the "hit" he made with "Jaws". Never too busy to offer the distinctive friendly smile to passers by, "Buddha" could often be found at the pool patiently trying to teach the "aqua rocks" how to swim. For a man who does everything first class, he certainly was concerned about everyone else before himself. Without a doubt, everyone who has had the fortunate pleasure to have known him can honestly say he has made their life a little bit better.



1st Row - (left to right) M. POWELL, S. BRUMMET, S. PRATO, L. BRYLA, D. DIXON, M. NEFF 2nd Row - J. RUPP, M. KRECHEL, M. GUBENSKI, J. ANDREANO, E. VICINI, C. WEBER, T. CALLAGHAN, D. SCHROEDER, P. SAUAGE 3rd Row - M. HELLSTERN, S. WARNER, J. GOGUE, N. FILLIPONE, J. WOOLEY, G. McCARTHY, W. LYON, C. RIVERA, B. CORCORAN, J. ARMSTRONG, S. SAVERY, A. RODGERS, D. KARSON 4th Row - T. McREYNOLDS, J. KOELLER, H. TILLMAN, J. GREENWAY, R. FIELDS, D. OWEN, D. MAGNESS, M. HINTON, R. ARONSON, V. GENCO

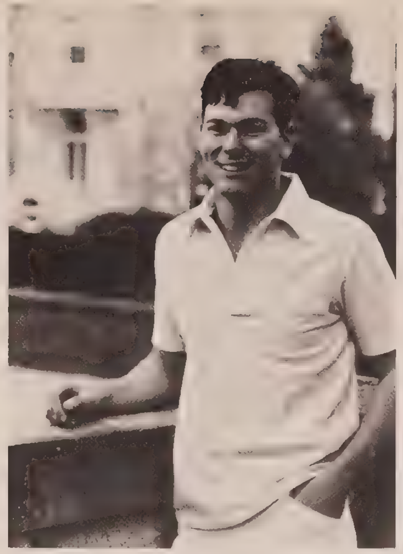
DAVID DWIGHT VAUGHAN

The Hobbit

Cloaked in a royal green bathrobe, Wall Street Journal and R.C. Cola in hand, Dave's appearance as a hairy billiard table disguised his true identity as Tyrant King of the seventh company wardroom. Outside his realm David usually slept, awakening only to eat, argue, and ream any plebette who underestimated the flame power behind his Pillsbury Dough Boy-like face. Still he kept a quiet pride in the things that mattered most in his life: religion, his family and friends, a Virginia rebel heritage, and the Washington Redskins. He survived the Naval Academy in spite of psychotic classmates with beady eyes and mentally deficient officers with big ears. Dave leaves Annapolis for married life and surface line, taking with him an ability to influence people seen only in Ayatollahs.

RICHARD N. PETERSEN

Rick came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft from San Diego, CA., a real live Navy Brat. A "mustanger" Rick arrived with a zeal for the service and a willingness to make friends. Constantly active with organizations such as NACA and OCF, Rick not only professed to be a Christian but proved it with his actions. Often Rick could be found at the phones moments before taps making his nightly phonecall to his sidekick Carol. Headed for the land of "haze grey and underway" Richard is sure to be a credit to the Surface Community. May fair winds and following seas always be with you. Congratulations Rick!



JOHN ALDRICH WELLS

Torso

John Came to the Academy from the land of fruits and nuts with 20/30 vision and a strong desire to fly P-3s (for United if possible). He quickly caught on to the idea that in order to realize his goal he needed to sleep as much as possible. In spite of his busy sleeping schedule, John did find time to be active in many activities including the Ronald Reagan for President Committee. It has also been alleged that John was active in the organization of local "NO Nukes" rallies. As Christmas of senior year rolled around and John's eyes approached 20/20, the puny wrinkled arm of Naval Reactors reached down and John was impressed into five years at hard labor on one of their sewer pipes, or, if he's lucky, a prison ship. Good luck John, see you in five years.

ROBERT BRUCE POWERS

Wheel

The Big Wheel rolled into the Naval Academy from Beaver, Pennsylvania. Bob wasted no time living up to his nickname by telling the Fourth Class Regimental Commander that plebe summer was a "piece of cake." This fun-loving, easy-going lady killer spends the majority of his day playing varsity football, combing his hair, brushing his teeth, and sleeping. Wheel is a well rounded individual. Bob's intelligent honesty, and warm personality always creates a lasting impression upon anyone he meets. His great sense of humor brings out the best in everyone. Wheel will always be remembered as a true friend. We are all PROUD to be his close friends and wish upon him all the happiness the world has to offer. Good Luck WHEEL!!!

CARL BRENN SUTTER

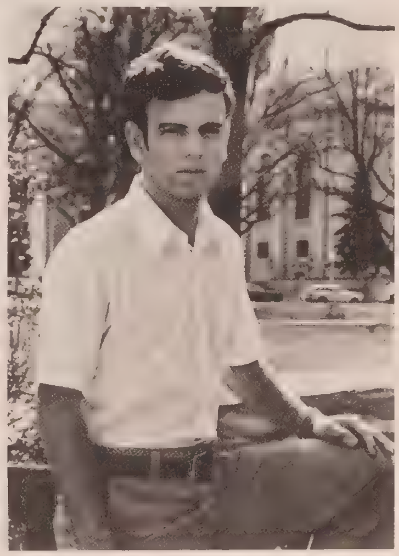
C.B.

Carl Brenn Sutter; "He came, he saw, he graduated!" If CB could have written his own biography, that's what he would have put.

A wildman from Miami Florida, he had a violent devotion to good books and his rack. Being a management major (after a brief encounter with EE) CB found time to pursue the finer things in life such as reading, television and scotch whiskey.

During plebe year CB was introduced to the sport of Fieldball. By first class year, he was a four year veteran goalie and team captain. Not only a member of the infamous space alley gang, CB will always be remembered for his status as company auto mechanic and "King of the Drag Strip" with his cold black Mach One.

"My, My, Hey, Hey, it's better to burn out than fade away." Neil Young may have written it but Carl B Sutter lived by it.



RONALD GENE THOMPSON

Radar

Radar, as we call him, came to us from Virginia Beach Virginia after a successful bout with high school and NJROTC. Determined to be one of Hyman's boys. Ron has quite often found himself beating the books and playing submariner in closed places like cruise boxes in elevators or even sealed in laundry bags. A good sport through it all, Ron keeps his head high and proud. His interests (besides the weekend women) include the Bicycle Club which he started and was president of for two years, the American Society of Naval Engineers, being a lightfoot with the company soccer team, and a fair tennis player. Go submarines Ron so we don't have to.

8

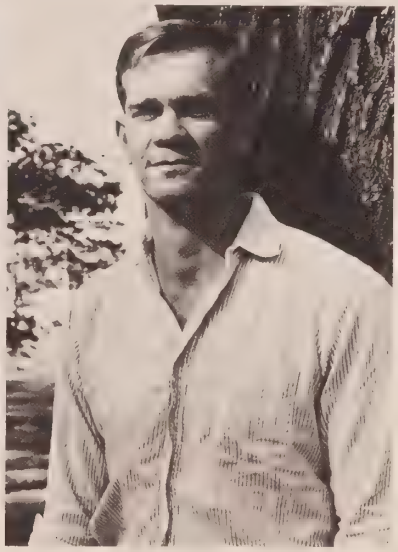
MICHAEL RAYMOND ALES

Mike came to Sing-Sing on the Severn thinking it'd be a piece of cake. (He had turned down Webb Institute.) Mike was the only person I know to come back from E.D. with more hours to go than he had started with! Sometimes I wonder how he made it through this place - it must have been his no-doz (Dr. Pepper and mints). Between his unusual style of organization (everything went into the "miscellaneous" file) and his many Youngster afternoons spent on the tower, it's surprising that he had any time to study. Second Class year Mike split his time between a young lady from Severna Park and his car (?!) - Mike, watch the tree!! She must have been worth it though; one girlfriend and a car that doesn't always run equal one U.A.! One thing I won't miss is Mike's wake-ups in the mornings; have you ever seen a bear coming out of hibernation? I will always admire his desire to do his best; Nuclear Power is getting a hard worker.

DAVID ROSS ANDERSON

Doc

Doc set his goals high and dug in for the long and bitter war with Aerospace Engineering. Even so - come hell or low grades, he always managed to hit the rack at 2400. It was his Marine gunginess and ambition, we think, that pulled him through the Academy. The undertaking of Airborne training and Mountain Warfare School seemed natural progressions toward flying Harriers for the Green Machine. His athletic interests shifted from fencing to crew, and finally to fieldball. The lacrosse stick he brought from Mercersberg laid idle. Within the company, Dave could best be described as "The Company Rep" - tailgeater rep, T-shirt rep, BAC rep - you name it; he was it. The Corps has truly gained an asset - if only Doc can figure out the aerodynamics of those deathly unstabe Harriers . . .



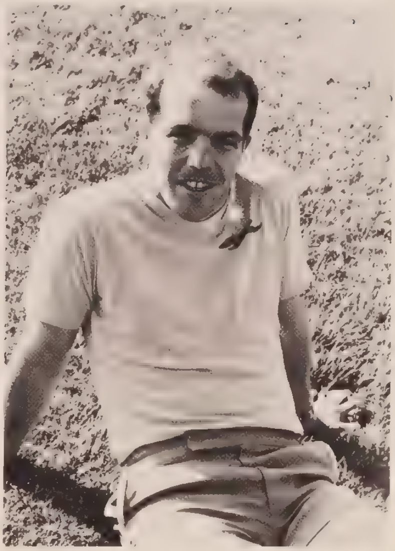
ALLEN BOLLES BARTOW

Bart

Bart, whose appearance, attitude and lifestyle would better befit someone at Berkeley during the radical 60's than a junior officer, came to Annapolis from the warmth and wilds of Miami; a choice that he would question several times in the years that followed. But Bart quickly adjusted to "middie" life and soon had a townie girlfriend that would keep him occupied for the next four years. Always one to have a good time, Bart was quick to make the most out of the little free time he had, whether it was giving the base cops at Pensacola a run for their money in a "hot" rent-a-car or just getting drunk and eating plastic plants in Dahlgren. In the end, Bart chose to wear the green and fly rather than "volunteer" for the nuclear draft.

WE CAME, WE PLAYED, WE GRADUATED.

. . THE BOYS



JAMES F. BROWNLOWE

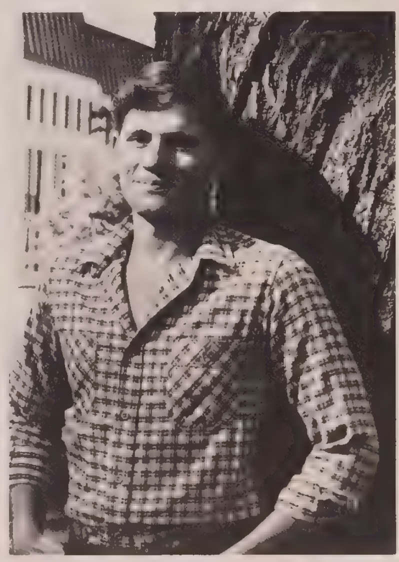
Jim came here from Rockville, Md. ready to burn up the strip at the young age of 18. However, he will be leaving as the oldest "boy." Through as many efforts at trying to maintain a cool standing with the boys, Jim lost his hair. Youngster year Jim had stock in the youngster wardroom and was quite cool. However, one short weekend at Hood College changed everything with a girl named Betsy. From this time on, Jim applied his efforts academically and obtained the nickname 4.0. 150's football has been good to Jim all 4 years including a coaching career as "the old man." Ever since day one, Jim was destined to be a flyer of some kind. He contemplated the Air Force and Navy before choosing the Mean Green (with a little help from the NUC DRAFT). We lost Jim's look alike "The Birdman" at the end of 2/c year and now we will be losing Jim to the Flying Corps. We came, we played, we graduated — "THE BOYS."

JOHN LAWRENCE CALLAHAN

John came to the Naval Academy from Springfield Pennsylvania to take on the trials of four years in Bancroft Hall. An easy going and well liked guy, he showed himself to be a leader among his classmates. First class year found John the first set company commander along with the rigors of being a varsity swimmer. Destine to be a navy pilot, John looks forward to Pensacola for two years of flight training and fun in the Florida sun.

JOHN WALTER COLEMAN II

John came to us from Fort Lauderdale, Florida. His three years here at the Academy have done much to change his whole outlook on life — As John would always say, "Minimum effort for maximum output." He just may eat his worlds of wisdom someday. On the level though, John is a very strong and determined individual. John's life here began when he met his "Wife" at a Cotillion during his Youngster year, and he's been with her ever since. Though the short weekends were hard on John, he always managed to get that maximum output. John intends to fly, but he is hoping that it won't be in the Navy. John's sole desire is to become an officer in the Air Force. During his free time, John enjoys playing the guitar. But even that comes second to the "Wife." John, Good Luck you landlubber!



LEONARD ANTHONY DATO

Scary

Len came to Annapolis from Conn., threw his bags in the room, then went out and got a beer. By the end of plebe year the bartender at the Wharf had seen Len more than his squad leaders. Incentives were never any problem for Len; he just tried to do as bad as his roommate. He did a pretty good job of it, including an invitation once to visit the Sup. Len really loved to sail, he even managed to get out of youngster cruise to sail on MISTRAL. Len wasn't your typical sailor and managed to get kicked off his boat senior year. He never did convince his roommate that sailing was better than lacrosse, just easier. Len needed some sport which allowed him to sleep in the afternoon so he could go out at night. The conduct system finally got to Len second class year after AVIS had worn him down. Len, I wouldn't have paid the $20 either. After rooming with Lenny since day 1, he sure made the hard times a lot easier to handle. Take care Lenny, just don't ask me to count your sit-ups. REMEMBER THE SQUIRRELS!!

JOSEPH DANIEL GARRETT

jody joe pat

You could take the boy out of the South but you couldn't take the South out of the boy. Jody came to us from Clarkesville Tennessee and from day one has never stopped whistlin' Dixie. His sole reason for coming was to buy a vette. Once a mid he needed more justification for staying so he bought two vettes. Jody is now bringing up the young Shoe Neck on the ways of a vette club member. Jody joined forces with a fellow Philippine? rebel named Bubba to bring some humor to Plebe Summer and has always had trouble taking this place seriously. This has never stopped his "I hate this place" syndrome. The Youngster Wardroom v. Birdman brought about some trying times but the stories which resulted easily outweigh the original hassles. Jody's athletic abilities enabled him to be the mainstay on the boys undefeated jammin class basketball team. An unlikely candidate for the Marines, Jody will join their Flying Corps upon grad. With Jody in the cockpit the South will rise again! We came to play, and we graduated. The Boys!

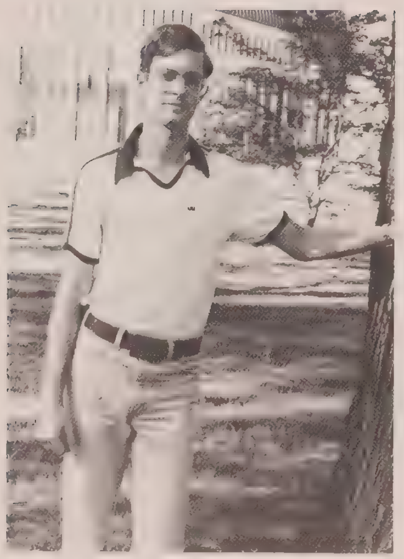
MARK RICHARD GUIDOBONI

Squid

When Squid walked through the gates of USNA part of his heart remained in Massachusetts where lobstering and Boston whalers are a way of life. He takes a lot of pride in graduating as an engineer and with the help of several tensor light bulbs has managed to keep his 20-20 vision for flight school. Squid could probably receive a degree in philosophy here at USNA, there is many a time when you can catch him at early hours in the morning discussing life's little problems. He has always been noted for his collection of nuts&bolts and gadgets that seem to have no real purpose until Squid gets a hold of them. His room has been a constant source of nourishment for his friends, including such delicacies as Mom's apple pie, apricot turnovers and his late night specialty of sardines with cheese on crackers. Even with all the comforts of home Squid has never been sure that the academy was the place for him. If graduation occurs for this Midshipman the service will receive a fine Naval officer.

1st Row - (left to right) T. WEBER, J. ATANGAN, B. HIGGINS, M. McCORMICK, T. LANSDALE, N. KUSUMOTO, S. FERRELL, J. SNEVELY, M. MOORE. 2nd Row - R. KELLER, D. CALDWELL, D. SCHOENE, M. GEOGHEGAN, M. KROCK, R. GRIMM. D. GILLILAND, R. FANNEY, F. CALDWELL, P. STATION. 3rd Row - J. BISHOP, M. DAVIS, G. BEATON, W. PAULSO, M. WILSON, K. HANEY, M. BRADLEY, D. CASE, J. FOGGO.

CO CDR - J. CALLAHAN, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. MACINNES, back row - right; CO ADJ - J. GARRETT, back row - left.



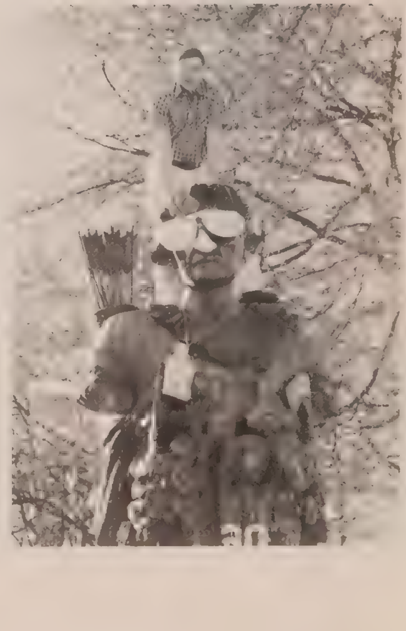
JAMES DEE HUCK

Hucks

Jim Huck came to USNA as a red-head Texan from San Antonio. Known only as Hucks, he weathered Plebe year without difficulty. Blessed with an ample brain, Hucks, despite being a Marine Engineer, was never one to study much. Thus, youngster year, Hucks began what was to become his natural way of life for the next three years — sleeping every free minute he had. Nonetheless, Hucks did learn some things as a youngster — like how to drink (His command performance in the Park will never be forgotten by the Boys). As a second class, Hucks refined his routine of minimum study, maximum rack, and hitting the bars with Youngman on the weekends. First class year, Hucks added another vice to his repetoire — girls. After meeting little Jennifer before Ring Dance, Hucks was seldom seen around the Academy on weekends. Hucks will always be remembered as a nice guy and a good friend, even if he did go Nuke. "We came, we studied, we graduated." . . . . The Boys.

BOBBY A. HUDSON JR.

His Kentuckian accent coming to the fore after having a few, Bob plowed straight through four years of EE with an easy 3.0. Close to 300 scifi books replace the traditional textbooks on his shelves. When he finally finishes the easy reading, around 3:00 am, then and only then do the textbooks come out. When he isn't reading or sleeping, Bob, in his position as head manager, keeps the gymnastics team moving through the season. Not one to leave the ladies alone, Bob maintains a desktop portfolio of pretty women he has known, is knowing, or hopes to know. The nuclear power community will benefit greatly from Bob's magnamious personality and sharp mind, as he leaves the Academy with a good head start on his contemporaries.



DANIEL PATRICK KING

Kingman

Kingman left the vast tundra of South Milwaukee, Wisconsin and came to Annapolis in search of an education. Ac year was the time for him to excel. With EE as his major he was one of the few in our company to consistently earn stars. He always said, "Books are the best deal that you'll get out of this place, treat them good and they'll treat you good." So he found his education but he also found many other things. Some of them were the boys. After rooming a semester with Mort and Jody he was asked to leave when they found out he had stripes. He found he could sit on T-tables if he put with plebe football. He and Babe learned about the 3rd Law of the Navy during plebe summer. He found many good times in the park and spent most Saturday nights in Dahlgren Hall. There he finally met Denise and since has made numerous trips down to N.C. to see her. Kingman will be remembered as a good friend and for his willingness to help out anyone in need.

"We came to play and we graduated."

- The Boys

RICHARD LEE MacINNES

Mac

Mac arrived at USNA as a plebe greyhound straight from Flint, as Michigan's all state half miler. With a fair number of come-arounds Mac sprinted through plebe year. Youngster year found Mac majoring in track with the fastest Navy 800-meter that will ever be recorded on Thompson Field. Diamonds too are forever for Mac, at least the second time around. Mac's concern for professionalism at USNA often put rocks in the road to leadership in "skate eight", but he never lost sight of that special something at the far end of the Ohio turnpike. USNA will certain his "first class only" signs on the soda machine and his great sense of humor. Graduation preludes wedding bells, Quantico and P-cola for this crazy Marine. Teresa, the Marine Corps, and Marine Aviation have a lot to look forward to from Rich. This land-loving Naval Officer is sure to go far in whatever he may pursue.

BRIAN PAUL MARKS

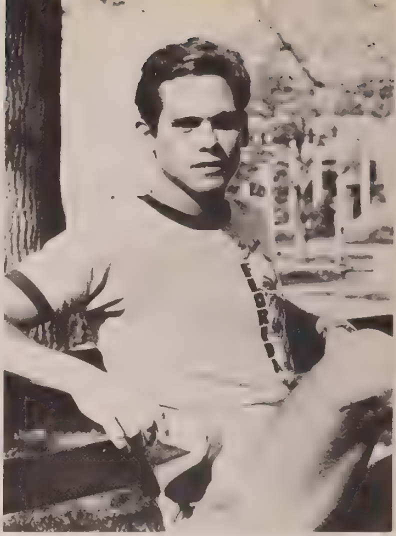
Brian came to us from Wylie Texas. He decided to try the structural integerity of Bancroft Hall. You could always hear Brian stomping on all the metal plates. He never missed a plate along his path. We found that he could get along with anyone plebe year, despite his fond love of plate stomping. His violent tendencies were brought to Macdonough Hall and Brigade Boxing. It has been a question whether or not he was a boxing bag, though. In an attempt to commit self destruction, he went to Airborne school. But nothing could destroy him, and now loves jumping out of OV-10A's. Brian was the first to get a car at the academy, and the first one to get in trouble for a car, and the second. This never setback his career, he has been a Midn. Lt. twice, as regimental drill, during Plebe Summer, and 2nd set company commander. Brian, you have been broke, loud, gungy, and crazy but you have been more of a friend than anyone has ever seen.

1st Row - (left to right) F. VALENTE, M. McLEOD, S. BLANKMAN, D. FILLION, J. SUAREZ, C. CASTANIEN, J. AKIYAMA, R. KERNO, J. SANDS 2nd Row - R. WARD, E. KELLY, J. KORN, M. HORTON, L. MEIER, A. SHELTER, M. COLOMBO, G. GARDNER, J. YOHE, C. ADAMS, A. HARPER, B. WEINER, P. YOUNG 3rd Row - S. COOKSEY, C. RYNIEWICZ, R. GENTRY, M. MORRIS, D. SCHMID, J. MAURO, S. ACALIN, M. DAPAS, J. PLUDE

JOHN PATRICK McCARTHY

Babe, Meek, Mort

John left the tropical paradise of Miami to begin his four action packed years in the land of ice and snow. Plebe year was painless due to football and the typical carefree McCarthy attitude. After being drafted for 150's football Babe punted on the field, in the hall, and in the classroom on his way to 3 varsity letters. Even an E.E. roommate tried to convert the kid to books but it was not to be. A self proclaimed manager from day one Babe made sure there was plenty of time available for extracurricular activites. Babe tried to rewrite the conduct system but much to his dismay he found the elbow in many awkward situations and ended up being written about. As a co-sponsor of the youngster wardroom he performed honorably and with disregard to his own well being. We all hope for the NPQ knee because after 4 years of B.S. sessions during study hour it's apparent that the Nukes and Babe don't mix. Now with Sue 1 things are looking good for Babe. We came to play and we graduated . . . . The Boys



STEVEN M. MOREAU

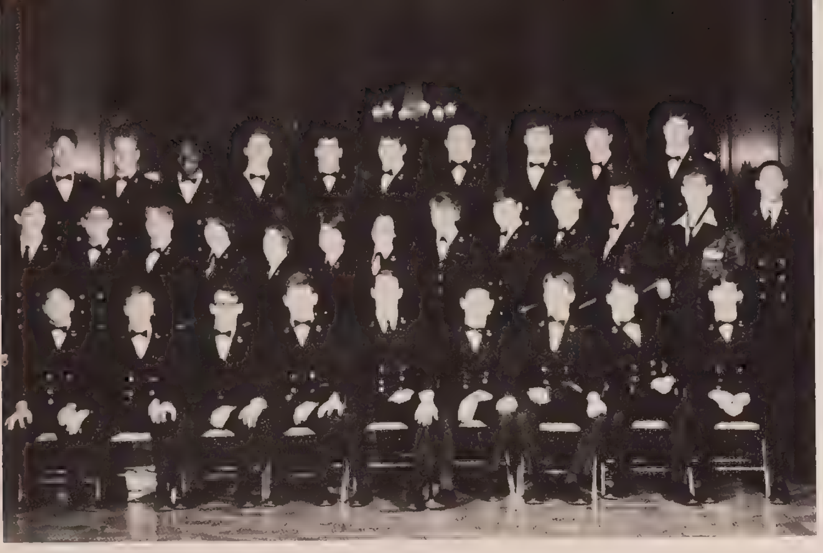
Steve

Steve came to Navy after a year at NAPS, and being from a Navy family seemed to fit right in, although he'd never admit it. He was never really happy about classes, and went through four majors before he found the right one. He spent more time working out and running than anything else, and was recruited for the crew team youngster year. A natural leader and super athlete, he was the ideal choice for team captain first class year. Steve will be remembered for his absence from most of our class pictures, and for being the 'Iron Mid' at Quantico second class summer Quiet and reserved, yet always sure of himself, Steve is one of the most respected and well liked guys in the class.

WILLIAM FRANCIS NIXON

Bubba

Bubba came to the Naval Academy from the hills of North Carolina. After a strong plebe summer Bubba entered his element, Ac. year. He proved his academic prowess immediately by entering the square root club, but after a strong effort he finished high enough to stay. Bubba then decided his true calling was management. Bubba also decided that he liked it here so much he would stay here over Christmas. Since then Bubba has spent many happy vacations here. After all it's just one big party. Although Bubba is easy to get along with he decided he didn't like one of his roommates so he hit him in the head with a chair, Mac subsequently moved out. Since plebe year Bubba has also consistently tried to increase his tolerance to alcohol as well as wearing out many sets of sheets. Bubba saw the light after a while and joined the sailing team to stay in shape. In the midst of all this activity Bubba put the conduct system to a severe and prolonged test. Bubba came, played, and went out laughing.



1st Row - (left to right) S. ODA, M. BREEN, T. SHINDELAR, C. O'BRIEN, R. HOCHSCHEID, M. CHAVEZ, P. SHANKLAND, G. LESTER, L. BARTEE 2nd Row - H. SCHURMAN, K. LUI, D. CLAUSE, S. PRIETO, N. INGERSON, L. BOLAN, M. ZAP, K. OWENS, R. GUSEMAN, D. LYNN, G. SUMERFIELD, F. SUCHY, J. WILSON 3rd Row - M. CART, G. WOODRUFF, A. SCISSUM, S. WEIS, D. WADSWORTH, T. DACEY, M. FERRO, J. LOPER, J. HOLLAND, A. SKEHAN

CO CDR - B. MARKS, seated; CO SUB-CDR J. HUCK, back row - right; CO ADJ - R. SCHOENECK, back row - left

ALEXIS CASTILLO SABALLA

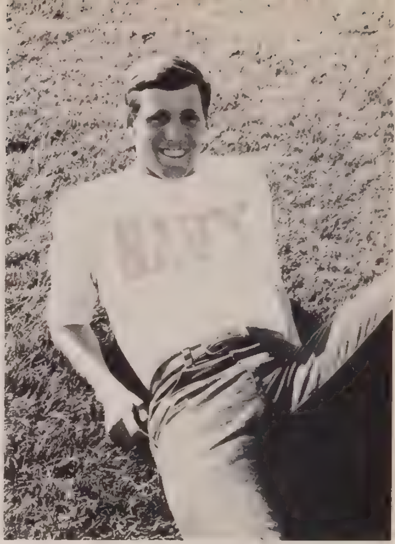
Alex

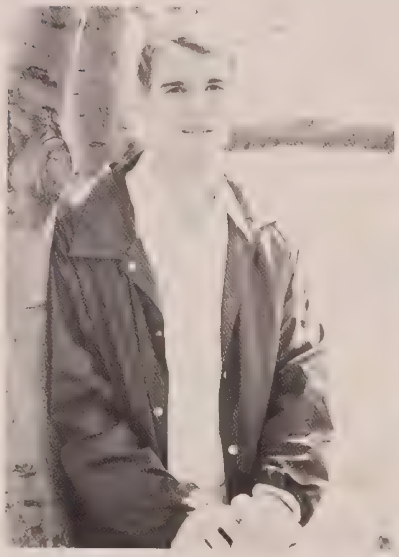
"Space" the final frontier — This in many ways explains Alexis here at the Academy. But there is the other side. Many letters have been written for Alexis about this other side. These letters took him right to the top — the Commandant! But enough of the jest, Alexis came to us from East Greenwich, Rhode Island. He has a spirit about him that is hard to explain and yet, very lively and enjoyable. He loves to sing and play the guitar. He calls it getting away, which he seems to do in more ways than one. Although, he does not always agree with the system, Alexis and his twenty girlfriends, ranging from 13 to 30, have added something special to Mother Bancroft. Alexis has his heart set on becoming a Navy NFO. Alex, "May the Force be with you!"

BRADLEY B. SMITH

Smuff

This the story of Smuff, who began his life at USNA via NAPS. Since he was a five time veteran of the college boards, Smuff went into the geek mode from plebe year to 2/c year. He was the first to buy a geek lamp,the first to sign up for geek glasses. All this to try to save a chance at one of the 50 NFO billets, but all it got him was eligibility for the NUKE DRAFT. I hope all goes well for Smuff, even though he wants to be a bus driver. You can remember Smuff as the All-American mid (though he'll never admit it). He bought his car 2/c year, put the rock on his girl's finger 2/c year, and ran up a $300 bill at Peerless 2/c year. Even had his girl in the Log as a member of the "dynamic duo". First class year was a change for Smuff, as he blew just about everything off. Who needs to study anyway, the year is just about over!
"We came, we played, and we graduated!"
THE BOYS





ROBERT JOSEPH SCHHOENECK

Shoe

Shoe came here as an unexpecting jock knowing little about the military and left as the All American Mid with his Corvette and future wife waiting in the wings. Rob spent more time playing Lax than studying for all his courses put together. Never saw him touch the ball either. Rob and I were the only roommates intact from start to finish, the only other roommate we had was Hollywood. He turned out to be too wild for us and was asked to leave. Robby's low point at the Academy happened during an interview. The Birdman mistook him for the "Squid". That's enough to ruin anyones day. Rob adjusted well here and will do great in whatever endeavor he attempts (I am not so sure about sailing though — too much of a jock mentality). And remember Rob: "We came, we played harder, and we hope to graduate."

MICHAEL LYNN SEAWARD

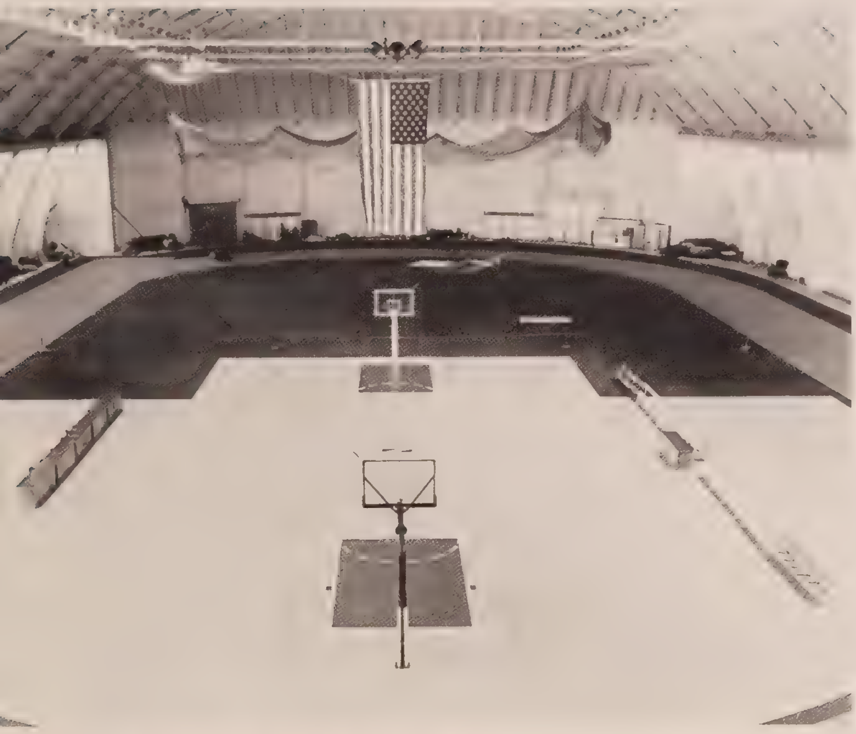
Zee

Almost faster than the pacer for the mile-run, more powerful than the marking office, able to punch-out street lights without a single bound, its "Zee": honest even to his company officer. Just goes to show that honesty may not always be the best policy. Always good for a few laughs, he gave his physics prof. a bible for Christmas. Too bad you didn't get the grade you prayed for Mike. At least the class of '82 found his Southern humor amusing. I don't think any other second class had their plebes bring around trash cans to special instruction periods for inspection. Mike will definitely be missed by all those who knew him well; at the Naval Academy, at the Fleet Reserve Club, at Dogpen Hall, at Ruddy's, and all those other spots on the fun side of the wall. go down, go deep, have some fun in the fleet . . .

E. DANIEL SECOR

Dan came to USNA fresh from a stint at USC in ROTC. He was truly a unique individual (How many other mids would you trust with your little sister?). Always tinkering, he was made for Mechanical Engineering. When not trying to reinvent the wheel, he was usually seen on the Severn in a cloud of diesel smoke. Dan eventually rose to the command of the greyhounds of the Cheasapeake. Other diversions (those of the opposite gender, and one lady in particular) led him away from his first love, the sea. So when not steaming the Cheasapeake, he was often seen steaming down I-95 to Fredericksburg. This young lady shared his love of Bach and Beethoven, though his roommates seldom did. His tastes matched the man; who else had a log for his car, his records cataloged or a room that was waxed every three weeks? Whatever branch of the services gets him, be it Surface Line or Nuclear Power, will be the better for it.

Fair winds and following seas to a true gentleman.



EDWARD L. SPEAR

Conan

Descending upon an unsuspecting Naval Academy from National Park, New Jersey (by way of a year long vacation at NAPS in Rhode Island) Ed found out quickly that the pen is mightier than the sword, especially when it takes away your weekends. Known as Conan for his definite resemblance to the storybook character, both in appearance, attitude, and tendency to carry around swords and other nasty pointed things, Ed always had time to help a friend, especially if it gave him an excuse to stop studying. Finding something inherently attractive in the ladies (and obviously vice-versa) Conan set out to make his stay here a pleasent one by enjoying the company of the opposite sex. When finally pressed he could stop sleeping and do some excellent work. The Surface Warfare community will be immensely richer for the addition of this lively, colorful and friendly personality to their wardrooms.

JOHN GEOFFREY SPEER

J.G.

John came to the Naval Academy from the sunny beaches of California. As a former U.C.L.A. R.O.T.C. midshipman, he was eager and zealous to excel and indeed he did, gaining "stars" and "stripes" plebe year. But John got his priorities straight and sailing became the mainstay of youngster year, and like everything John attempted he did quite well, but still something was lacking and during second class year John found new spark in the name of Miss Kelly Swanson who had to share John with sailing. But John was not all work and no play cause that surely would have made John a dull boy — who can forget the new "wrinkles" he added to his car, or the wonderful "Suppa" stories that enlightened many a listener or the way he handled his new found "daughters"? Flying away to Pensacola, John's boyish grin and playful presence will be sadly missed by all those who knew him.

CHERYL LYNN SPOHNHOLTZ

Sponzie

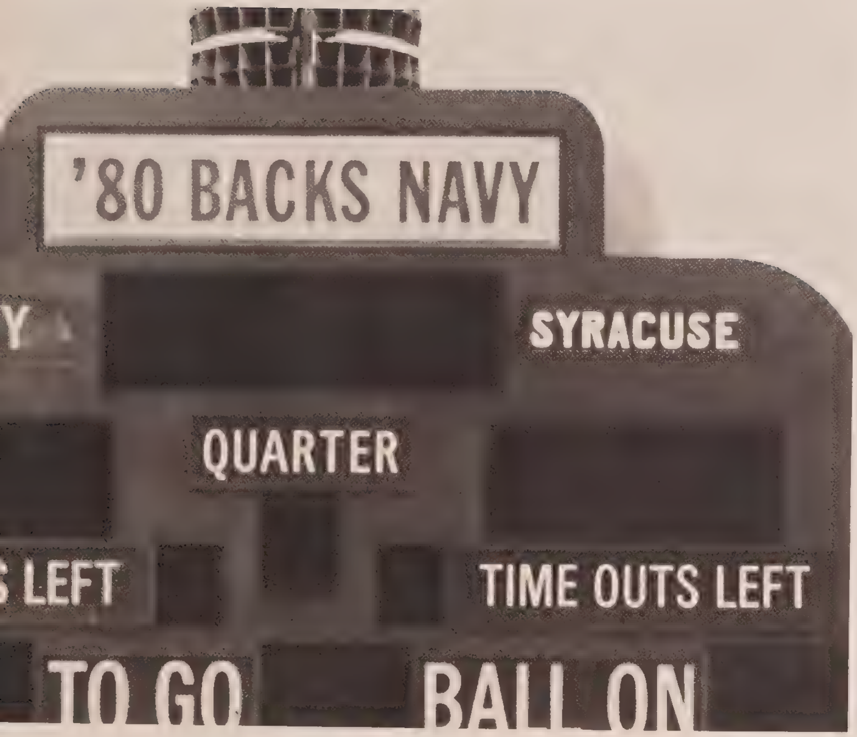
Smiling all the way from Orange Park, Florida red-headed bubbly Cheryl soon found out that smiles don't cut it inside the walls of Mother B. So she tucked away the smile and plowed through plebe summer by writing letters every single day to Ray. But Ray was not to stay as Sponzie's O.A.O. (too much Connie-ving) so she found other ways to keep that intelligent mind occupied, joining the History Club, becoming Editor of their newsletter, making A's all over the place and abusing her body on the uneven bars of gymnastics. Romantic ballads caught her attention for awhile but the tune wasn't quite right-too much dischord and not enough melody. With a Texan roommate and a Texan squad leader all she needed was a Texas boyfriend. And she found one to keep deep in her heart. Intelligent, warm, and personable, Cheryl will make a tremendous contribution to the Navy.

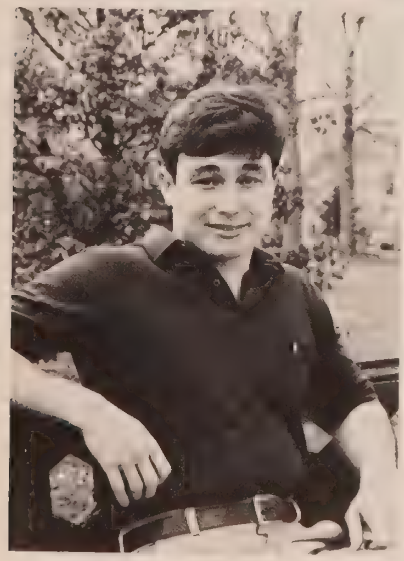
SUSAN MARGARET STAPLER

Stapes

This yellow rose of Texas arrived in Annapolis from Midland Texas with little knowledge of what she was getting into, but she soon impressed everyone with her iron determination and excellence in athletics. Volleyball was her first love and she captained the team to four straight winning seasons. A "super sweat" plebe year, Sue soon learned to relax more and enjoy life at the Academy. Her first Army was quite a heady experience and she was swept off her feet by one of her own classmates. Never one to get seriously involved with anyone, Sue passed through Doc, Conan, and Babe before finally falling hard for a crazy Lutimus bird. Academics never came easily to Stapes, but she managed to always keep above a 2.0 and even to hit the 3.0 mark First Class year. USNA represented many firsts for "Sweet Sue", including qualifying for Scuba (both the real thing and at a company birthday party), becoming a polar bear, and having many birthday celebrations. Having left her mark Sue is ready for the fleet.

COMMANDANT





DANNY KIM YOUNG

Youngman

Danny came to us as a quiet, humble and sober young man. Of course all things must change. It wasn't long before he emerged as a natural officer by leading his "boys" in song. For his efforts, stripes were the inevitable reward but his only stars are those in the Chauvin sky.

Socially and athletically, Danny excelled as he established himself as the number one light weight. On and off the field, Danny lead the company in scoring by going further and faster than the rest. The constraints of space deny listing all D.K.'s "foxes" but certainly Rose and Judy need to be added and little Laura must head the list.

Surely no discussion of Danny can be complete without reference to Youngman - the Gougeman. There was no one in the company who didn't benefit from D.K.'s leg work except for possibly Kennedy. Dan's talent for squeezing out the gouge probably gave rise to his lesser known nickname - Python. His modesty was just another reason why you could usually hear someone yell every Friday night, "Youngman - What a JAM!"

9

ERIC JUDSON BAYLER

Bugs

Eric arrived at the Boat School with a poor sense of humor, often subjecting roommates to punishment. Bugs most common habit was racking during study hour (he still can't read more than three pages at once) while maintaining a QPR unattainable to mortal mids. Eric can usually be found arguing, swimming, arguing, playing water polo, arguing, skating, arguing, eating, arguing, arguing about windows, arguing, arguing . . . . . .

Bucky often frequented Mahan Hall with the musical, Juice Gang Command and Control Center, the oceanography YP, and (especially during study hour) the wardroom. Ever a skeptic, he refuses to believe that California will soon fall into the ocean. Bucky will most be remembered for his interminable announcements, youngster year at ARMY, his ability to drive anyone bananas, and those heavenly six weeks when all he could say was mmmmmfphh. Eric was last seen heading towards California in a red MGB . . . . . . bam.

MICHAEL DAVID BUDNEY

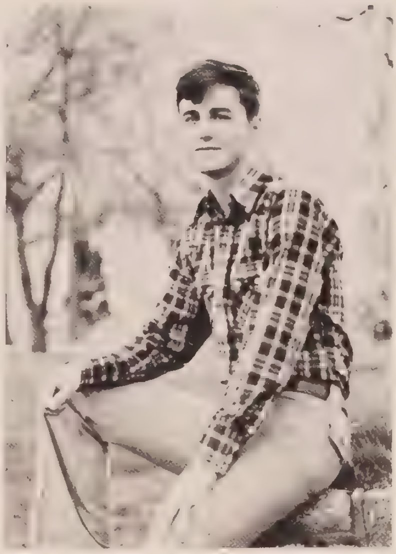
Boodder

Leaving the hills of his hometown of Horseheads, New York, Mike entered the Naval Academy with a comb in one hand and a hockey stick in the other. Always a hard worker, "Boodder" maintained a very respectable grade average in a tough and trying physics major. Mike played for the Navy Hockey team for four straight years — if only his goals per year average could compare with his QPR . . . By unanimous decisions Mike was voted the "best kept hairdo" and "shiniest shoes" awards by his classmates. Mike showed his good (?) judgment when he was one of the few mids to follow the financial officers advice not to buy himself a new car — instead he bought his fiance one!! Mike was always able to perform well under pressure, but because his eardrums didn't, he is headed for the surface (vice submarine) nuclear navy. Mikes cheerful attitude and fine sense of humor will carry him well throughout his career. We wish him and Sue the best of luck!!

MICHAEL DALE CHAPLINE

Chaps

Sweet, sweet Carmel
Chewy, chewy Carmel
. . . BAM!

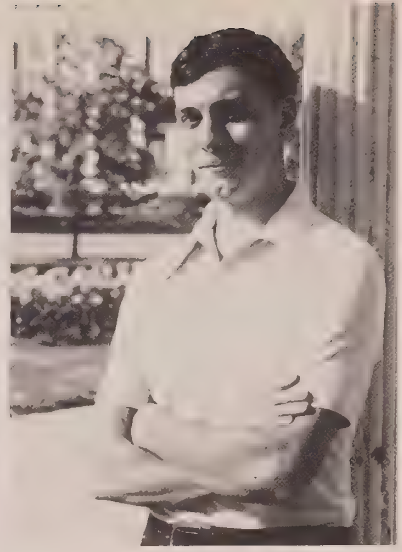


1st Row - (left to right) E. AMENG, F. FLIGHT, R. MAYER, D. GALASKA, R. SCOTT, M. McCLARY, J. FORSYTHE, L. VOSBURY, E. LINDENBAUM. 2nd Row - J. PUTTRE, J. JOYCE, M. PARKE, J. HAMILL, C. SNYDER, M. VANBROCKLIN, R. WINSOR, S. LARIOZA, D. SPANGLER, D. McGARVEY, L. HUMPTON. 3rd Row - C. GILLILAND, M. CALDWELL, M. BEHL, M. WASHINGTON, J. HUSS, G. STASCO, R. MURTHA, K. KENNEDY, R. ABERNATHY, R. WELCH.

DAN WALTER DAVENPORT

D Squared

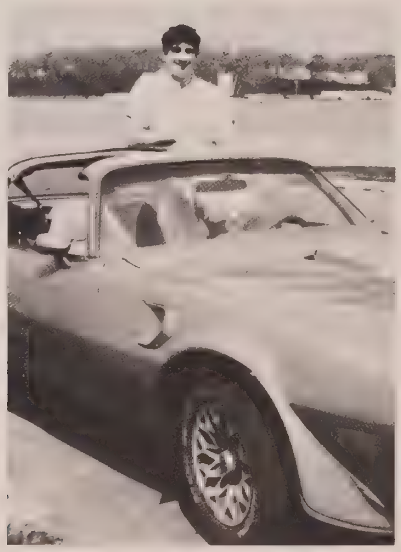
Dan was a pal, a friend and a peer.
He always joked and laughed.
He never minded buying the beer,
But why did I get the shaft? . . . BAM!!!



FERDINAND J. DIEMER

Ferd

Ferd came to the Boat and Barge School from far away Balmer. As an alumni of prestigious Poly he was a poor representative, validating less than half of his required major courses. Nevertheless, he managed to keep busy first class year by basing his entire EE project on a single non-functional component. On weekends, Ferd was most often seen buzzing along at 55 MPG singing some silly song from a comic opera and dreaming of happier days as an electronics technician. His extra-curricular activities were a well kept secret until it was discovered that he was in love with a Bunny (Rabbit?). This wizard of wires never met a goal too tough until he set his heart on NPQ. Oh! Frabjus day caloo calay? With an answer for every question and a quote for every occasion, Nerd was always ready to entertain and enlighten. This bozon had only two faults: Balmer and his toy calculator. His TI toy would do everything but brush his teeth at night, and that program is in the works . . . BAM!



RANDAL DAVID FARLEY

Snake

Randy spent the better part of his four years at Navy trying not to conform. If Randy wasn't figuring out ways to make his golden Trans-Am fly faster he was found avoiding reality in the rack. After becoming thoroughly disgusted with Navy athletics he turned to the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness . . . which turned out to be Libby. No one looked more like a civilian than Snake. His dark, long, unreg hair was an asset and no one much bothered this six-three adonis about it. Snake has the largest collection of sweetheart photographs, a new girl for each dance, and a new photograph . . . Until Lib! Company camping expeditions would have been without fire if not for this rugged pyromaniac. After seeing the light academically plebe year, he wisely chose history as a major and became one of the few people at USNA to receive a real, well-rounded education. An Indiana native, Randy transferred his home to the Land of Enchantment . . . New Mexico. From now on his life will be filled with Libby, Navy Air, and New Mexico . . . BAM!!

EARL LENELL GAY

E.G.

Hailing from the great city of Atlanta, Earl is about to finish up his days here at Navy. After a short stint at NAPS Earl came to the Academy thinking that swimming would be his least worry. But he was immediately BAMMED! His numerous dealings with the AL's will long be remembered. After that unforgettable bus ride to Philly youngster year, Earl was one of many who received a Black "N" courtesy of that notorious rabbit of the company. Although he spent a lot of time driving to Lothian, MD., Earl did manage to spend some good times with college sororities. He will definitely enjoy the life style in Naval Aviation.

STEFANIE E. GOEBEL

Stefanie Goebel, known to many as good 'ol Stef, has touched the heart of everyone she knows with a little kindness and consideration Stef is always willing to give a few moments of her time to talk to anyone and listen to their problems. Many a mid in 29th, 34th, and 9th company have poured out their problems to her, and Stef came up with a tangible answer, from a woman's point of view. We all will remember the good and the bad things we experienced at U.S.N.A., like Weekends away, and Class A's, but nothing is more memorable than a kind word.

MATTHEW PARKER GRISSOM

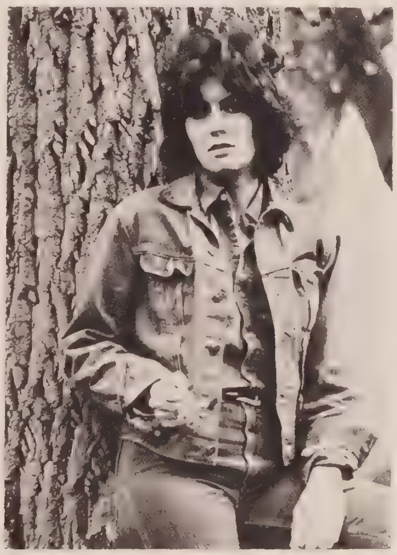
max grode

Max wrestled his way into U. M. Severn from San Bernardino, CA at the still-green-behind-the-ears age of 17. He learned the ways of the hall quickly, and by the end of August he had soloed in a Naval Academy shower. His confidence strengthened by this new-found skill, he plunged head-long into the academic program with his mind set on a degree in Physics. Matthew put many long hours into his 3.0+ cum, and many a late night he could be seen wandering through the brigade clad in little more than gym shorts and his own peculiar charm, muttering to himself, "I KNOW someone has the gouge!"

The Mastergee did not limit his field of prey to the confines of Bancroft, however, and by 1/c year his name was a household word at Hood and Mary Wash. Hardly a party was thrown that G. did not receive at least two personal invitations to, and the stories of his prowess will become legendary. Although not professionally qualified for surface line, some shore base will get to know the G . . . BAM!

CYNTHIA SUZANNE GRUBBS

Cindy-Su, that wild Texas rose, wisked into USNA with an impressive resume. After being a Scuba Instructor, private-pilot, sky-diver, free-lance artist, dirt-biker, aeroengineer student at UT, and a rumored former Texas Sweetheart, it was somewhat hard to sport plebe/upperclass wargames. Yet thru 3 years, 400 demos, and the guiding hand of one particular CoCdr, she fit the mold of the exemplary Midn. Who can forget that Recongreen on T------h? or the Don Q-7? What about the Wild Bunch? Her favorite activity was racking on her Zebra-skin and trying to simulate tropical weather by any means possible. Not to mention a special method of keeping hair dry while washing one's face. We love ya Suzy-Q and DJ too. (his n' her trans-ams) . . . Strawberry Crepes-----Movin' fast-------Don't slow down .... BAM

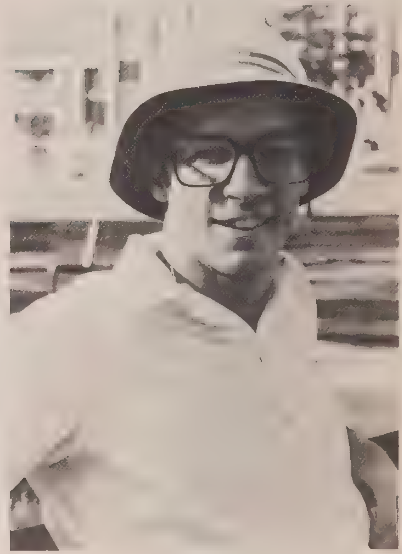


1st Row - (left to right) D. GROTERS, T. BERTCH, T. ANDERSON, D. SIMPSON, W. THAYER, T. STANK, D. FLOWERS, P. DONOHER, R. RAYERMANN. 2nd Row - R. GREENE, J. REFALO, J. ROBERTS, T. POWERS, G. BEAN, W. AUBLER, P. PFABE, K. HORSFIELD, T. DINARDO, K. REILLY, E. KUGEL, D. LEMA, P. SKOPOWSKI, G. LOUREIRO. 3rd Row - G. MONTESI, M. MURDTER, K. SWEENEY, T. METZLER, R. LUEHRSEN, R. VELEZ, R. SMITH, G. TAGGART, G. THOMAS, T. KING, J. DZIMINOWIQ, M. LOCKETT.

STEVEN MITCHELL JOHNSTON

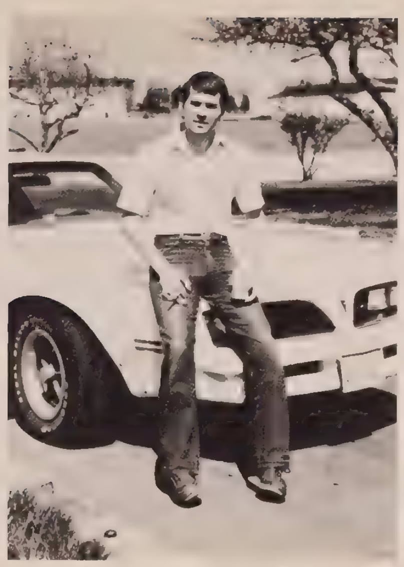
Steve came rolling in from Pittsburgh Pa. and will be leaving for parts unknown. Even with a tough major such as management, Steve could still be seen relaxing with a cigarette in one hand and a Miller in the other. Steve's major also taught him alot about Standard Operating Procedures as evidenced by his morning routine of waking up, firing up a butt, turning off the alarm, and jumping into his white-works. Steve is also involved in many ECA's, none of which can be found in Comdtmidinst 714.69BB. This same spirit can be seen in Steve's performance which is exceedingly average and the epitome of mediocrity. "Seriously" though, Steve's personable nature and determination to excel will set the pace for others to follow in the fleet.
Surface line-Mighty fine. President of the O.S.B.

CO CDR - R. KASTNER, seated; CO SUB-CDR - B. INCZE, back row - right; CO ADJ - R. TRASS, back row - left



ROBERT MICHAEL HENNEGAN

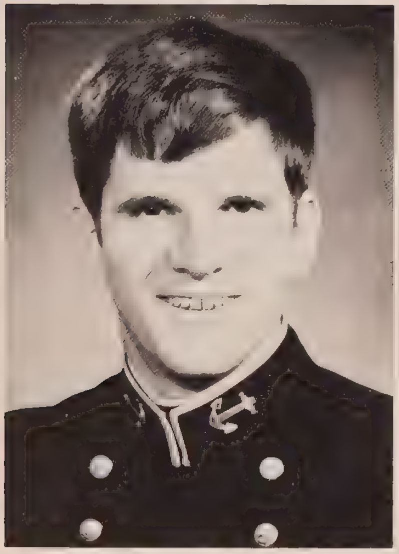
Robert Michael Hennegan, aka 9th Company Disco King, distinguished himself here as an Ocean Engineer and a lady's man. What sort of ladies, well . . . Bob was a real leader in the Brigade, a man complete with stars and that gold "E" given to all teachers pets. Some will attribute Bob's ability to stay on top of things to his diligence in doing the best he possibly could in all situations. After all, not everyone can find their way around the library in the dark, or get locked in it in the first place. But times were not always the best for Hennegeek. Everyone will recall the harrowing experience Bob had one morning when his own blinds jumped off the wall and sent him packing to medical. In his never ending search for knowledge Bob undertook an intricate study of electricity in which he managed to run 208 volts through his body. Bob will definitely be a big hit in the fleet with his outstanding personality, and whatever hair he has left by graduation.



ROBERT J. KASTNER

Kaz

Mount a turtle and ride into reality
. . .BAM!



JEAN PIERRE HILL

J.P.

Another face in the crowd, I guess
A little uglier than most
No more, no less
. . . BAM!

He was a wild one
But then aren't most hungry kids
Born and raised proper
I guess life just bugged him
Bernie Taupin

JAMES KENYON HISER

Kenyon

Kenyon apparently appeared on the scene from Dallas, that is when you could see his profile. While anchored down to prevent his rail fan from blowing him away, he opened windows to stir up the heat, which was as sticky as taffy. Cooling off, he got underway from the rack to work aboard the great and gray, letting the bay breezes heel his YP to balance his shoulders. Returning 3/c year, he began as a squadron Engineering Officer. While on YP's and Glee Club tours to exotic places like New Orleans, Kenyon kept his QPR on the Dean's List, even as a physics major. This unremitting rack hound qualified for heavy weight football, after weighing in too skinny for lights. Second class year he assumed CO of a new tan Celica and a YP, upon which he now flaunts his Lone Star flag. Climaxing 1/ made his YP Commodore "N-Star" out of light bulbs, being Chief Electrician and 90% of Juice Gang. SSBN's and 3 stripes for Squad Leader say he is going Surface Line, mighty fine, with his long lost love, HP-41C
BAM!

BRUCE IMRE INCZE

Professor Inks

He wasn't what they expected.
Coach Lenz: "You're too fat."; Vinny: "Mr. Incze, you're obese."; Good Old Sprung: "You're glasses are bent!"; Stank and Scaggs: "Brucie want a b--b---?"; T.C.: "I'll break you're neck." "So"; "Nah."; "I've been aware of that fact for some time, actually."; "Not tonight guys, but thanx."; "I really don't see the analogy, sir."; "Oh, you're so profesionally macho."

PATRICIA ANN MURPHY

Murph

Murph literally blew in from upper state N.Y. This fluffy-headed mid was most known for consuming many times her weight in edibles. To everyones amazement she still ran around in the shower to get wet. X-mas party 3-C year awarded her attributes of a Sears Trash Compactor Murph was everyones little sister to confide in. This incredible athlete was found running 10-milers with UDT fanatics or performing on balance beam. If Murph wasn't losing her calculator or beating her frustrations out in the handball court she was out engaging in nighttime pranks . . . colored green. Upperclassdom set in and Patricia was found avoiding reality in the rack. More than once Murph and Bruski drove hordes of mids away with their sardine parties. Murph went crutchbound 2C year, convincing her that "WW" was the only style. Everything short of electric shock was devised to awaken her. Murph usually became conscious around midmorning. This caused her problems such as talking and thinking . . . . . . Good luck Murph, we love ya .... BAM!

JOHN RANDALL LOYER

Worm

Randy and his best friend, Hermie, came here from Disco Detroit. Together they wormed their way through low test grades, skipped classes and disease. Leotus spent must time amusing others with his Manic-Depressive routine and old stories. But when it came right down to it. Leo was a stud ("She loves me!) — at least he thought so. BAM!!!

KEVIN BRIAN JAMES LYNCH

Kev

Dedicated to:
Justin "Jay" Stuart '01 For whom Kevin gave all he had.

JOEL RICHARD MARTINSON

Scoop

"Mr. Martinson, do you rea lly care? . . ." Scoop was the company mad dog, from Chehalis, Washington. He is a natural for Navy Air with his experience at flying off the handle, though Admiral Rickover may change that. On several occasions, Dr. LaPlace moved into the shower, complete with stereo, staying there for days on end. His favorite pastimes are going psychotic, tying roommates into pretzels, and tying one on. His favorite hangouts are Tabors, Room 304, and the Hall on Saturday nights. He drives a blue Spitfire, if and when it runs. His usual drive is back to the garage for more repairs.

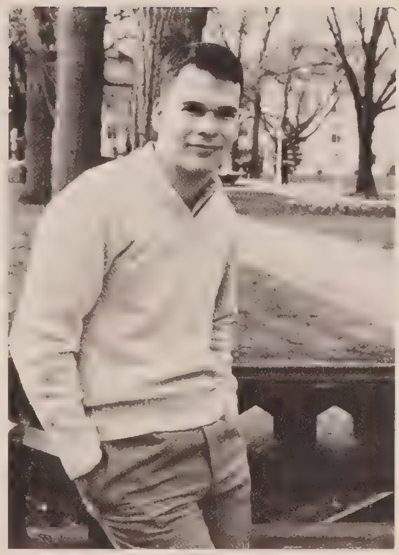
Our favorite madman
. usually he doesn't.

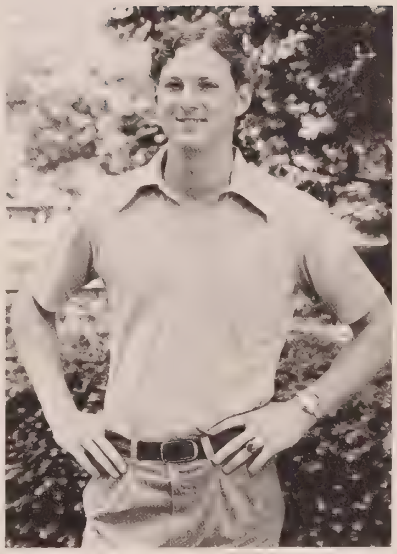
Bam

MANUEL RODERICK RIVERA

Rod

"I hope I die before I get old."





KEVIN MICHAEL SCOTT

Doc

Kevin hails from Coronado, California. Doc has many positive attributes here at U.S.N.A. He was fond of getting up early - to shut off his alarm and go back to the rack. He was a dedicated varsity athlete (Lightweight Crew) when he made it out - his beauty sleep often interfered.

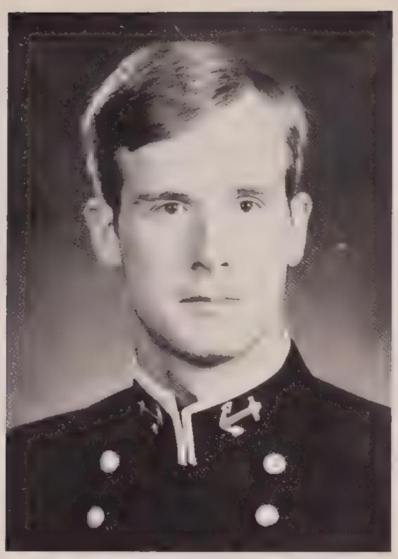
Kevin put a lot of thought into his decisions and often slept on problems (at least 14 hours daily). When Service Selection rolled around, and being the son of a retired Navy captain, this decision was easy to make: MARINE CORPS! URRAH!!!!

. . BAM!

DOUGLAS HENRY SCOVIL

Scovs

Talk with yourself and you'll hear
What you want to know
Laugh, and time will take you
Where you want to go



MARK ALLEN SOWELL

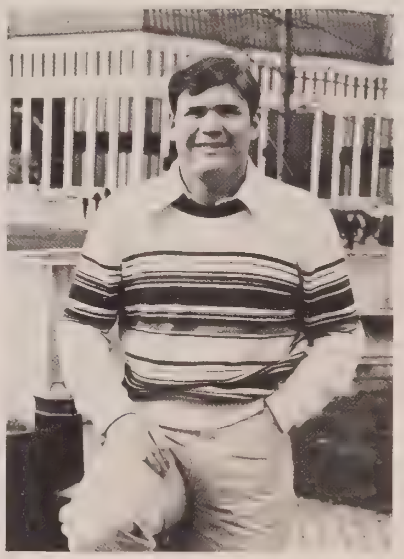
Slow

Mark came to U.S.N.A. from beautiful downtown Palmdale, California. Basically, he came for a while, shared the experience, and left. While he was here, he made his home in front of the TV set, becoming one of Cloud Nine's Wardroom Rats. However these late night "study" periods for Aero took away his front set billet and relegated him to an NFO spot, if he can escape the nuclear draft.

LEE ALLEN SMITH

Gramps

Some memorable anecdotes from the long and distinguished career of Gramps:
Was she a good girl?
How, how 'bout those Bucs . . .
M.P. services offered, but no one is taking.
Earth to Johnson . . . wierd.
Two sixes and she was looking better than I was feeling - honest.
That walk.
Simple, just simple minds.
No fear of flying.
Takeoff, BAM!!!



STEPHEN WILLIAM STANKO

Stanks

Face piles of trials
With smiles
Keep on thinking free

DANIEL HJALMER STREED

Sleep, Speed, Streedo

This farm boy migrated east to the banks of the Severn from the frozen tundra of Minnesota. Streedo was a happy go-lucky person who rarely had problems with academics and who could be seen shooting hoops, playing football with regular consistency. Being an avid hunter and sportsman, Streedo's experience with rifles afforded him the position of Brigade Drill Officer first class year. Things were going along smoothly for Dan; so smoothly in fact, that he decided to take a relaxing week long vacation in a sunny orange grove down in Florida. On the social aspect of things, Streedo was a true blue "womanizer", who was known on one occassion, to pay seven dollars a song for a certain Beatlemania concert. We all wish Dan fair winds and following seas as he begins his challenging career with surface line.

. . . GRAVEL . . .

REGINALD E. TRASS

Sledge

As the last of the Trass family to attend the Naval Academy Reggie or Sledge, or Abdul Salum, as he is called by friends ends a family tradition that has spanned seven years and eight football seasons. He leaves as he came alone, but happy. He never asked for much just a few new albums a month and gas in the tank of his bright red firebird labeled "REG E". Known through out the color battor or blood batt as el presidente, he held the longest reign ever and even averted a coup by his underling. One thing you could say about Reggie was that he knew all pretty good. The only person who knew them better was ace partner in crime stokely coker. But as Reggie leaves he leaves his motto behind, of course he was part of the onenation under the groove, and the notorious funk mob who gave joy to all at the jams. But also he believed in the slogan "in funk we trust". As this small tell ends let it be said simply by stating "que serra serra"

Toota Loo

JEROME LINWARD WALKER II

colour me kind
for i have seen through these young eyes
a thousand greetings yet goodbyes
just never settled in my mind
as we grew stronger trial by try
we learned that nothing can't be done
when we can plan and act as one
to build a state where hope can never die.
but closer now the day draws near
when we must go our separate ways
with memories of yesterdays
and friends, now more than ever dear.
and only now the lessons learned are clear —
it never was the classes. it's the People here.
— jlwII —

MICHAEL E. WETMORE

Sweats

Mike has marked his stay at Camp USNA with standards of excellence that few could follow or forget. After getting lost in orange groves in his home state of Florida, Sweats arrived here to get hit by the load of double majors and track. Although he suffered a few bloody noses, his determination to succeed remained firm, whether it was getting a good night's sleep after dusting the room every night or in winning bets. He has added enjoyment to the company wardroom with his talent for adding a key phrase at the right time. He is a family man from way back, but was forced by his so called friends and BBDF to trade in his dream Impala for a brand new Camaro. Despite being a beam bender, he pulled himself out of his books once in a while to collect enough stripes over the years to make a zebra pale by comparision. Miami Springs should be as glad as we are to see Mike graduate and continue his successful career. . . . BAM

1st Row - (left to right) C. BALLISTER, M. BROWN, D. EGUCHI, B. HART, T. CROMPTON, K. HYMERS, J. WEAVER, C. HOLDEN, J. MARANA 2nd Row - P. GAMERDINGER, J. HARDING, C. COLON, E. FEEGE, R. WILLIAMS, J. RIVAS, P. VUJICA, J. JOHNSON, S. WATSON, P. WILKINSON, L. McALLISTER, B. BIGGER, F. LUKENBILL 3rd Row - M. HAPEMAN, C. HUSA, C. MONTROSS, M. JOHNSON, S. LEVER, E. KANIUT, B. OSTROM, T. SMITH, M. WOODHOUSE, J. BODDIFORD, B. EIKENBERG

10

JOHN J. ALLEN

Beaver

When J.J. "Beav'a" Allen left the sunny beaches of Panama City, Florida, and arrived on the mighty banks of the Severn, it was clear that there was gonna be some changes. Baseball, hot-dogs, and apple pie. Geez . . . the South's gonna rise again. Boy-boy, and he even brought his army. There was Rusty-dog, Rusty-boy, Cindy-bear, and Mandy-girl to name a few. But no one will argue that his dawgs were his most potent weapon. But Beaver isn't all that bad; after all doesn't everyone have rack-burns on their uniforms? RIGHT? Ooh after that one night . . . Lord, Lord, if you get me out of this I'll never drink again. But what he coudln't hold in booze (JD and Seagrams) he could in women (How 'bout'cha Gail, Kim, Karen, Margy-oops!-Paula, Colleen, Jan, Denise, and of course Chris), and cars (White Trans and MG?), and his Peerless Clothing account. But, nothing will keep him down, 'cause the South's gonna rise again. Just wait, you'll see, it sure will. Z-Z-Z . . . PING! I may be small, but I'll keep coming back!

MARSHALL ATKINS

Chet, Hom-boy

Having lived just about everyplace possible, Chet found a home both at USNA and Springfield, Va. "The Tooth" could often be seen jogging to the "Library" (at St. Johns 2/C year and out to the seawall 1/C year) to hop into his jet and head out to those "highways". Although Chet never had any difficulty getting over the wall, when it came to mechanical genius, we're all still wondering how he gets his car started. Chet is appearance conscious. This is evident by the many hours he spent readying himself (packing his rug) for both his "Boy" and Thurs. noon. Of course we all know Nuc Power needs more good-looking, professional Black Officers. But Diane is Chet's real reason for all his pruning, she manages to be the only one who can keep that conduct case out of trouble. Whether Chet is going Navy Blue or Army Green is still in question, but whatever his choice we wish both he and Diane the best of luck. See you in Wing-16 after our swim in the reflection pool with the rest of McKee's bottom 5%.

FRED E. CLEVELAND

Freddy

Fred came to Good Times Ten from Daytona Beach after a stay at NAPS. Plebe year Fred roomed with the Kins and both wondered how they could be so lucky to have J.P. Boatman. Army proved to be interesting with Fred wondering how many upperclass shoes he might buy. Youngster year provided a third roomate who helped Fred try to put a tee shirt on the back of every Plebe. Christmas was a bubblely occasion after a certain package arrived at Main "O". Second class year found Fred on the sailing team with a home on the black boat. It also found the Mavwreck, which was always close at hand. As a firsty Fred felt that a Z and the black boat were more his speed. His squad followed Fred's academic prowness, causing Fred to make many an academic graph. As Fred leaves Mother B for Pensacola, one seat or the other, he will be remembered as a friendly, outgoing guy who with his roomate could just never get the word from the "management" that their room was not just another college dorm.

1st Row - (left to right) B. MIKESELL, C. DOAK, B. BARLOW, R. JARAMILLO, C. PIERSON, L. SMITH, R. BUTLER, J. SUGGS, M. THOMAS 2nd Row - E. HAMPTON, E. MATACOTTA, M. McLAUGHLIN, C. ODOM, W. WENDEL, C. McFADDEN, S. HAUPT, J. ADAN, L. MYERS, W. EVANS, K. WAIDELICH 3rd Row - P. AUSTEN, J. FLEMING, W. BENSINGER, J. DORGAN, R. DECK, J. GILES, M. KENNEDY, C. BAKER, W. VICTOR

DAVID MATTHEW DeLONGA

Spock, Bagger

"Spock" came to Canoe U. straight from Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., with talents beyond that of the basic mid. Far more incredible than his 4.0 QPR was his ability to room with, much less understand, the late great Meeuh Ewooooh plebe and youngster year. Due to his hard work and academic prowess, Dave soon became president of gouge central for all the Mech. E. necks while performing the unbelieveable feat of never using gouge himself. Come second class year, Dave was engaged and had plans for a June Week wedding until he learned the heartbreaking fact that his Vette wouldn't fit through the Chapel doors. Afternoons found "Bagger" on the starboard side of an eight man shell either catching crabs or sleeping at his oar. Growing tired of USNA, Dave decided to move to U. of Md. first class year and join a frat, returning only to give Gladys his dirty civies. Known as a terror on wheels, Dave was voted most likely to wreck his car NEXT! Dave's goals are to go subs, get fat, go bald, get out, and star in Rocky Horror II.

KEVIN DONALD DUERMIT

The Breeze Derms

Derms' memory will resound throughout the halls of Bancroft long after the reverberation has died away. His unique ability of FOC and cute use of the phrase "Here, pull this" will not be soon forgotten. The King narrowly escaped death while in "Dee Tree" in the "Flying Mattress Incident" during 3/c year. The Breeze suffered serious damage when, after consuming mass quantities of Mexican Meal, the inevitable explosion shattered his little toe. Never one to neglect the athletic side of life, Derms sharpened his aim by annihilating wardroom workers with water balloons and taking up golf, becoming proficient in the dog leg left, par 5. Alas, his love life has been a series of dismal failures — I mean, who else has ever folded with Physical Pendulums and Go-Go G? Derms will play nukey after graduation and join his buddys Spocko and Macho underwater.

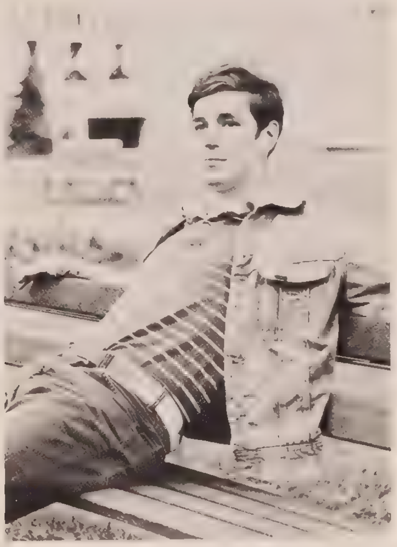
JOHNNY BEN ESPARZA

Horsehead, Culty

When the horsehead grazed in from Spokane, creativity came to Navy. He quickly noticed a serious deficiency in the cultural education of Midshipmen, and overnight created a pictoral empire second only to that of Larry Flint. Youngster year, Johnny became a physical fittness buff, and after an evening of 12oz curls, Culty, feeling ripe, decided to show up Heinz Lentz and swim to Baltimore in an overcoat. Unfortunately it was January, and the bay was frozen. Second class year, Johnny's true talents surfaced with a bald bubble in the 10th Co. hit "Not So, Macho, Man". As a firstie, however, his artistic zest reached shattering new dimensions as Johnny moved into the forest of Impact Art. After experiencing the miricles of bionic reconstruction, Johnny too felt he should try his hand in this new fronteer of modern art, and so purchased a pre-impacted Fiat Spider. He also enjoyed driving up the stock of Columbia Records and chasing a Midstore Mamma. We only hope Pensacola has an oxygen mask that will fit over his Buffalo lips.

1st Row - (left to right) P. SHIGLEY, J. JOYNSON, F. GORMAN, P. ALBRIGHT, S. McNALLY, M. SESBEAU, D. SPOERL, S. HITTLE, N. COVELLI. 2nd Row - T. RICHIE, K. MABON, R. McGRATH, J. ONATE, L. REINHARDT, T. NICHOLS, M. STEEN, R. HEAGY, P. PEREZ. 3rd Row - T. BACCI, S. COCHRAN, E. MATACOTTA, K. McGUIRE, R. ENGLISH, R. BOHNER, E. CATALDO, R. BRENNAN, M. CRUM, C. GARLAND, R. UHLIG.

CO CDR - S. STRUBLE, seated; CO SUB-CDR - P. HAYASE, back row-right; CO ADJ - B. TAYLOR, back row-left



ERIC JAMES FORDE

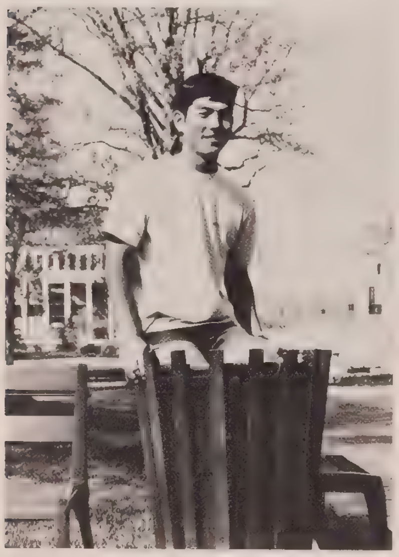
Stick-man, E.J.***

Once again, The Island supplied "Good Times Ten" with a Wavy-Waxer — his name was Ewic. However, his fame was not to lie in this sport. One might say he got screwed. His nicknames of "worm" and "stick-man" soon were gone as "EJ" ventured into other areas of interest. His success as a NARK was short-lived as he ran into such hurdles as "Pray-for-a-'D'-Lee". Desiring to see the Annapolitan taverns on weekends, "40" became a General Engineer. Known as "Gouge Fuhd" in his new field he had everybody running to him for help, (not to say he never picked up bits of gouge along the way himself.) Transportation has always presented "Squeeky" with problems. Since his pink X-19 was accordionized thanks to "Mother" and the crazy N.Y. drivers scared him away from the two-wheeler, "Crash" in the true Navy tradition, bought himself a boat. After graduation, however, we know that "41" will be wearing green while tooling through the air with Kim anxiously awaiting him on "terra firma" ready to "Get drunk and . . ." Good Luck!

PETER JUN HAYASE

Petey Bo

Following the advice to "Go East Young Man", Petey Bo found himself on the shores of the Severn. Leaving behind Linda Wong and the beautiful beaches of Waikiki, Pete easily adjusted to Plebe Year and the East Coast way of life. Keeping a low profile Plebe Year, not too hard considering Pete's size, he kept busy watching B.D. bounce off the walls during Kleiner 69er's Shower Ball games. But Second Class Year was another story: late nite poker games, popcorn by the barrels, beer golf, and ACADEMICS! Known as "Petey the Greek", many weekends were spent with the Leezard, trying to put together the winning combo on the ponies. Of course, Pete always found time for a 'gater and his glowing red face always gave him away in a crowd. But all of us in Good Times Ten will miss our little Hawaiin friend (he practically roomed with everyone except THE HILL) and know his great personality and wit will be a tremendous asset to Rickover and the Boys in the Nuclear Surface Community. Aloha Tiny Bubbles.



WALTER BUTLER KELLY JR.

"Shakey," "Paheet!"

Who can forget the nocturnal creature who turned on the lights and slept at his desk for three hours, then turned off the lights and went to the rack and studied for two hours? I can remember waking up several times at 3:00 AM and seeing Pete seated at his desk staring off into space. Pete had his renowned method for floor care — for three years I used the floors instead of mirrors. Walt's Savings and Trust turned down a 7% loan; yet he still had more funds than the rest of us put together. Though Pete ate a lot, he didn't put on a whole lot of weight — he once was mistaken for a javelin at a Batt Track meet. Even plebe year, we knew "Shakes" was destined for nuke power because of all the fall-out whenever he sent out for seconds.

DAVID S. MacESLIN

Drugs, Mac

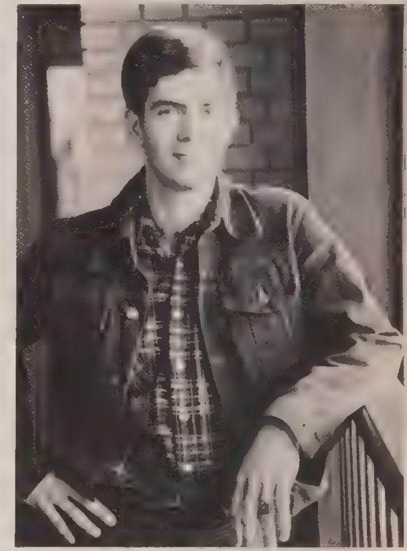
Dave hailed out of York, Pa. ready to take on USNA with a squash racquet in one hand and a penchant for the bizarre in the other. Under the influence of Bob Dylan and other opiates, the Drug Wizard cultivated some interesting modes of self-expression. He had a way of looking at the world with his nether eye, and once turned bright red where the sun never shines. He was eloquent with gastric eruptions. Yet most dearly he loved to slap little balls with his squash racquet, and did so often and well (one look at him and you'd know he's a varsity athlete). He was a natural for the WUBA gang first class year. Mac had some rough sailing from academics at first, especially plebe year Army time when he took time out to build a boomer; but not to worry. We all knew he was going Corps from I-Day when he hit the deck, hard. But he may yet become the first person to stupid to go grunt. Alas, he took a turn toward civlizied life when he met Deb; Dave and Deb will happily be on their stairway to heaven after graduation.

CRAIG STEVEN KLEINT

Kurt

This ex-con came to USNA from Phoenix, Arizona with a 4 year sweater chit and an MHP (already memorized). He also brought with him not only the drive and desire to succeed as a double major (Physics & EE), but the most demented and perverse sense of humor in the brigade. As the company gougeman, the number of people he have EI to was exceeded only by the number of people who used his phone. Old "Hang-em-High" (a name he earned as Brig. Honor Chairman) bought a 280-Z 2/c year, and quickly traded it in for a tree on Rt. 450. After 1/c cruise in Hawaii, the discovery of true love led to major investments in Ma Bell and the US Postal Service. The girls in Dahlgren Hall will miss his infamous 3 beer opener ("Hi! What's my nickname") as much as we'll miss him when he finally departs USNA for a career as a: 1) pilot; 2) nuke (pick one; he can't). If you're ever in the area, Craig, don't hesitate to stop in and SMO.

ALOHA, Snake!



MICHAEL ALLEN MATSON

The Mouth

Mike will be remembered by his classmates long after the echoes of Petri have died away in Bancroft. Voted most likely to succeed by The Class of '77, he far exceeded even his classmates' expectations. Mike earned the title of "The Marching Machine" for his performance as platoon leader 1/C year, and we all wish he'd stick to marching instead of driving, as his record in that area is not quite as comendable. An Oceanography major, Mike also spent alot of time in the water as a member of Navy's diving team. Since he spent so much time away from the company, Mike had to make up for it when he was around by talking twice as much as everyone else; however, there were days on end when he opened his mouth only to change feet. His classmates love him as much as does his dog (who bit him when he went home for Thanksgiving); we wish him the best of luck in his future career as a surface nuke.

CO CDR - C. RAYHILL, seated; CO SUB-CDR - D. SENERIUS, back row-left, CO ADJ - S. SOUTHARD, back row-right

1st Row - (left to right) P. MARSHALL, L. SCHONENBERG, L. TRAGLIA, C. LANDRUM, J. VIDAL. 2nd Row - J. CREED, S. FIELDER, D. STRUBLE, W. NICHOLSON, D. GROFF, C. MURRAY, M. DUMLAO, R. RUSNAK, J. CREED. 3rd Row - G. DALLEY, B. HOOPER, B. FLANNERY, J. JOCKEL, T. GARCIA, G. SMITH, J. GORI, P. ROCKSWOLD, J. BOYLE, S. BAER, V. MAKOVITCH, L. McILVENE, B. WELLING, A. CALDWELL. 4th Row - T. CASEY, S. BONDURA, P. DIONNE, M. DONNER, T. HASLACH, S. JOHNSON, P. POSEY, J. PETERSON, M. KAMYSZEK, R. LINNEKIN, M. CARLSON, P. BOUFFARD, M. MAHAN.

STEPHEN DANIEL MATTS

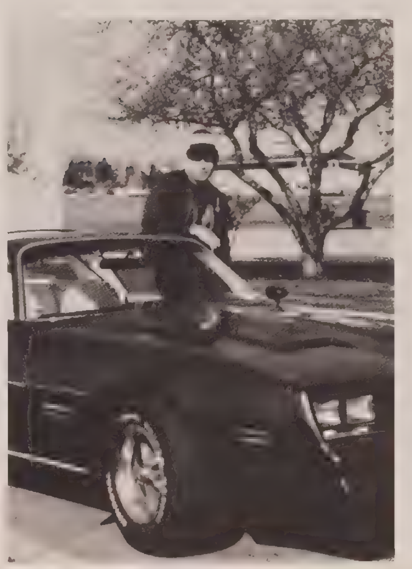
Delano, The Earl

After 17 years of waging war on the streets of Brooklyn, Stevo decided to try something more challenging. He packed up his chains (for use in the WUBA Gang) and cruised into Bancroft. Brooklyn prepared him well, too. From academics to beer chugging, Steve proved he could hold his own. Weeknights 4/c&3/c years were spent running up a tab at the bookstore, which probably accounts for his remarkable vision (how Bout'cha 20/400!); 2/c year 'The Mouth' drove him to the wardroom where, by 1/c year, he was firmly entrenched as 'THE KING'. Weekends were spent with Masqueraders, hop watch and girls, but he always came back to Baby. Steve was always a generous guy and as Co.Cdr. Plebe Summer he proved it, earning the everlasting love of the 4/c. Stevo faced some major decisions 1/c year, but with the options he had - Lori or K-bars; Franny May or Pogy - the choices were clear. He'll be diving with the Nukes; we just hope he can keep his brain when he loses his hair. We wish fair winds and following seas to our boy from New Yaawk! GOOD LUCK, DEL!!

WILLIAM SCOTT PERSONIUS

Wilbur, Shamu

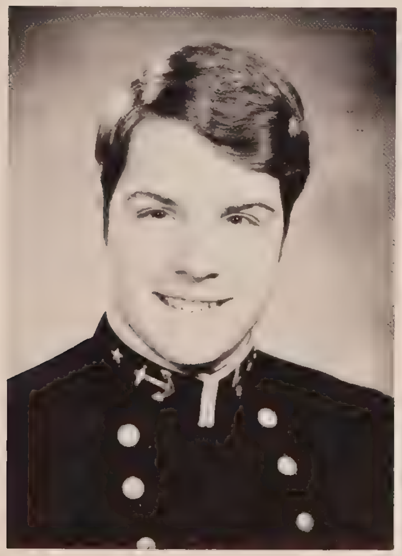
Bill, who came to us from the football fields of Elmira, N.Y., always had a lot going for him. A varsity ball player his plebe year, he had a girlfriend who wrote every day, and a passion for THINGS, including his own Bancroft Appliance Center and Pet Shop. But things always seemed to go a bit wrong, like tests (I MIGHT have got one right!), or his short football career — back to sweating weight off again! — , or his maroon lemon that drew other cars like a magnet when Molly-ba was driving. But we always knew that between Molly, a helpful Co. Officer (Want a diet soda, Bill?), a roommate who's a double major — his own and Wilbur's — . and Bill's own sweat, that Shamu would somehow make it through. All of 10th Co. wishes Bill the best of times in Navy Air on Surface Line, depending. He'll either win a purple heart, or be the first one shot down in WW III — Thanx Dr. M!!



CATHERINE JOANNE RAYHILL

Ray, CJ. Ruff

Living near the water at USNA was nothing new for Cathy. She lived on an island - Grand Island, New York - all her life. Not coming from an active military family, CJ was a little rusty on her marching but that was alright because plebe summer gave her many chances to learn. She adjusted quickly and excelled during her next four years in academics (always staying above 3.0), athletics - playing volleyball and being captain of the basketball team for 3 years - and stripes. One of the 3 Musketeers, Cathy later emerged in the duo of Ruff and Ready. The escapades of that dynamic duo will long be remembered as Cathy joins the fleet - adding quality to the Navy and having gained more friends and respect than she can imagine.



JEFFREY STEUART REED

"Tiny", "Gerald"

He came, he racked.
He was the best; he knew he was the best
We knew he was the best because
he told us he was the best.
He racked . . . . He left. Amen

DONALD JAMES SENERIUS

So-Serious

The story of a boy from Ohio . . . Don came to USNA with the hopes of becoming a Navy baseball star. However, the coach did not think too highly of his pitching so Don found himself pitching his way right off the mound, off the team and into his rack. This, I don't think, has bothered him too much since he can almost always be found catching a few z's. His capacity for the rack, T.V., women and food is unmatched in Good Times Ten. He is always thinking of sleeping, even when he's with women. Perhaps that is why he has gone through more girl friends than management courses. In any case, Don has always shared his social wealth. To this Bob & Cheryl owe many thanks. After Don's affair with BIG RED and a few others he has finally calmed down. One night last spring he met the extremely well proportioned Gianna and his eyes have not wandered since. I predict an upcoming engagement, but whatever the case may be I wish them the best of luck.

MICHEAL SERAFIN JR.

sefrin,serf,mikie

Sefrin, as he was called plebe year, arrived a navy on the last boat from Lithuania aspiring to become a 4.0 blueribbon Mid'n. Asside of surviving two plebe summers, his own and Brabley's, Mike was destined. The 4.0 would never materialize in the NARC. major and professionally he was branded with the reputation of a sailor. Having Lithuanian tendencies, Serf was a Glutten for punishment; namely roommates MAC&BDT=YP for plebe year. Mike survived plebe year's J.P. Boatman and set sail the following summer with nothing to stop him but a low bridge in New York. This was just the start of his sailing career. Soon Mike's agile coordination allowed him to punch Ralph in the mouth, all in the sailing line of duty of course. As one can obviously see, Mike was destined for command; And so he did. 1st class year mike and his roomie owned 1/3 of the fleet. Serf will leave USNA as one of 13 NARC's, hoping to design a flying submarine or a subermergable airplane.

STEVEN SOUTHARD

Suds, Sooothard

Steve, "The Grode," came to us from Cedar Rapids, Ia. the land of rolling hills, cornfields, and gasohol. Steve, our resident Narc and Nuc, has hardly had a difficult time here at USNA, and he decided to make up for all his idle times 1/c year by studying not only Naval Architecture and Resources Management, but also the economic feasibility of the Honda Accord LX and the Toro snowblower. Steve remains the only mid in history to go to quarters at 0200, never sweep out, commute from Laurel, and discover the true purpose of soap, all in the short period of four years. Sooothard, "The Hulk," possessing a high degree of intelligence somewhat lacks common sense when it comes to trying to kill his 250 lb. roommate for merely organizing a birthday party for him. You've never seen a reactor go critical until you have seen Suds. Steve, will be driving (diving?) for Orlando, NPS, and plenty of sunshine. Soak up lots of sun, Steve, you'll need it in the next 30 yrs. Good luck and best of times. Oooga Oooga Dive Dive!

JEFFREY JOHN STENZOSKI

Ski

Having done time on the USS Halibut and at NAPS, ET3 Stenzoski reported to Canoe-U with a shaved head and a desire to be a "Naval Officer?" No one else knew what that was, but the over-the-hill greaser from Chi-town did. He managed to make plebe year a breeze by scaring the daylights out of '77. Youngster year was a different story, though, when the squared-away screw-up took an extra weekend after taps. 75&2 with BD wasn't enough for Ski, and a work-out on Hospital Point chasing macaroni salad caused disbelief for Ralph. Ski got out of that one on a "nice day." As a 2/c, he introduced the world to punk rock, while still getting off on Zip-line, Theodore, Hendrix, etc. He enjoyed 1/c year as a non-resident Russian major with a minor in English. He plans to someday defect to the USSR as a counter spy after a short stint as an NFO. He knows, though, that whatever happens, Rene will get it out in the wash. Vee-pyem me za drooga, drooga dora gova — strazvee.

STEVEN IVES STRUBLE

Bulb

From Struble to Stumble, Stulb to Bulb - from Council Rock tennis jock to iron-handed Company Commander: starry eyes and Paul Simon lovers,
Fitz among others, pumping those Philips with Oyster Cult rock, the nickle-a-call Bulb Points phone, the look-alike brothers.
Sigma-pi-sigma under his blotter did not make his handwriting legible, but we all knew where the Mud Clump would finally fall.
Oh, the fizzing, piercing heartbreak of Lysol quals . . .
Who can forget the foghorn blast that echoed through the hall?
No one was ready for the SS Royal Knight.
"Not a truck, a sports truck" - burnin' in P. Cola with the C/10 Chevy,
Chick's a dude, crush on PEAM, Leftenant Bumble was ready for flight!
Fruit-salad and wings of gold will soon decorate his chest,
yet his soles will still be as grey as the hair on my withered head.
Viva Harley-Davidson on black nylon, may the pincers never close.
1,2,3,4: Svyet yeascho ne veedel, pyatneetsoo ta kova. Da, Pazhalsta.

BRADLEY DOUGLAS TAYLOR

Brad-leee, Madley

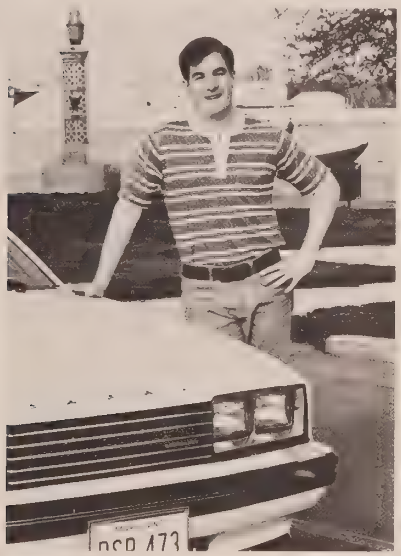
Fresh from Fresno, California, Brad was soon saying "request permission to start over, sir." However, with help from the s-screen in his squad, he survived a rough plebe year. Before long, he had discovered the YP and the computer as sources of fun and excitement. The smell of diesel and the crisp 40 knot breezes off the Bay so thrilled him that he aspired to earn a YP command. Contrary to popular belief, Brad was not the OD when his YP went aground 2/c year. Finally, he was awarded a command star 1/c year. After losing his youngster roommate, Chris Edwell, "Brad-leee" remained the lone systems major in the company. Ah — the sheer wizardy of the computer, as only a systems major can discover. Know anyone else who takes long weekends at the HYBRID LAB?? After fleeing the grips of the Dartmouth Time-sharing System, Brad plans to relax in the brilliant sunshine of San Diego on the missle deck of a fast attack nuke. E.YP***: NEED MORE DATA. END

11

HOWARD F. BARKER

Hobar

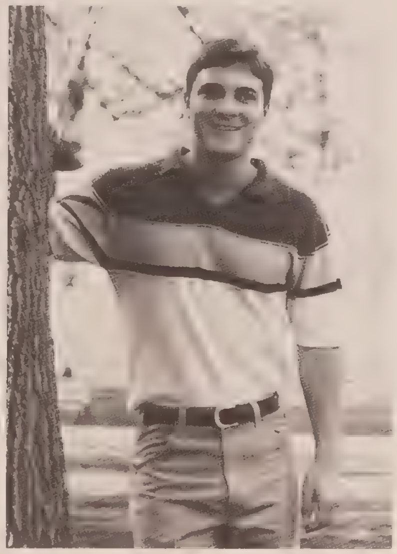
Alias HOBAR, came to the Academy from a military family, at that time living in Alexandria, Virginia. A crew jock at heart, he spent his first two years dedicated to Navy crew with little due glory. He could not leave his love for the water, and so decided to try the sailing team. That was not any piece of cake either as he soon found out. He spent his last year demonstrating his talents for the company soccer and fieldball teams. It did not take long for Howard to gain a nickname or two when as a plebe, he was elected as honor rep, a job which he filled with distinction for four years. Thus came HOBAR. Another name, Tonka, came from his immaculate talents on the basketball court. Few mids are able to deal with the EE department for two semesters, much less eight. This was his goal, and one which he achieved in good stead. Not only that, but he managed to wear three stripes during 1/c year. His only other intention for coming here was to fly jets, another goal for years to come.



WILLIAM ALLEN BASTIAN II

Willy, Boom-Boom

Three year Varsity Squash Letterman



RICHARD PHILIP BOTT

Boats

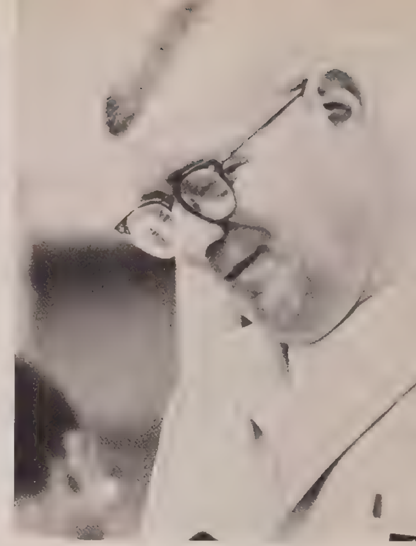
Four year Varsity Football Letterman

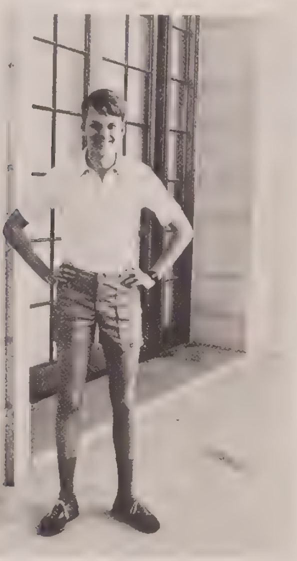
1st Row - (left to right) R. BELLITO, B. LEWIS, B. HAHN, M. McCROARY, D. PORTNER, M. SHERMAN, R. HARRIS, W. MORAN, B. MONTOYA. 2nd Row - D. MYERS, J. YOUNG, J. UNGER, D. JUDY, D. TALLON, R. MacMILLIAN, M. DOTSON, J. HARVEY, R. SEXTON, S. CALLAHAN, T. HENRY. 3rd Row - K. THOMPSON, A. DODGE, R. DAVIS, P. LOUGHLIN, R. THWEATT, J. DAUGHERTY, C. GAINER, R. CAVETT, D. NORRIS, P. BAILEY.

DAVID COLLINS ERNEST

Ern

As the future becomes the past, I will most probably forget numerous seemingly undesirable moments at the Academy. Plebe year, the countless formations, conduct reports and the subsequent restriction musters will all sink into a dark sea of amnesia. In their place I will always remember having had the opportunity to be friends and companions with what has to be some of the greatest people a person could ever hope to meet. If I may plagiarize a well known phrase, "Thanks for the memories."



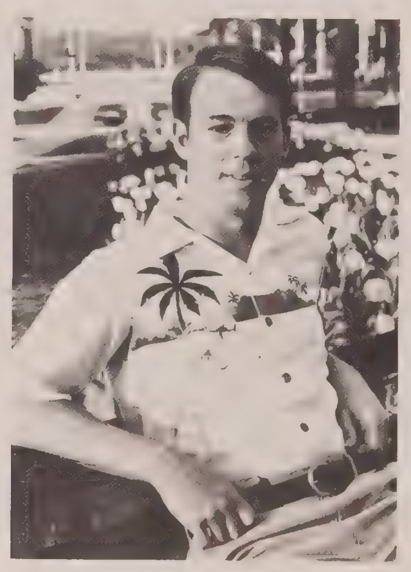


JOHNATHAN R. BOWDEN

J.R.

Coming from Schnectady N.Y., John found the going a bit rougher than he expected at USNA. John went so far as to become the official "screen" for Plebe Summer. Enlisting the help of the Lord., John has breezed through three years after being a plebe. Navy Air will never be the same after John hits the fleet. — And now a word from your sponsor . . . Most people don't find out 'till they're half-dead/

That they need another life,/ you say you've heard everything
that's ever been said - about the Way, the Truth, the Life./
You say you've heard lots of preaching, all before-so many times/
But did you ever open up your door/ Give Christ a chance, to
prove Himself, well He's real you know.
I hope you find out before it's to late.
-Keith Green



ROBERT ELLIS CLAGER

Trapper, Bobbo, Gar

Bobbo came to USNA as an easy-going, fun loving, native Floridian and has resisted all the Navy's efforts to change him. One of the "really good eggs," he always took it upon himself to make sure his roommates never worked too hard. His continual cries of "Blow it off!" led to many pleasant nights of Jimmy Buffett or Buck Rogers. Bob's keen mind and sharp wit weren't wasted on academics, but instead were devoted to making hall life a little easier and more exciting. Always up for a steerage run, three-striper libs, or a funnel-ator shot, his forte was pyrotechnics and wall posters, both of which kept the "Gang of Four"busy either getting into or out of trouble. After graduation Bobbo will pilot his Machomobile back to Florida's sunshine and OJ for long awaited flight school. Bob's talent for making life here more enjoyable will be sorely missed, but rest assured that more will be heard from this Third Wing Commando — probably explosions!
"I enjoy this life as a jester . . . Seems to keep me movin' around" J.B

JEFFREY TYRONE COLVIN

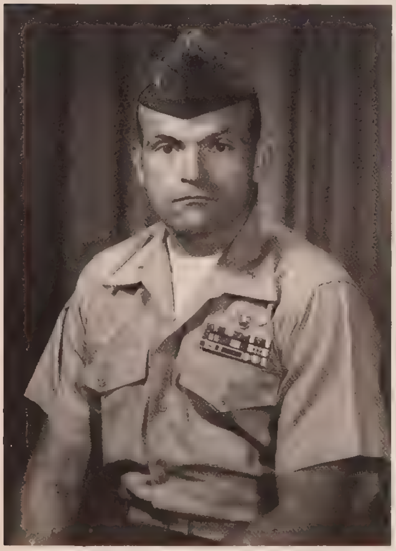
Known mainly for his exploits in track and field, Jeffrey still managed to earn the nickname "Peabo" for his trend setting style of dress. Hes pasttimes included, driving his MGB, losing at tennis, and doing Abstract Algebra in his head. His future plans include joing the Marines and making a million dollars. Jeffrey admits that passing the forty minute swim was easily the highpoint of the fall of his senior year.

GERALD STEPHEN GALLOP

Klondike, Ger-ro, Ho

Sir Gerald of Gallop, MSDA, was an original Gang of Four revolutionary whose keen wit and sense of daring sparked many a midnight raid. While many of his cohorts were responsible for things that went bump in the night, his insatiable lust for snoring completed those nighttime sonatas. Indeed, a true logger at heart, our man from Idaho (cord of what?) often sawed the proverbial logs in solemn slumber after repeated attempts at rack-bound study. It apparently paid off however, with Monsieur Gallo wearing more stars and stripes than an Iranian trashbag. A connoisseur of fine music, Gerry enjoyed the likes of Jimmy Buffett, Crystal, and Kenny Rogers, but frequently lapsed into fits of AC-DC, Johnny Trash, and Roy Clark. Navy Air will soon be graced with Gerald's presence . . . as to what he would like to fly? "If it ain't supersonic, it ain't nothing."

MISSION ROCK RESORT
CHINA BASIN



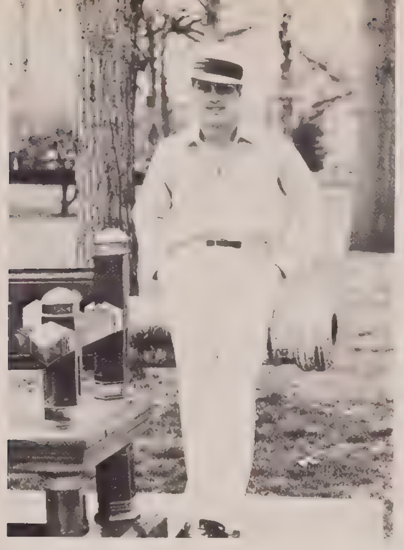
BARBARA ANN GERAGHTY

Being from the land of many puddles, Barbara has always lived on the water. It seemed natural for her to attend Canoe U. and learn the technique of protecting Mennesota's cherished puddles from foreign aggressors. During her stay at Navy, Barbara developed those characteristics that exemplify the midshipman culture. She correctly decided to pursue the polisci major and pursue it she did. Her vigor was unparalleled and her success was phenomenal. The home stretch sees Barb eyeing those golden bars while driving her family mobile. As she cruises on down the road we will appreciate all the lessons that she taught us, and thank her for the bonds of friendship that developed. Buena suerte Barbara y vaya con Dios.

GORDON WALTER GLOSSER

B.C.

There was a young man from Cal
Who met up with a midshipman gal.
She was a Southern bell
And for her doth he fell,
This June she'll become his lifelong pal.



STEVEN C. HEAD

Steve-O

Steve known as Steve-O by his friends, came from the small hick town of Paris, Texas. With a mighty Texan drawl upon arrival at USNA he soon came around to normal speaking. For his first three years at USNA he was a Varsity Sailor of great potential and ability. His Senior year however, he left sailing for his weekends, fiancee, and a shining career as Company Basketball Coach.

Just staying here at USNA was feat for Steve-O, as he watched his two original roommates quit, and join the fun and fantasy of civilian schooling. Steve-O has survived his four years however, and looks forward to his marriage. Graduating as a Physical Science Major, he is looking forward to being a pilot of P-3's. With a sharp mind, quick reflexes and a positive outlook, his future is secure, and he is sure to go far.

JAMES LEE GOSNELL

GOS

The sunny beaches of that country called California were forced to yield one of their most prized possessions: the Gos. Showing great willpower, Gos obtained a visa to the U. S. and joined the Navy. It's an adventure alright, Navy will never be the same. Plebe summer saw him bald, plebe year saw him study. Soon he learned how to be a mid and discovered the rack. Throughout the next three years he developed this art to such an extent that he was going to be the halftime show at Army but it snowed. After validating most of the math at Canoe U. and acing the rest, Jimmy decided to undertake the pure science of history. As he does with all his endeavors Jim made the major look easy but he did so well you would never know. Youngster year brought a flock of cupids to Gos' life. Dahlgren never saw anybody fall in love as much as Jim. As we part we will always enjoy the memories and friendship of Gos. Que el sol nunca se pone en su vida, a Dios amigo mio.

DAVID MICHAEL JENNINGS

Dave came to the boat school from a small Navy town down in Virginia. Immediately after he made the journey in July 76, his parents and family left home and moved to another state. We still haven't figured out why they left him with no forwarding address. Well, Dave got lucky and finally figured out that his new home was somewhere in Ohio. Since he has been at Navy, Dave has never ceased to amaze his roommate with the incredible amount of rack he can accumulate during the day. It never made any difference to him though. He has done an expectional job, considering the multitude of obstacles that M.E.'s are subjected to. He won't forget "the Rocket's" class or the "Big Four" final exams at the end of second class year. We made it and it wasn't easy. But traveling down the path towards graduation (via Rickover Hall several thousand times) has been a much more enjoyable experience because of Dave. If the fleet is full of friends like we have in Dave let me out of here. I'm ready to join the Navy!!

PAUL BOSWELL JONES

Pablo

tall, blessed with a suntan & fiery red hair, pablo superjock of rota landed at the academy on crutches & managed to bag out plebe summer. born to fly he would have liked to be a NAP like his dad. unfortunately engineering stood in his way. academics being his strong suit gave him a tough plebe yr. in fact he never passed a math final & never failed a math course. polisci & spanish led the way to a bull major & the infamous jones brief and snore. 3/c yr. was spent in a mercedes with chief becoming cultured. his study hours were spent in the rack. on the powers of his foot the 2/c destroyed the co. in football. alas parting white clouds & sheril the original of rene's boys & a tough subgod bos leaves for p-cola to regain his suntan, foster his lovelife & rid himself of yankee land. we'll plant his feet with robert e. lee, bury his bones under a super s-3 & never let bim go. having suffered 4 yrs of confinement with gos he deserves the right to enjoy the freedom, continued success, and happiness he shall have.

CHARLES IRA KNAPP

Chuckwagon

Some people are famous for their athletic ability, others for their academics. Chuck on the other hand, is famous for just being, uhh, Chuck! Chuck managed to survive plebe year like the rest of us, being the humble Texan that he is. During this time he earned his famous nickname for his eating habits and drove the rest of us crazy with the ability to study physics in the rack. Right now wagon plans to drive something that goes up first (and then come down . . . one way or another), and is probably the only guy I know who has more motorcycles than cars. Have Fun!

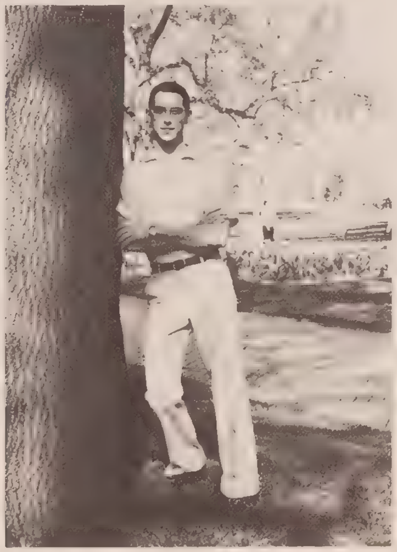
SCOT DAVID LLOYD

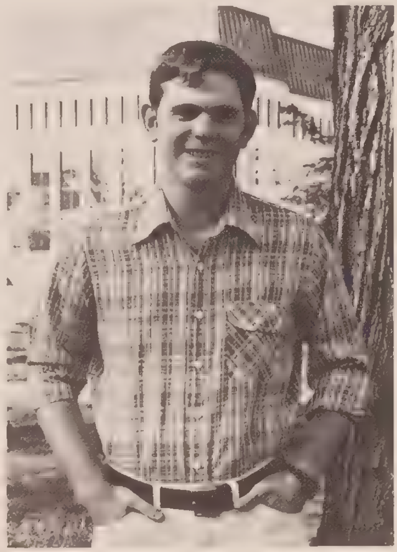
Scot came to us from the hills of Tennessee only to discover that indoor plumbing and the wearing of shoes were the accepted way of life in the Navy. Somewhat shocked, he decided to give it a try anyway. Too bad he had to discover on that first day that the Navy also likes to give lots of shots to their men. Scot twice found himself lying face up on the floor at medical. What a way to start!! Rumor has it that a special program is now being used to indoctrinate Hillbillies who want to join the Navy. Scot began his years at Navy with a determined effort to excel. He received four solid years of the same advice . . . "take a break, peabrain". As the years rolled along, he found that there was a time to work hard and a time to play hard. Though he learned many things from books, Scot learned the treasured knowledge of friendship. During four years at Navy, Scot became a partner in friendhips that will last a lifetime. Leaving USNA will be easy. Leaving the friends made will be tough. Via con Dios.

KENNETH JESSE McILHENNY

Butts

Butts came to the Academy with a nickname already inhand and thanks to his childhood friend and classmate, Roger Sexauer, he was not to escape it while here at USNA. Ken managed to earn a reputation for himself during plebe year when he was caught after a night of drinking at the well-known "terry".! He continued to raise general havoc right thru first class year. Ken carried his frolicking gaities onto the ice rink at Dahlgren Hall where he frequently showed his expertise as one of Navy's finest hockey players. These ice capades were however often interrupted by the numerous minutes that he spent in the Penalty Box. Ken was truly a great and loyal friend. His most golden attribute however had to have been his outstanding room-mates.





1st Row - (left to right) J. RATKOVICH, R. RICE, J. NEWMAN, H. O'WISHFULLE, M. WETHERELL, W. SCANLON, T. CLEMONS, C. McGURK, D. DUNBAR, M. FIERRO 2nd Row - R. LANGFORD, C. INNVAR, J. VOLKOFF, J. MANGANARO, N. RANTZ, R. BLYTHE, J. CERASUOLO, K. THORNE, M. KEATING, D. BOSNIC 3rd Row - C. CONNERS, R. MILES, D. PRICE, M. RUSSELL, R. DELUCA, F. ABELL, C. SMITH, W. AULT, P. GOODMAN

ROGER NICHOLOS SEXAUER II

Gar

Roger's best attribute, and the one for which many will always remember him for, is that he was always willing to help just about anyone at anytime . . . so long as it did not disturb his infinite number of hours spent in his rack or at the tables in the Wardroom. When not in either of these favorite places of his, Roger could be found on the lacrosse fields excelling there as he did with just about anything that he tried. When on liberty, he left all thoughts of his rack behind and resorted to general "hell raising" and other such oddities as beer drinking. On the days after liberty, Roger could frequently be seen worshiping the "white Porcelian god." Roger was not only outstanding but also unique in everything that he did. His most outstanding attribute however would have to have been his fantastic room-mates. Right, Gar?

RICHARD SCOTT SLATER

Slats, Tar, Slatusso

Scotty Slater, a Resources Engineer par excellance, strayed from his home in nearby Alexandria one day and wound up in Annapolis a lost soul. A regular at the tary as a plebe, Scott has partaken of many spirits related activities since, and is also an original member of the Gang of Four. Almost cut down in his prime by an athletic injury, Slatusso bounced back on his bionic knee to join in a society dedicated to counterinsurgency with Mother B. From Alpha strikes on the MAA's to USNA's first recorded successful MIRV launch, Scott has proven himself worthy as a "pseudo-engineer". When Scott's eyes weren't focused on his future wife Sharon, you can be sure they were looking toward the Corps. In fact, he had the globe and anchor so far up his, you could see it every time he blinked! Scott's desire to become a Marine NFO was only surpassed by his elation over withdrawing from Uncle Hymie's lottery. The Boat School just won't be the same without humble Scotty. "They can't fry me . . . I'm the conduct officer!"

VICTOR CORDELL SMITH

Supe

Vick hails from the nearby town of Shady Side M.D. After a short stay at NAPS, he and the rest of the mob reported here to the academy on 6 July 76. Vic is known for his quiet ways about the academy and his skills on the b-ball court. One could often see him around town in his Trans, for he was well known among the locals. He was a member of the true M.O.B. along with E.G., B.J. and recently departed E.B. After four long years here at Navy his departimg comments are .... LATER!!

PAUL HENRY SUPCHAK

Sup

Sup hails from North Brunswick NJ along the scenic turnpike. He has been a big gun for Navy Wrestling since 3/c year. His parents are his die hard fans (squeeze). Folks think everyone is family after a couple of hours with them. Sup has learned to appreciate the finer things in life, beer and pizza, (Michelob of course). Sup is always aggressive. He plays hard; he drives his Z28 hard, fast, and furious and treats his women the same way. He's typically Polish and studying only confuses him, so he gave it up youngster year. When introduced to a girlfriend, if you don't catch the name don't worry because he probably doesn't remember which one it is either. A picture and a different girl for each dance proves this (Sup's gallery). His sister got the looks and he got the brains; if he could only remember where he put them. He plans to fly with the few, the proud and eventually aspires to be an astronaut. His success is almost assured. Sup enjoys life; well, you know what they say if you can't take a joke!

CO CDR - H. BARKER, seated; CO SUB-CDR O J. Colvin, back row-right; CO ADJ - R. Slater, back row-left

SUSAN SHERRY WELCH

Sue

The Lord sees not as man sees; for man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart.

1st Row - (left to right) K. FITZPATRICK, M. ROHRBACH, T. VANGUTTEN, R. SCHOTT, B. WEINER, M. RADICE, J. SECURA, J. ANDERSON, J. ROSS. 2nd Row - D. RENNER, P. WEBB, C. McDONALD, P. BECKER, V. WASHINGTON, T. MATTHEWS, J. DARDEN, M. RAFTER, J. HUDSON, J. McGOVERN. 3rd Row - D. NEEDHAM, M. HEITLEMYER, E. TAKESUYE, J. LETT, L. HAYWARD, D. FISHER, J. BATTLE, C. FALLER. NOT PICTURED - S. KEINHE, J. JOHANNESEN, D. BARLAND, K. WILSON.

12

WMU
NAVY II
NAVY

LELAND HAROLD BARKELL

Leroy

Leroy came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft from the far reaches of Michigan's U.P. Strange how such an easygoing guy could have grown up in such a bizarre town as Laurium. A true "bull" major in every sense of the word, Leroy charged into the History Department, stumbled, then charged again. "Engineering is here today, gone tomorrow; but we LIVE history!" Though a dedicated and swift distance runner, his name can be found in Guiness' Book of World Records under "night on the town; longest time to prepare for." Leroy will long be remembered for his state of well being and contorted unconsiciousness after the Philly Affair plebe year, yet was heard as a firstie saying, "But I don't drink!" Leroy had been known as a very sleepy boy. Probably malnutrition, as he usually lived on M&M/s, doughnuts and Pepsi. He has considered every service selection, but no one knows where Lee will go. But pilot or forrest ranger, the striped pole outside the upper third wing barber shop will be a living memorial to Leroy Barkell!!

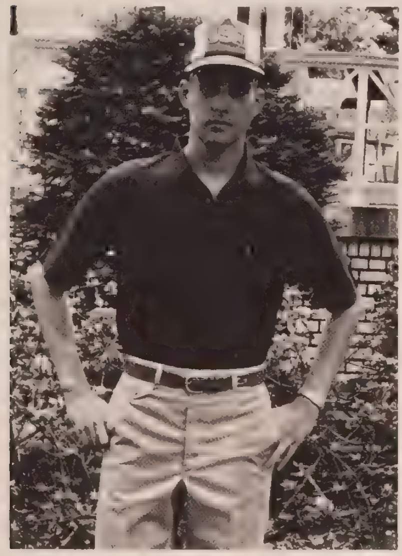
THOMAS SCOTT BETHMANN

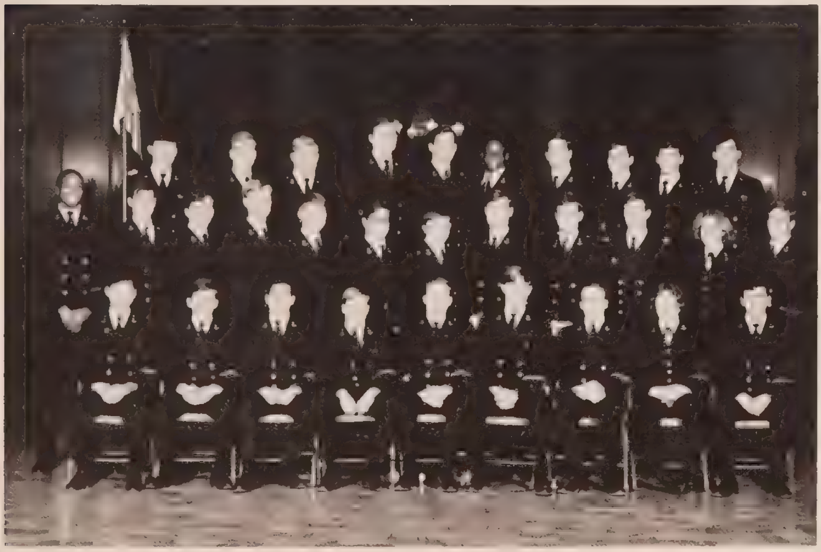
Scott

Scott came to Canoe U. after a year at NAPS, one of the most squared away plebes ever, only to run into Chad and Rich, a couple of other "Southern Boys" like himself. Truly a hater of WUBA he injured his knee plebe year just to begin his many days in white works. After a short stint with Baseball and "Stiff" Scott hung up his glove only to don a football helmet for the 150's. A knickname of "Spearhead" on the field he kept everyone thrilled with his "bowed legs" and stumbling interceptions. His N* came along with his Black N 2/C year. He always seemed to have all the answers except on tests and chose to fight the Resources Management Major. His football pools and T-shirt sales proved his major rewarding. His road trips with Chad (@130mph) led him to woman and liquor only to return to Navy and his Southern Belle, Nancy, who someday may be able to handle him. Pusing for Supply Corps & somewhere South his own dictionary with words like AAWWRIIGHT! and SLAG will long be rememberd at USNA.

FREDERICK WARREN BOTERO

And so it was, out of the peach tree country of Stone Mountain, Georgia, emerged a sailor at heart, Frederick Warren Botero. "Boats" as we know him, sailed varsity for Navy. However, that was not the only thing occupying Fred plebe year, for he was a Hanifen trained man. "Onward to bigger and better things other than weekends of acid rock and a game of Dungeons and Dragons," said Fred. His Aerospace academics encouraged the quest for things sleek and slim, a blue 280-Z and a girl named Dee. Plebe Summer was a true adventure, for it was said, '83 became Botero trained men and women. Senior year brought Fred to higher echelons. He became a Nuke and a Battman, the Conduct King in fact. He always had it his way.

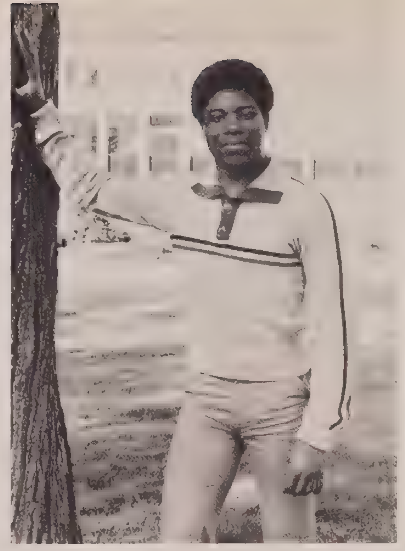




1st Row - (left to right) K. NONAKA, G. BILLY, S. CAMACHO, E. ARMOUR, J. SEVERINO, S. FINN, D. LANE, R. LEBLANC, R. PUTNAM. 2nd Row - K. GROSS, K. O'FLAHERTY, M. CHRISTOPHER, P. JAEGER, S. FRANKLIN, T. PEROTTI, P. RYAN, T. RYAN, K. VOORHEES, P. de'BONAVENTEUR, K. ENGLEMANN, T. DISHER. 3rd Row - C. LESKO, J. HETRICK, D. CROWELL, T. BURGESS, A. THOMAS, M. THORNLEY, M. BAHMGARTNER, M. HYMAN, R. HAWKINS.

JANICE LYNN MARY BUXBAUM

Janice Buxbaum, Jan, the Bomb, the Bux, the Radical. If there was ever a cause to be fought, Jan could always be found in the middle of it. Her persistance sometimes got her into trouble, but always brought her respect. Although majoring in Political Science, she seems to have "minored" in Drama and Music. Anyone walking by the room could always hear Jan playing her guitar or "singing along" with a Musical Comedy. Her many hours spent in extra-curricular activities still did not hurt her grades, especially the "bull" courses where she could literally bull for hours. Her friends have always looked up to her as I'm sure they will do when she gets to the fleet. Her GOAL has always been to return to the "REAL" navy, and after four long (very long) years she has finally made it!



ISAAC RUFUS CLARK, Jr.

Ike

Known as Ike, Bo-Diddly & Dr I, Isaac majored in both EE & DD (Elec. Engr., Drinking & Drowning). Ike could be found weekdays-in EE lab wiring himself to a project; doing his famous "downtown-Dr I-kaguh" b-ball routine or as captain and 4 yr letterman of Coach Higgins' Varsity Swimming team. On weekends, if there was a tailgater he would find it, with E.T. in one hand and a Scotch and Dr Pepper in the other. Ike found many sites for social life during his stay at U. of Navy: 4/C-Cut Rate with its scenic cemetery view; 3/C-Rog's Bar & Grill; 2/C-Gino's p-lot & 1/C-being a true red neck-Weems' Creek Tavern. With his high pitched hyena laugh; sayings like "a closed mouth gathers no foot, yawn!, sigh! & a real smarty pants," & being one of 12th Company's "old men" Ike came to USNA from Nuke school where Uncle Hyman awaits his return with open arms . . . . . . (at least someone wants him).

.... see you later Bootzilla ....

CHARLES MONTGOMERY EDMONDSON

Chad

Charles Montgomery Edmondson will long be remembered for his simple, laid-back ways. Known at times as "Chad" and "Ed," this product of Myrtle Beach received excessive abuse from his Plebe year roommates for his instant knowledge of how big his girlfriend's Podunk was.

Chad had one thing on his mind for four years, yet it wasn't academics. His weekly adventures thrilled many a fellow midshipman, the story continually gained something with each retelling. This wasn't difficult, because of the object of Chad's licentious adventures was often very large indeed.

Ed bought a shiny new 280Z in his 2/C year. This offered him the opportunity to ferry himself to faraway places on weekends where he quickly gained a reputation for "throwing it" well. This reputation promises to follow him out into the fleet where he will be able to go out with (on) larger ships than ever before.

PEGGY A. FELDMANN

Peg

Peggy Feldmann came to the Naval Academy from San Antonio Texas, although there is some doubt as to whether or not she ever actually left Texas behind. She seemed to be a quiet, almost introverted girl. Peggy did everything well, and soon established herself as a winner. At the same time, her "quietness" disappeared and everyone realized that she was not quiet, but instead, more like a sponge, listening and soaking up all her new environment had to offer.

Peggy's years at the Academy have been marked by excellence; swimming her way to an All-American status, being named Company Commander both second and first class years, distinguishing herself professionally on cruises, and just as importantly, socially - she partied with the best of them. Peg's qualities earned her the respect of her peers, along with their desire to again serve with her in "the fleet".

DANIEL J. FRAWLEY

D.J. Frawls Human Zamboni

Dan ventured into Annapolis from the legendary community of Lowell, Massachusetts. During his four years here at Crabtown, "FRAWLS" was continuously trying to score whether he was out with the hockey team or out with the girls. The girls at Hood got a real "kick" out of Dan. D. J. spent most of his 4 winters at Canoe U. on the ice at Dahlgren Hall. Working with the Blue Line, Dan was known as the "Human Zamboni" until he became captain as a Firstie. D.J. has temporarily given up the stock market and his broker from Jersey to pay for his "white stallion". As an Economics major, study hours usually found Dan in the rack with an Econ book on his bulging chest. After graduation Dan will head his 'vette for Pensacola and Gold Wings. The Academy will be losing a great man!!!

HERBERT D. FRERICHS

Herb

Herb "Baby Huey" Frerichs came to Navy from the Township of Washington in north New Jersey. Herb began his Navy career by attending NAPS before reporting to USNA. Baby Huey immediately assumed a command position through his inherent leadership capabilities such as, amassing a 3.3 academic average. Herb had many bouts, both on the mat wrestling for Navy and off in the field of love. In the former, Herb succeeded by winning his Varsity letter in 1978, but in the latter he has been beaten repeatedly. "Hugh" has publicly stated that he yearns for a wife and backyard, and wonders each time if this is going to be the one. Herb has decided to follow his true love, the sea. Hoping to avoid the nuke-power draft,Herb wants to find a wife and a frigate out of Newport!!

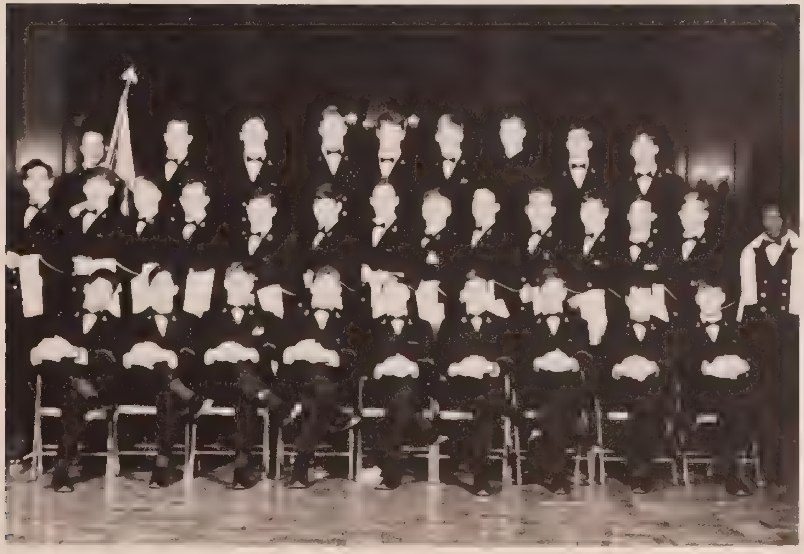
Who knows Herb, maybe Hyman is "going to be the one!!!"

Good luck Herb!!

NELS ARNE FROSTENSON

Jiles

Nels came to USNA from the far-western town of Albuquerque N.M. His High School talents of track and Chemistry carried over into Plebe year as Nels hurdled for the Plebe team and studied as a Chem major. Nels continued to hurdle during 3/C year but Chemistry proved too difficult and Physical Science was adopted. Long distance racing and marathons replaced track and Nels turned in outstanding performances during 1/C year. Nels was known as a quiet and sometimes introverted guy who led a tumultuous love life. His first successful true love was a pure white 280-Z. Nels acquired the nickname of "Jiles" during 2/C summer. The following summer Nels found himself attached to the Plebe Detail. Jiles made the most of his position by venting his rage on the poor Plebians of '83. The quiet Dr. Jekyl turned into flaming Mr. Hyde after a recon raid on his room by a senseless Plebe who learned the true meaning of payback. Nels rounded out 1/C year as 12 Co. sub-commander.



1st Row - (left to right) C. DELZCUE, C. SUAREZ, B. HENDRY. T. GARRISON, S. HEMMELGARN, A. CARMACK, W. PATTERSON, T. BROG, T. THOMSON. 2nd Row - P. BOTERO, D. PINE, T. REESE, P. HOLDEN, L. CATES, J. RIEGERT, R. VOGEL, T. TAX, W. BUTTS, D. NORDMAN, M. WALLEY, J. WEIDMAN, L. BRASHER, E. MYERS. 3rd Row - D. MOSS, T. SAVIDGE, S. TRWIN, D. BELT, B. NEWTON, J. MILLER, J. GOETZ, M. MUENZHUBER, R. NICKLAS.

1st Row - (left to right) S. LYNCH, W. OBRIEN, D. PASS, J. SHOEMAKE, C. BRESNAHAN, W. DOBBRATZ, T. EDWARDS, M. KELLOGG, W. OXX 2nd Row - P. CORONADO, M. COYAN, B. MARIN, D. SNYDER, R. TORRES, M. ORAUGL, M. GIDEON, J. MONAHAN, S. OLDHAM, B. HOLMES, S. DEANGELIS, R. CRIGGER, J. FLATLEY 3rd Row - D. BEEMER, P. McKENNEY, S. LARSEN, T. TARQUINIO, J. EMERY, J. WHITESIDES, J. EVANS, J. DURAN, M. BARBOUR, D. HINDERLITER, J. MILLER, B. BUDAI

CO CDR - E. GRUBMAN, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. SALDANA, back row - left; CO ADJ - W. PRATT, back row - right

DAVID KEVIN HALLER

Barney Rubble

They call him Barney Rubble; the reason is "intuitively obvious to the casual observer." The plebes, not particularly versed in casual observing, were well warned that they call him RUBBLE since that's all that's left behind when he comes through.

After the Navy lost his frigate in Japan, Barney spent the rest of his youngster cruise being sea-sick on an aircraft carrier anchored in the calm waters of Subic Bay; no wonder his favorite color was olive green!! At the pre-com physical, Barney was asked his first choice of service selection — Marine ground, naturally. His second choice? Marine amphib. The Navy Blue never stood a chance. Ready for those swamps, Barney??

Famous for his "Push-up Poker" game in the hall and running so hard that he either blew grits or had a hernia, Barney also had that soft streak. Unable to say "NO" to anyone, he could always be found helping the subsquadders in the mile run (Spike didn't NEED any help!)

ERIC P. GRUBMAN

Seig Heil

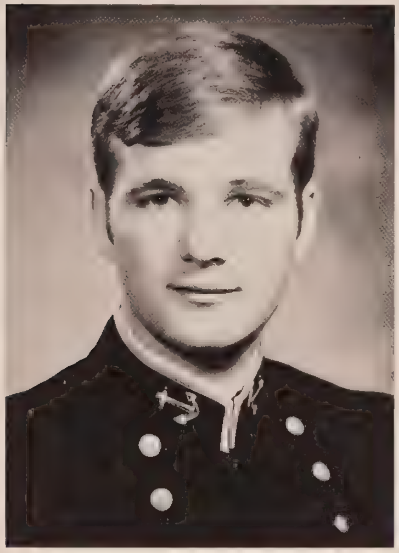
Eric came to Navy from the thriving metropolis of Mendham, New Jersey, a nose up on all his classmates. Eric was a tough competitor, he never gave up Varsity Wrestling, Varsity Track, or Brigade Boxing until his shoulders popped out of joint (about once a day). Despite his injuries and a year rooming with Chad&Rog, Eric came back to be a leader in 12th company. For being one of the coolest company commanders ever, he was lovingly nicknamed: "Seig Heil." The fact that Seig Heil had eight different roomates in four years does not mean that Eric wasn't an easygoing fellow. Some of Eric's more rational activities included trying to break his fist on a senior officer's face, throwing lightbulbs into Goat Court, and pushing roomates down the stairs during study hour. As a lover, Eric was an elusive lady's man who didn't "play games," especially with the girls at UofM. The ECONOMICS major drove a gas-hog boat, and helped his BUDDIES buy stocks. He's yours now HYMIE.

DENNIS F. MCVICKER

Monster Mac, Denbigh

Hailing from the shipbuilding town of Newport News, Va., Dennis scraped and clawed his way to U.S.N.A. via N.A.P.S. Dennis distinguished himself by having the honor of being the last man to get into N.A.P.S. and one of the last to get into the Academy. Beginning his career at Navy as a wrestler, he soon traded his knee pads in for a camera and a parachute. Never let it be said that the "Monster Mac" lost one wink of sleep or hair off his head trying to improve his QPR.

Dennis interested himself in many things at the academy, his primary activity being that of finding a way to get away from Mother "B" on weekends between academic probation periods. To accomplish this "Denbigh" would drive out the gate with his Rally Sport on auto-pilot to Delaware, which was inhabited by a girl of Jolly Green Giant kinship, payer of his bills and wife to be, Jean. One way or another Dennis will become one of "The Few, The Proud, The Marines." Bye to a hell of a guy.



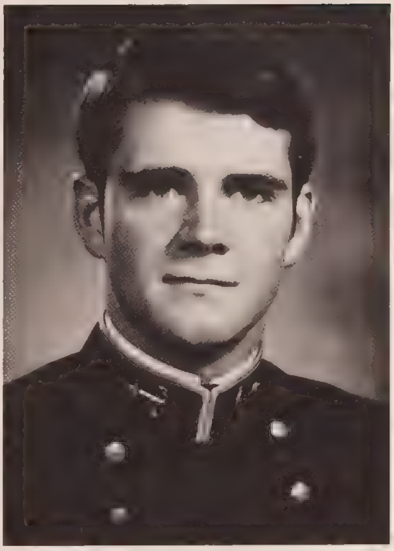
JONATHAN W. HULTS

Jon

Jon "Dukey" Hults came to Navy from the thriving metropolis of Rittmann, Ohio. After starting out strong with a 3.1 Plebe year, Jon decided to avoid the Nuclear Draft early and steadily brought his grades down. Being an Aero Major, his main interests lay in flying, and a good amount of his time here has been spent with his head in the clouds. Fortune was with him second class summer as his "summer dream come true" came true in the form of a good looking blonde. In between his "talks" with Shelley, Jon found time to play 150's second and first class year, earning his varsity letter. "Dukey" doesn't plan on getting married anytime soon, but has thought about buying a diamond "just for the investment." Jon will have no problems getting into the air after graduation unless his wings get clipped by a certain someone. Watch out P'cola, here comes the next Pappy Boyington!! Good luck Jon!

PAUL COLIN KELLEHER

Paul was born and raised in Baltimore Md., where his broad academic background in high school prepared him admirably for academics at the Naval Academy. Especially noteworthy was his performance on mole problems in Chemistry and his lucid, concise, and well written English essays. His efforts on the baseball field - both during games and late on Saturday nights - will long be remembered. How his stats make him one of the best pitchers at the Academy in recent years I'll never know. Another of his noteworthy traits was his continuous and untiring efforts with academics - so much so that he was able to have a double major at the Academy - physics and science. His room was his castle - beds always made and the whole room spotless - except for the one time the BOOW caught cholera and died after inspecting under the sink. Although undecided about service selection one thing about Paul is for sure - in five years it won't matter anyway.



SCOTT DAVID MARTIN

Scott reported to the academy with a steady girl, good grades, and a life long ambition to be a career aviator. He left with none of the above. Instead he put his efforts to the more important aspects of the academy. He was an outfielder on the baseball team, piano player in a rock band, a member of the concert committee, and a continual car offender. His baseball career was highlighted by his making 2nd Team All East his junior year. Similarly, his musical abilities were illustrated by his making an accordian out of his car. Scott has chosen to be a P-3 pilot and should be one of the best, assuming he doesn't have to park it in the yard.

WYATT BARTON PRATT

Wild Bill

Wyatt came to USNA ready to take on the entire Brigade. He soon found that his ambitions to be Commandant of the Marine Corps were overridden by the lure of sunny Pensacola and the call to Navy Air.

Wyatt became known throughout the company as the frustrated chemist. Whenever he was not trying to blow up the chem lab, Wyatt's affinity for the rack usually took command. Still undecided between Physical Science and Chemistry for a major his first class year, the rack still won over P-Chem by 2330 two out of three times.

Known for his fineness of dress, it was obvious that Wyatt was either broke most the time or spending it all at once. Irresistible to any girl he met, somehow Wyatt never knew. He finally discovered what they were first class year.

Wyatt usually took his frustrations out by either making a racket or breaking a racket playing squash. Go get 'em "ZUCCHINI!!"

KENNETH PAUL NEUBAUER

Nubs

Coming out of America's heartland — Beloit, Wisconsin — Nubs arrived at USNA with water in his ears and air in his head. That is, he was a long time high school swimmer who wanted nothing but Navy Air from day one. Kenny kept his winning ways from home and earned a spot on the varsity right off, there to stay until a bum wing sidelined him first class year. But he didn't let sports take up all his time — his stratoshperic QPR shows that. Yet, Nubs said he never studies . . . much. Kenny was also a well known audiophile, soon to be an equally famous recording artist. And, like most jet jockeys, he got himself a fast car. At this writing, Nubs is still waiting for Miss Right (or a good left, whichever comes first!). So, unless he gets held up by an extra-innings doubleheader at Wrigley, Pensecola will be saying hello soon to one of our best. Yo, Nubs — later!

GERALD FREDERICK NIES

Jerry

Jerry left his peaceful existence in Prosperity, Pennsylvania to join the ranks of 12th Company. Being a shy and quiet person, Jerry survived plebe year with ease; the only thing distinguishing him from the woodwork being his more prominent proboscis. Throughout his four year stay at Canoe U., Jerr never had any problems in academics, and could always be counted upon to help out a struggling "bull" major with the technical courses. Outside Bancroft Hall, Jerry spent three years sailing Class "A" boats on the varsity sailing team. First class year however, he elected to try his hand at company sports.

Jerry's pleasant personality and good-natured ways, as well as his late-night studying and frequent "gators", will be remembered by all of us. The professionalism he showed while at USNA will be met with high regard in any Command. Jerry has been, and always will be, a loyal "Nuke". Uncle Hyman will be gaining a fine junior officer as Jerry starts what promises to be an understanding naval career.

JON CARLOS PINO

Spiderman

In his four years at USNA Carlos has distinguished himself in many ways. For instance, he is known to have gotten himself so drunk that he had to have a plebette escort him back from outside Middleton Tavern, one block from the main gate. He is respected for his willingness to help out, his knowledge of stereo equipment, and his ability to stump plebes with musical trivia. His extracurricular activities include training for marathons, recording innumerable albums, DJ'ing for WRNV FM, and driving his beloved '68 Firebird. Carlos loves fast cars, true rock and roll music, expensive stereo equipment, nice girls, and pulling all-nighters before finals. Carlos presently hopes to be a career Marine Corps airdale. We of the 12th Company and the class of '80 wish you, Carlos, all the luck and happiness in the world!

STEVEN EDWARD ROEHL

Romeo; Elton

Nuc Power got another one. Maintaining that there are only two types of ships in the Navy — submarines and targets — it was always a known fact that Steve would fly below the water since his eyesight wouldn't allow him to fly Navy Air. Always serious about Nuc Power, Steve was forever staying up late at night burning the candle at both ends "just trying to make ends meet."

A grade "A" marcher after plebe year, Steve decided to make up for lost time youngster year at Dahlgren Hall with any of his twenty or more honeys. He could always be found at the pep rallies, trombone in hand, and forever dodging those formidable toilet paper streamers (which wasn't too bad a price to pay to watch the Brigade march on). Many times he could be found at the piano after dinner, or if he weren't there, he was playing with the computer (they must speak the same language). No doubt, Steve is a NUKE at heart.

JOSE W SALDANA

Freddie

Jose was always willing to help out his classmates. He started out early by absorbing more than his share of 77's flame, taking the heat off the rest of us. After a slow start first semester Plebe year, Jose conquered academics and studied hard at Wires, Steam, Boats, and his Political Science courses. This performance earned Jose a prized "Nuclear Draft" slot. Jose, sensing megabucks, promptly volunteered, easing the pressure on his pilot classmates. Jose was never one to let a minor setback get him down, so when his longtime girlfriend left him, Jose promptly got engaged to a local sweetheart. (Fast work, Freddie!) Jose earned his knickname "Hosing Jose" for his uncanny ability to draw up on more food than a normal human being his size could. Off not to Nuke School with his heart set on "5", then off to Law School; we all wish Jose and Linda the best of luck now and always!

DAVID MARK SCHLAGEL

Schlages

When Dave first arrived in Annapolis for plebe summer from the booming metropolis of Ortonville, Minnesota, he looked more like a candidate for Ortonville High than the U.S. Naval Academy. In his four years here Dave eventually grew a little but he always retained his boyish mischieviousness. From the start, Dave established a reputation for excellence. He always maintained a position at or near the top of the class which earned him a trip to Colorado Springs and a qualification for graduate school. Dave spent first semester of second class year at the Air Force Academy where he was affectionately known as the "baby squid". While here at Navy, Dave played on the golf team for three years and then retired to intramural squash first class year. Dave will be a welcome asset in any squadron of which he is a part. Upon completion of his postgraduate studies, Dave will begin what promises to be a superb, though possibly short, career as a Naval Aviator.

RICHARD CECIL ROGERS JR.

Rog

Rich began his term (sentence) at USNA after trying various other normal pursuits including flower child and U.S. Marine Corps. Holding the dubious honor of oldest man in the class of 1980, "Rog" dismissed any doubt of his vitality by having an affair with a worldly high school girl from North Jersey. Richard was well-prepared for the rigors of Navy due to his prior enlistment. This gave him a jump on his classmates, enabling him to accumulate 285 demerits during Plebe year. Richard has been a continuing source of amazement due to his four-year affair with Early Times, a product which contributed greatly to his innumerable exploits including cemetery parties and lengthy sessions in the shower at 3:00 AM. He has been a mainstay in Company sports for four years. This extreme dedication forced him to give up some valuable studying time, an activity he thoroughly enjoyed which is reflected in his high class standing. Rich will return to his home state after graduation to be a Navy NFO.

THOMAS S. ULLRICH

Tom

Tom really had it rough the first three years here at Navy when he realized that his high school was further from home than the Academy! He finally found out about home sickness as a firstie when mom and dad left for Kalamazoo (where?) Michigan. Tom tried everything during his four years to recover from the loss of his high school sweetheart - Dahlgren Hall, Hood College, the O-Club, and even "WUBA" — but is still trying. He did have a rare talent though, for picking up some of the most "unique" women around! Tom distinguished himself on the gridiron playing 150# football where he earned three Varsity letters. He also had two stars but that third one escaped his grasp as he observed Hailey's Comet in New York as a firstie! (. . . and then some!) Tom suprised us all by selecting the Marine Corps option. We all hope Tom enjoys the Marines and Q-Town. Good Luck Tom!

BRIAN PHILIPS WOOD

Midn Doom

Brian P. Wood came to USNA via England and Occidental College where he learned various radical ways. Known by a variety of names including Bo, Duck and Midn Doom, Brian had the honor of reporting to Plebe Summer with the longest hair in 12th Platoon.

Duck participated in JV Soccer as a Plebe, but he was hindered by webbed feet and bad knees, so he turned to company sports. He participated actively in Airborne Training, receiving his wings and a cue ball head at Fort Benning during the summer of 1978. He hasn't set foot in an airplane since.

Brian has been a steadying factor possessed by sound judgement, as evidenced by his purchase of an economical Trans-Am during the gas crisis. This type of decision was undoubtedly influenced in part by the fact that he majored in Economics.

Dallas CowboysTexas Rangers***Hood College(?)***cemetery***ET*** — NFO/Nuke(???) — '49 — LCHS —

CO CDR - P. FEZDMANN, seated; CO SUB-CDR - N. FROSTENSON, back row - right; CO ADJ - L. BARKELL, back row - left

13

GERALD MILTON BYERS

Deacon Blues

What can you say about Gerald that he hasn't said already? Much! This serious minded Texan came to Navy from Army JROTC as an Air Force junior, so what else was left but to go USMC? Hopefully he'll be able to use that steady aim from the back seat of his F-4 as well as he has in his years here. The Army rifle team won't quickly forget this N-Star winner who led USNA over them. The venerable Deacon Blues is a firm believer in himself, no matter what the odds. Not many can survive an arguement with a pirahna or the deadly "D" as well as this man. Some things he did not believe in were leave, sleep, and the Red Beach. One thing he did believe in was never quitting. If you ever have a problem just ask Jerry; he's been through it already. Like this super-secret TR-7 which self-destructed just before he was to drive it to USNA. But whatever service you choose, you'll do well Jerry. You've got the experience.

HARRY COKER, JR.

Scoopie

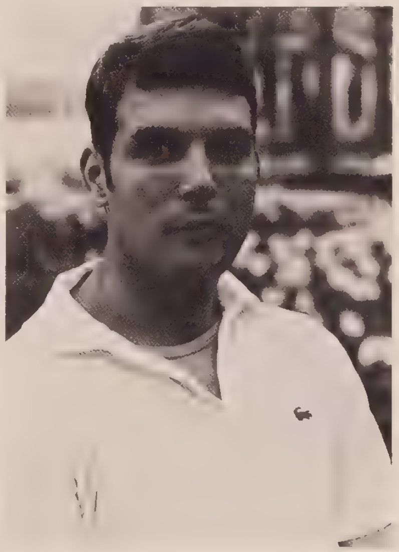
Following in the family tradition, "Scoopie" made the long trip from Kansas to join the Navy. Harry quickly made a name for himself Plebe Summer as a strutter on the Parade field and a quick hitter in the boxing ring. From youngster year on, Coke could always be seen sporting the finest ladies, clothes, and car. Academically the P.K. blood hung with the best despite constant "sleep checks" and a football player as a roommate. With the departure of a certain tank driver, Harry lost motivation, company commander, grease, fear, and his razor. If there's a phrase to describe the pride of the 37th Company, it's "Dependable and Easy going." Following commissioning, HEC plans to have the Navy's first 8-5 job but the Nukes have other ideas.

Thanks to you all, we made it happen: Mom and the rest of the family, Sledge, J.T., Early, Thunder, "D", Peabo, Coop, "C", Sup, A.J., Smitty, Uncle Buddy, and the Color (7th) Batt.

LAWRENCE THOMAS Di RITA

Lar

Larry came to USNA from the murder city, Detroit just in time to pick up mono. His hardest task during plebe summer was the memorization of the back of a tobasco bottle. His roommates during plebe year were grateful for his housekeeping capabilities that seemed to diminish over the years as did his ability to make his bed. Larry loved his food and everyone else's too. You could never distinguish between the tobasco, A-1, catsup, and steak. His sopping techniques were unsurpasses. Telephone conversations with P (alias Dollface) were always crowd pleasers. On the weekends Larry could be found driving his pimpmobile to D.C. A Varsity squash player, Larry excelled at hitting tins and ripping his ankle up. Larry loved practical jokes. Especially one birthday when he received a giant J from a classmate-shaved in his chest. Florida was nice that week huh Lar? His plans include a minesweeper in Yokosuka and eventually being successful while making alot of money. Whatever he does will be a success. Look for his name in the future. GOOD LUCK!



1st Row - (left to right) T. PINTO, G. ZIEGLER, R. BEGLEY, K. MOPKINS, M. MYKITYSHYM, L. LAULETTA, S. ASTOLPHI, L. GREEN, C. COOKE. 2nd Row - J. BENDER, S. HEON, R. SHAFER, D. ROSS, A. HERROD, P. ACHOR, D. KREV, W. LAWRENCE. 3rd Row - R. TAYLOR, M. HAMELE, T. McLARNEY, T. MEIER, R. DIXON, M. JOHNSON.

TOBI DOV GOTTLIEB

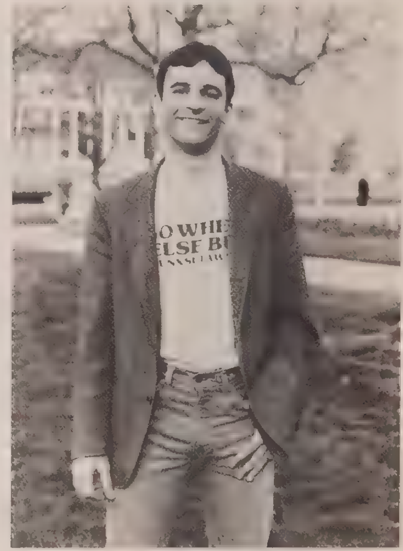
The Missing Link

While returning home from a party at U. of Nebraska, Tobi made a wrong turn and wound up being inducted into the Class of '80. Carrying only his heavy black sweater, extra large shoulders, and in need of a meal, Tobi stayed on. Always trying to keep one step ahead of trouble and being as coordinated as a monkey on skates, he decided that investing in an X-1/9 would give him the edge. The car soothed his ego but struck hard in the wallet. Spur of the moment road trips, expensive stereos, and playing chicken with a semi all took their toll. Lack of funds could not dampen his restless spirit and many memorable nights were spent barhopping courtesy of VISA. Although his love affairs were often short-lived, they provided insight into primal behavior. Posessor of a keen sense of smell, Tobi could find a chow package blindfolded. Never one to play favorites, he has roomed with nearly everyone in the Co. and they all agree he is a master at amusing himself. His next road trip will be to join the Nukes in Orlando. WABOS!!

THOMAS MELVIN GRAY

Battleship Gray

Tom blew into the Naval Academy with a love for speed that culminated with the purchase of skis, a motorcycle, and a TR-6. His failure to satiate this desire to go fast led to his selection of Navy Air in hope of becoming a fighter pilot. His stay at USNA was characterized by Styx and Cars concerts. Never one to take the easy way out, Tom insisted on struggling through high track courses even though he was a Management major. In addition, he tried to blow off Youngster Cruise but found out that he had to cram it into second class summer. This wasn't hard for Tom for by this time cramming had become one of his specialities. Tom's "He who will not risk will not win" attitude on life should help him to be a success in his career in the Navy.



JACK EDWARD HUEGEL

Jackba/Huegel-dogger

Jack entered the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology after a fun-filled year at the Naval Academy Pre-Playschool, with nutrinos in his eyes and a desire for deep sea adventures in his heart. A true submariner's submariner, the Class of 80 only wishes there were more like him. But times have not always been easy for 'ol Jack "Hang 'em High"; if he couldn't be found caressing his calculator, he was sure to be on three striper libs, V.O. and shot glass in hand.

Beside taking off on green alerts, Jack also has an aversion for speed — fast cars and fast cycles do nicely, but it doesn't have to be made of steel to qualify. In his own words, "A hard man is good to find."

The heart, in its hardest trials, gains the purest joy of all.

X-O-X

1st Row - (left to right) J. VAZQUEZ, M. SHARDE, R. ROBELDO, R. SAMOLOVICH, M. LEMASTER, T. WHALEN, W. GLUF, J. MUELLER, J. CLEARY. 2nd Row - R. ALEXANDER, D. SAMPLES, T. THIEDE, S. RAPP, R. CIVILIKAS, M. GINDA, C. SCOTT, T. THOMAS, C. TAMBLYN, J. HANSEN, T. HUGHES, B. GAWNE, P. ELCHEZBURGER, P. HAYES. 3rd Row - R. DONNAHOO, J. RARDIN, J. HIPPLER, D. BRADY, K. CARODINE, B. HUGHES, P. JASZCZYSZYN, C. VANCE, D. McARTHUR, B. FRENCH, J. HARDY.

CO CDR - L. DIRITA, seated; CO SUB-CDR - C. MILLER, back row-left; CO ADJ - C. MILLER, back row-right; T. GOTTLIEB, not pictured

DAVID LESTER KENNEDY

Keys

Dave strolled into USNA with a piano under one arm, every Elton John album ever made under the other, a smile on his face, the Lord in his heart and his head in the clouds. And that's just about the way he'll leave it. But then, how many Aero majors do you know with both feet on the gorund? Certainly not Dogger, if his duty red Pinto wasn't on loan or his green Champ awaited him in the lot. His love for music led him from D&B and Trident Brass to Gandalf and WRNV, where his flair for the unexpected saw him in Trivia and Studio C, and there he became The Incredible DeeKay. No one could understand how he derived pleasure by marching with the Drill Team, either. Keys is violently loyal to the people and things he holds dear, such as Florida football teams, his music and his God. If you get on his good side, which isn't hard, you have a friend you can count on. His ever-present smile is as bright as the crystal rivers of his native Florida, and no one can change that. Come Graduation '80, Navy Air gains one sharp guy. God bless you Dave.

JOHN RANDY LANGMEAD

While "Wine, Women and Song" is more poetic, Randy's motto is more like "Hard Liquor, Wild Women, and Loud Noise". His nearby home in Reston, VA., his sister with lots of friends and Randy's partying spirit made good times for all. Whether it's the beaches in Florida or the slopes in Vermont, you can count on him to be where the action is. However, when losing weight for Navy Wrestling he was the most onery S.O.B. in the world. Though he wears an umbrella for a hat, he is intelligent and highly imaginative; Aerospace, Time magazine, and 3 unsat semesters turned Randy into one of the great gouge hunters of all time. He'll be heading for Pensacola by hook or by crook in '80 or '82 after a short stint at sea. Remember, some things never die; Kelly . . . Zeke . . . Randy . . . Whit . . . Laura . . . Debbie . . . Colleen . . . June Week houses and parties . . . Camping . . . Seminole . . . University of Virginia . . . U. of Delaware . . . Mt. Gay . . . Jack Daniels . . . Kamakazies . . . ROAD TRIP!!!

KELLY DEAN MCBRIDE

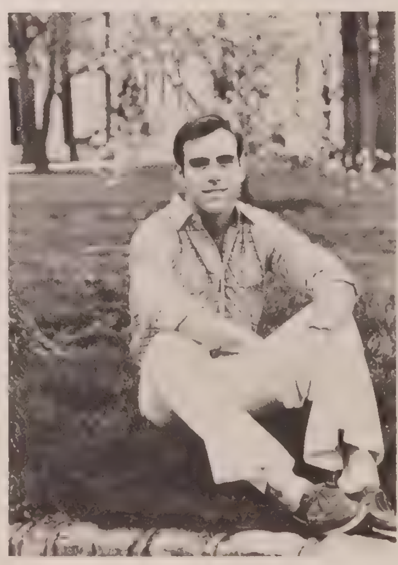
MacAdoo

MacAdoo followed the bouncing ball to the USNA B-Ball Camp as a hotshot recruit. It wasn't until halfway through plebe summer that he realized that more was needed than the perfect bounce pass. He adjusted easily, though, and soon found himself ranked dead last for the first set of the summer. Never one to give up, Kelly blessed the place with a curse and survived. After deciding that Navy ball style wasn't for him ("chess with a basketball"), Mac turned his interests elsewhere and soon became a familiar face at Disco Dogpen. Known for his finely-tuned logic and his superior foreign language skills, Kelly chose PoliSci as a major, minoring in term paper writing. He had time for other interests, though, such as d-d-discussing topics of interest w-w-with his pro-pro-professors and putting Charlie the bartender's kids through college. Kelly's heading for P-cola and wings of gold if he slips by Emperor Rickover. Whatever he does, it'll be with class. Good luck buddy.

DAVID M. KERN

Dave

Dave came here as a wrestler but after Plebe Summer decided there was more to life than chronic matburns. He turned his energies to his Ops Analysis major and his academics really caught fire. He was always high in the striper ranks until his weakness for road trips caught up with him on a long, lonely, LATE, barefoot bus ride back from U.Va. Undaunted he kept up the grades and the thrill of the hunt almost effortlessly. That is until a certain cute little blond caught his eye and stole his heart. An expert in crisis management, Dave made it his policy never to do anything before the last minute, just to keep in practice. We probably won't know whether he is a Nuke or a Naval Aviator until Service Selection night. Either way, we're with you all the way, Dave.



CARLOS AL MILLER

Loscar

Our good friend Loscar fell off of the pumpkin wagon on his way to the Mormon Temple in Washington D. C. Coming all the way from Amarillo, Texas, he had the misfortune of landing in the open arms of Lucky 13. Loscar's financial wizardry left him without enough funds to afford a bus ticket and continue on his way. Consequently, he had to make the biggest decision of his life, next to buying a stereo. He decided the only way to get back on his original "mission" was to make a home of thirteenth company, study Aerospace Engineering, and become a fighting Navy pilot. Loscar's true spirit for the Academy could always be found tacked to the door of his room in the form of a traditional nameplate, O. Howie Phartz! Carlos really enjoyed the first semester first class year and the green alarts at the Lt's. What with Company Sub-Commander and Cables II, he was usually in the rack by 0300. With his fondness for those hours, those 0400 carrier take offs should be a real thrill. God bless you friend.

CHARLES C. MILLER

Chas

Chas came from the hills of Arkansas yet he retained quite a bit of the spirit of his California childhood — and we all know what Californians are like. After recovering from a brief period of culture shock, he found something he could sink his teeth into . . . his Mech E. major . . . or maybe it sank its teeth into him. In any case it was a bit of a battle all of the way but by and by Chas prevailed and even showed those goons over in Mech E. a thing or two in the end. He was a little slow to pick up on the love life, but once he did he REALLY did. He learned of lo not without a few bruises and emptied wallets along the way . . . but in the end better for the wear and tear. A diligent worker . . . a little impatient and impulsive . . . he'll attack Pensacola with spirit to get those Wings of Gold if the Nuke boys don't grab him first.

IRA LEW MINOR, JR.

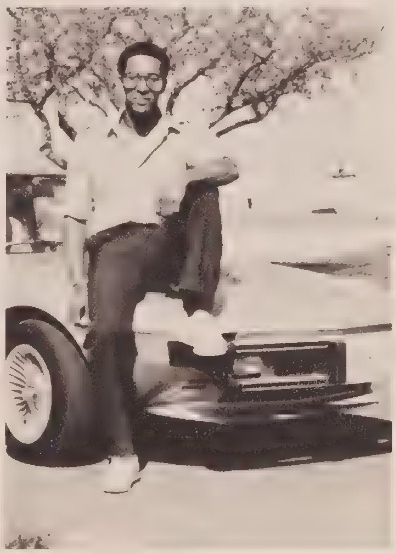
Birdman

When Ira came to Annapolis, he had three things on his mind; a diploma, a commission, and a turbo Trans-Am. Well, two out of three ain't bad, and neither is one silver Fiat X-1/9, with the bold plates reading "IRA JR". Ira isn't trying to "prove his manhood," though. He's "celebrating his masculinity," an endeavor which takes up much of his time. Why not?

With a double major (Navy and Music) and a minor (no pun intended) in Engineering, where this man finds time to Captain the Varsity Foil team is anyone's guess. But this is one lefty who can lay down a beat that will have you dancing as well as he dances around his fencing opponents.

Ira did find Plebe year tough. But even though his eyes went on strike and his QPR got smaller when you squared it, he pulled through.

When it comes to the military, Ira cuts no corners. U.S.N.A.'s loss is the Fleet's gain. One thing I-ray, just stay out of MGB's!



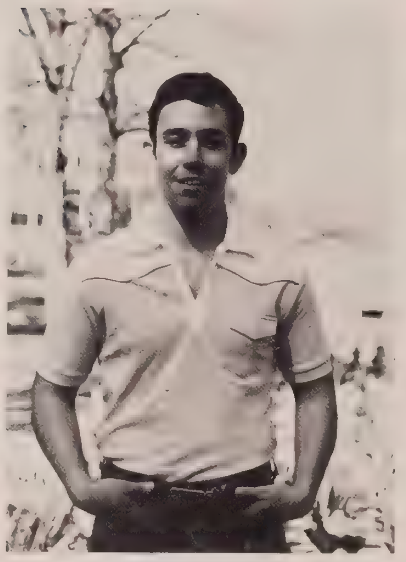
1st Row - (left to right) D. PHANEUF, T. EVANS, L. BOYLE, J. WARD, A. CARCUEVA, T. SHERMAN, A. SMITH, J. HOOKS, P. HOLAND 2nd Row - M. COBB, W. WEINERT, J. WILTENMUTM, C. GALLUZZO, D. YODER, G. RUSCM, A. ROSS, J. NEEDLEMAN, L. O'CONNOR, G. HARDY, J. LUPRO, E. LYNCH 3rd Row - J. CRUZ, R. LAGO, W. SASSER, M. McMAHON, M. BARCLIFT, T. BENNETT, L. YOUNG, C. DOLYNIUK, D. SNYDER, M. FEELY, E. PYNE

JOSEPH WALTER NOWAK

Joe, J.W., PeePee

Joe will always be remembered as a man of contrasts. From: "inspiration corner" during plebe summer to brigade staff first class year, Masqueraders to jump school, electrical engineering major to English major, Joe's interests were diverse as he tried to experience just about everything at USNA. However, as a result of all this activity Joe could always be found in his rack in a comatose state at the ten minute call to quarters. Waking Joe required nothing short of an atomic blast as thrashings, water dousings, Led Zeppelin at megadecibels, and beatings about the head and shoulders proved unsuccessful. In the Masquerader's production of "Mr. Roberts" Joe gained additional officer training as the boisterous ENS Pulver. Joe's easygoing personality, quick wit, and concern for others should prove invaluable in the closed, contaminated spaces of the submarine fleet.

SAMUEL PEREZ JR



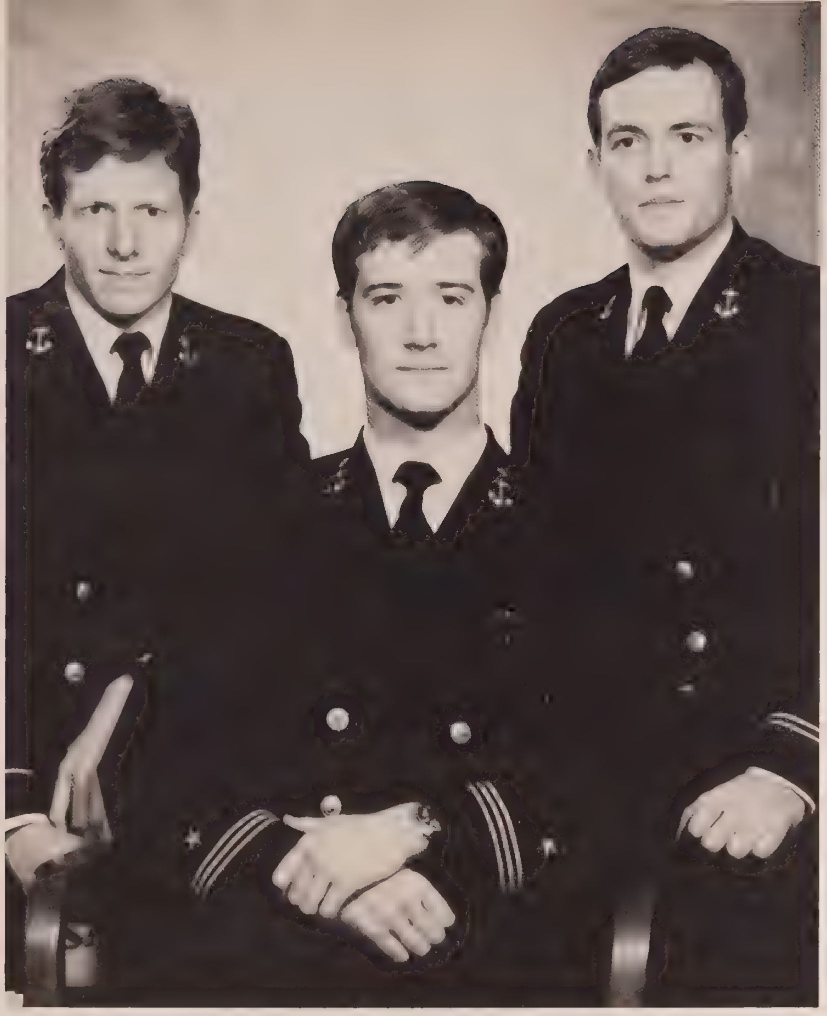
RICHARD JOSEPH RYAN

Rick

Rick once said he didn't come to the Academy for the grades, but for the background. He didn't disappoint himself because he didn't get good grades as an ME, so the AC board decided he'd get a lot more background as a General Engineer. Rick wasn't one to wrestle with books during study hour; he chose his roommate instead. If there was one thing Rick was good at, it had to be girls. He always managed to pick up some beautiful girl at Charlie's, Buzzy's or the Jersey shore. If all else failed, he'd borrow his roommate's for a while. Besides women his interests were cars and beaches. As a result, Rick spent many a moonlit night enjoying all three hobbies at once. A suburban Philadelphian, Rick became the Army weekend connection. His house and family became a second home for many of us. We'll all remember his Army parties, cryptic notes, perfect handwriting and constant dieting. Those who knew him well will remember his friendship and ability to laugh at himself. Still hooked on beaches, he's off to Pensacola and Navy Air.

DAVID MICHAEL RAY

Dave came to the Naval Academy with two goals: to major in computers and to fly. The academic poeple, quick to spot a gullable chap, lead David into the Systems major and since then life has been a series of battles with the infamous USNA computer. As last count Ray:180; Computer:132. So it looks like Dave won. Now with continued success Dave will achieve his other goal, to fly. The medical department did not crush him and the academic people could not cut him down, so if only he can escape the draft he will be on his way to wearing the Navy wings of Gold. The only question which remains is which plane to fly. First class cruise is supposed to clear up any career questions, but one month in the bilges of the USS Eisenhower along with 24 other would-be airdales (but that is another story) only confused David as to which plane he'd like to fly or even whether he should pilot or navigate the thing. But whatever happens, Dave should make out fine because "Systems majors do it with better control."



CO CDR - M. STAPLETON, seated; CO SUB-CDR - S. Stroup, back row-right; CO ADJ - D. KERN, not pictured; CAO - C. Miller, back row-left

MICHAEL JOSEPH STAPLETON

Whitey

Mike came to Annapolis from Rhode Island, intent on skating through his years at Navy. His role as defenseman on the Navy hockey Team virtually assured that he would have his way. But never one to take chances, Mike went one step further and became an English major. Four years at the Academy have taught him alot. Living out of laundry bags and wearing practice jerseys strong enough to go on the ice without him, are two of his new-found skills. He has also learned that slamming into the boards knee-first and stopping pucks with his eye are nasty experiences. But none of these lessons could slow Mike's quick wit nor cramp his style with women. It's been said that he can make a girl melt just by looking her in the eyes with his baby blues. And who would know better than Mike? He also has this thing about raw eggs when he talks to girls on the phone. Yet despite these ideosyncracies and his well-hidden varicose veins, Mike hopes to escape the Nuke Nemesis and flee to Pensacola

STEVEN ROBERT STROUP

Dr. Boats, Grandpa

Steve entered our lives with a name no one could properly pronounce, a girl in his heart, and with a reputation for being an athletic god and champion speller. He leaves us with his name known, Pam as his wife, and the ability to do seven pull-ups. Steve was an amazing guy: he endured all the lousy things like plebedom, wires, and boxing with the same patience he awaited each weekend, becoming a model of stoic pragmatism for us all. The boy was no slouch — as Dr. Boats, he tutored the company; as Grandpa, the living receptacle of all knowledge; as a firstie, on liberty, securing Port Royal from Communist infiltration. Waking his roommate with a laundry bag, engaging in fierce study-hour debates, or quoting mileage stats — Steve always displayed eager tenacity and sound logic in everything he did. More importantly, we won't soon forget his warm, generous spirit, his constant support, or his chief's abdominal magnificence. We wish him and Pam the best in everything, as Navy Air picks up on of our best

Good luck, bucko!

JOHN GREGORY TAYLOR

J.T.

Coming to the Naval Academy straight from the Halls of Mavahi, "J.T." achieved all the goals he set for himself; graduation, commissioning and the N*. He brought with him a well rounded academic and athletic background. After a 3.0 plebe year, Jethro opted for a dual major, Physical and Science. Never one to lose it, John always managed to put in 15 minutes of study a night between two hours of Backgammon with the bloods. Always high in grease, Whoville move out-of-company and was selected 37th Company Commander. Success, however, did not change his style, as "white works with yellow NIKES" was the working uniform. Although football consumed a great deal of time, it is rumored that he became a second semester transfer student at the University of Richmond in order to see a certain Virginia Belle. John, who elected AIR WITH NO HAIR, should handle the Corps easily.

JEFFREY ALLEN TOMEO

Truck

Jeff came to the Academy from Pittsburgh, home of the Steelers and polyester pants. Four years after his arrival he has learned that Farah Perma-Press slacks and silk shirts are a thing of the past and that the Steelers fight song is not the only record around. Musically, Jeff has really matured. Originally a Systems major, his all night taping sessions gave new meaning to the jingle: "Sooner or later you'll go General." Jeff, known as "Truck" because he once ran the mile after inhaling six superburgers, should be named Mr. Mellow Quiet, unassuming and quick to smile, he has proven to be a close friend. Too bad he couldn't pull the same act on the guy handing out the Black N's in Dahlgren one Friday night. Recently he's been taking frequent trips to see a certain blond at Clarion. Who knows what offenses he's been committing up there? Upon graduation this die-hard surface liner who finally wised up, will leave all of this behind, except for the blond and take a back seat at Pensacola.

MARK LESLIE WHITFIELD

Whit

The Whit came to us from the outback of central Michigan set on being Joe Jock. Even with 3 physical waivers he managed to abuse his body by playing 2 seasons for George. He found out soon that as he got his mind off of the meat squad his QPR jumped up 1.5 points. The sudden appearance of stars on his collars inspired him and they were there to stay. While he couldn't tell red from green, he soon decided that green was better and that his interest lie in ammassing and managing mass quantities of it and went Resources Managment. This selection let him live up to his philosophy — early to bed, late to rise, makes a man less sleepy, more wealthy and wise. Nothing could make him healthy — which was fine with him as it earned him a chance for pork chops. Content with his public image as a quiet, reserved, just plain MeLloW guy, we soon found him to be a closet Don Juan. He probably would have been a striper had it not been for the influence of his derelict roommate of 4 years, but once out on his own we're sure he'll go far

14

SCOTT ALAN ALBERTSON

Strolled into USNA from central NY. He came to Canoe U to play Lax and get an education (in that order!). It wasn't long before both took a backseat to more interesting activities. Scott spent alot of his time trying to get to NY to see his babe. Once he didn't try hard enough though, cause he had a run in with some guardrails on his roomies scooter! I must admit, it was awful nice of Mud Pup to let Scott borrow that bike! Let us not forget those lightweights of 14. Scott was no lightweight when it came to booze though. When walking into a bar he could be heard to say - "give me a GCA and a shot of Schnapps. Love that Genny!" Scott is one of tough ten of hardcore one four, wing seven, floor four. Heck he had nothing to lose by going Corp, he didn't have any hair in the first place! Scott's dream: gonna find me a mountain and build me a log cabin . . . someday. Scott's memories: Richy, Mac, Brink, camping, hunting, Hood cheat'in the fiddler, backshaft UA club, 14th. co Sportsmans Club!

MARK REYNOLDS ARNOLD

Gar, Arnie

Mark, of Gar & Gar Inc., jumped into the jet stream above Albuquerque, NM with a hot air balloon that he filled with help from a mexican meal and descended into 14's 7th heaven. Thought he was in love a couple of times and Dogpen couldn't wane his raging thirst for affection. Tunes, baseball, a Monte Garlo, blowing wind, paper planes, O.C., and snaking his roomie for a very special lady were some of Gar's diversions until the lady completely took over. Mark was one of the smartest dumb guys around, but priorities - Karen, sleeping, drinking, and G.P. good times preceeded studying to justify a fruit 2.5 QPR. Gar, an angel at heart, felt jealous buying his roomie a third black N. so he got hammered for a USNA car felony & encored that with PDA in Dogpen (on watch). As a Gar, Mark was a stellar lightweight, helping 14 to Brigade champs. Garney settled for a Navy Air backseat but has a front seat reserved in the Chapel in June. Lots of smiles after May with graduation, a wife and plenty of vertigo. Look out P-cola, the Gars are coming! RAS

JOHN LUTHER BERRY

Pops

John, "Pops" to those who quaff in common with him, has been "TAD" at the "BOAT SCHOOL" for four frustrating years. His next duty station is TBS, and then on to Pensacola. Stand by FMF! His parting comments are, "Did Chesty have to do this?, SEMPER FI, and pass the brewskis mate!"

1st Row - (left to right) C. OWENS, F. THORP, P. LOUGHLIN, J. HAUGEN, D. PERRY, R. SAGER, R. WEEMS, C. SPATARO, K. LISS, E. SEDY. 2nd Row - R. RACINE, I. GOMEZ, A. CHIFOLO, L. ZANA, G. NOSAL, D. HILL, J. GIFFIN, R. ADAMS, G. BUCZKOWSKI, R. MUSICO, T. COKER. 3rd Row - J. GESHAY, D. HARRINGTON, K. TAYLOE, A. WILSON, C. BOBLIT, M. KENDALL, J. BARRON, P. PERRI, B. KENNY.

JAMES BUCHANAN BRINKMAN

Brink, J.B., Chet, Dr.

This skinny little boy from Cleveland, Ohio was not your typical mid. Brink had his own way of doing everything. From hosing out the garbage can to chief instigator of plebe rumbles, Jim was different. Anything constant bored him; he had a new girl about as often as he won Brigade championships, he listened to anything from Bach to Blue Oyster Cult, and he drove anything from a van to a VW. He always had an eye for a pretty girl or a good homemade bomb. He was usually a nice guy to everyone except himself. He would torture his body relentlessly, be it with exercise or tequila. James was famous for stealing cheerleaders, all kinds of chemicals for your mind, and for being the most prolific "Chet" in Fourteen's history. His whole life has been surrounded by water, from swimming and polo to that mixed with his scotch, so Jimmy had to pick Surface Line (he also spent First class cruise on the USS Cleveland) and he'll make a fine officer. A little inside Brink! MRA

JEFFREY LEE BUSH

Electric

Jeff, "Bushman, the Electric Bush" left Boise to join the Corps, go to NAPS and finally settle at the Boat School. Being a former grunt he decided to major in history and has been getting max rack ever since. His activities in the hall range from putting some down at the 7-4 "ledge lounge" to carrying the guide on since 6 July 76. Don't confuse the name "Electric" with wires class it refers to what he does on weekends, from camping at Wilson College and Catoctin to frequent trips to Hood. Jeff has broken many a heart and is known throughout as the brigade Hood College rep. As a youngster the Busher made many a trip up near Weems to pick up his mobile, known as the Pintera. He still gets good use of it during the week as an active member of the 14 Company UA Club. He caused quite a commotion in the brigade when his name appeared in a certain Washington mag. Electric gets along with just about everyone, but rooming with a BAMF since I-day is a little shaky. Jeff will always be remembered for his candor STFB, FMF.

JOSEPH MICHAEL CATOE

Joe escaped from the confines of Norfolk, Va., where he was known for his academic and athletic prowess. While quick to continue his academic excellence, the "Dancing Bear" waited until first class year to show his true talent and value to the company soccer and light weight football teams. If a few local lovelies had not come along, Joe may never have experienced the pleasures of the world outside of his rack. An academic wiz, Joe devoted much time to his duties as a founding member of the Fourteenth Company U.A. Club. Always ready for misadventure, Joe and the other clubbers never let the regs or the O.D. stand in their way. Joe's other interests included putting many miles between himself and Canoe U. whenever possible. The fleet should welcome this hard charger in whatever community he chooses. Oh, by the way, Joe, I'm signing out for CFC

THOMAS PAUL D'AGOSTINO

Dag

When Dago was deciding what college to attend he knew he didn't want to be far from home, and being from D.C., Canoe U. was an excellent choice. Not only for him but the rest of his classmates as he hosted many a thirsty wandering soul. A few of his many fine attributes include sincerity and impartial friendliness. Dag got along with everyone but rooming with a BAMF for four years is a little questionable. Falling to the graces of Physical Science, he never had trouble with academics, in fact his collar size strangely enough shrunk bit. Finally having a car in the yard was a big relief for him, the fact he was only a youngster didn't matter. Dag loved the game of soccer and was caught more than once bouncing a ball off various apphendages of his body. He may boast of a lifetime membership in the backshaft UA Club and can recall being served many times at the 7-4 "Ledge Lounge". The Navy Air Arsenal is sure to welcome Dag. UNfortunately a four star *&$%# took a liking to Dag and it's hello Nuke school.

WILLIAM WITBECK DAVIS

Wit

After spending two years in civilian college Wit ventured to the banks of the Severn from sunny Southern California. The move was quite a change but Wit adapted quickly with the help of "Schools" and other friends. Although some of his escapades from plebe year still make us laugh, he has proved to be extremely successful in all his endeavors. Wit has the habit of setting the standard for all those around him. Being one of the best waterpolo players on the East Coast and an outstanding swimmer he has helped Third Battalion win several Brigade Championships in swimming and waterpolo. Second class year saw Wit as an exchange student at West Point. Despite being in competition with 4000 "Woops" he met the girl of his dreams and brought her back to Annapolis. The Marines will be getting one of those few good men they have been looking for when Wit joins the Corp. With his faith and Jacqueline to keep him going, Wit has everything to look forward to.

KENNETH NEAL FLACK

Ken, Gringo

Ken waded in from the land-locked waters of Johnstown to see what the seawaters of Annapolis were like. It was a quick summer, discoing with the commander and fun and games with Chuckie and Schools. His high point was, literally, Herndon. Hopping with Brad, Council Bluffs by night, the "hole" gang on the Frannie May - GQ rack sessions, lost in Kobnhabn, where's Eichelberger - good summer. After two more years of limited success at the USNA technical program, he chose to sell his calculator. His idea of WIRES is to stick the ends of a spiffy in an electrical socket. Many good times during the years in 14, best times during the summers. Sailing in Colombia, river trip on the Amazon, "el Gringo." Spent his 1/c year with a typewriter. misc- 1/2 of the shortest room in the Brigade - no Rickover since youngster year - popcorn - backgammon - the Castle of Ethelred - rafting - Armies and Notre Dame frisbee in P-cola - fieldball - stationary TR6 - April Fool's Day, 1979-

WILLIAM J. GIERI

Bill

Bill came to USNA from Livermore, Ca. to major in Systems Engineering. He was made for that major 'cause he always studied while life passed him by on the fun. BILL, life is women, futbol, basebol, & more women. I can imagine you wanting to be a flamer, but not being one because your sweat puts out your flame. You are just the kind of guy Uncle Hyman needed for His NUCLEAR NAVY. On the more serious side though, it has been one heck of a 4 yr tour for me here at USNA while being your ma & pa. I have gained a wealth of experience & knowledge from you, & because of you I will leave here a better man. GOOD LUCK! as you join the sub force & do it deeper. I guess we can keep in touch when you are back on land like most of us normal gents. May GOD BLESS you & keep you in HIS LOVE. Remember the geeks, nerds, & threats you made, but never lived up to. You were a great roommate. Remember to set the alarm & wake up on time. Also you did a great job in the marathon. Be good & GODSPEED in the Submarine Community . . . **

1st Row - (left to right) G. ELMENDORF, K. DABROWSKI, P. HAUCK, T. FITZPATRICK, M. CORTESE, M. BUSH, C. KHOL, B. MOODY, W. McKENZIE. 2nd Row - M. GIORGIO, P. COLE, T. CROMBIE, T. PARRY, S. JONES, B. REMPE, R. SARGENT, S. STROUD, T. PUENTES, W. POPOUICH, P. DENHAM, E. REAGANS, L. GANDEE. 3rd Row - E. OTTON, J. SHATTO, R. SOULE, R. SCHUMACHER, M. BANNISTER, W. BRENNAN, R. JANICKE, D. LAND, M. PIASCIK.

ROBERT LOUIS JORDAN

Bob

Bob come to us via a lifetime of brainwashing from one of those "other" services (the one that wears blue bus driver uniforms). Once at USNA, he adapted to the true colors of Navy Blue and Gold and made it through Plebe Summer. However, Schools and Evil Cabreeno couldn't rid Bob of his desire to someday don the Zoomie uniform. As proof of his persistence he chose Aerospace Engineering as a major and gave up most of his liberty. As proof of his insanity, he picked a roommate who made it a point to pronounce "Force" was an "a". Bob overcame these handicaps and vented his frustrations by singing in the Glee Club and Choir for 4 years. His role as ACADEMIC OFFICER during First Class year made him resemble Admiral Rickover as he caused many a deficient mid to put in 30 a week. Now that graduation is near, Bob is again hoping to wear a lighter shade of blue. Whatever his fate may be, he will be an asset to his Service. If the choice is up to Bob, May 28 will be the beginning of a long trip into the wild blue yonder.

ARCELIO H. JOSIAH

AJ or Juice

This together young man came to you from the magic city of Titusville, Fla. There he enjoyed life to its fullest, here he tolerated life as much as possible. Here he was known for his way with the ladies & as the bad looking brother sporting the stache. To Deuce, Sledge, & Bill, he's known as the casanova fly & the rest is fly. He goes by the unforgettable name of Dr. Love & these reasons I tell you why. He's 5ft7 & tons of fun, has a 2nd hand cutlass & no money. The women fight for his delight & he's known in Fla&Md by all the foxy ladies and pretty girls he's going down in history as the badest brother there ever could be. I came, studied, played, prayed, loved, graduated, & I'm Gone. With luck & God's blessings, I will definitely be an asset to the world. Hey brothers, you have to be optimistic to survive in this world. Thanks to the profs & admin for making life miserable, & special thanks to the gang in the press & repair taylor shop, to Jane, Diane, Bill, Harry, 14th, O & most of all to my lord & savior Jesus Christ.

JEFFREY SCOTT KUNKEL

Kunk

It became apparent early on that Kunk would have problems with some of the simpler aspects of life when he got lost returning from Timmy's after Herndon at the end of plebe year. He must have really had his beer glasses on that night (right PT?). Youngster year rolled in and Kunk discovered that taking weekends and being an electrical engineer did not mix (though later he was to discover that being a 'double e' and company commander should not even be said in the same sentence). You would think that he had learned his lesson by the middle of first class year, but no! He wants to be a nuke too! How will he make out at Orlando? Who will put up with his snoring (bordering on the pain threshold), his lousy taste in music or the pictures of his bulldogs? Who will be there to trip over his geekcase, give him grief for always studying, or laugh at his car? Ricky Regulation, Victor Mature, neck, sweat, geek; he has been called the worst by the best. Fair winds and following seas from Kunk to those we leave behind.

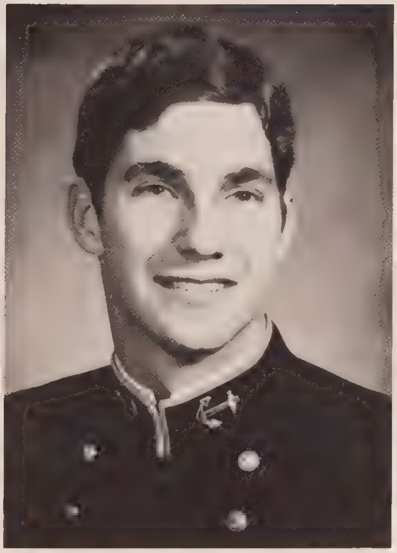
LEE KORZAN

Zan

Lee Korzan didn't just arrive at the shores of the Severn from his hometown of Elyria Ohio-he ran his way here! Everyday, it seemed, Lee would be missing for two or three hours, ostensibly out running, though sometimes we wondered . . . His four years here passed easily but not quickly enough for him. Grades were never much of a problem for Lee although during his first three years he could be found studying in the hall on just about any weekend. All that changed however when he met his beautiful wife to be Mary. Soon Lee became the local wardroom rat, and he most certainly holds the record for most weekends spent at home for someone who lives 400 miles away. And when Lee wasn't going home on his firstie weekends he could be found elsewhere-like Georgetown, where we found out that "the door is always open . . . " The Corps is getting a fine man and an excellent officer in Lee, and in about five years they'll wish he was staying. We all wish Lee and Mary the happiest of marriages and the best of times. See ya in five Lee!

CO CDR - J. KUNKEL, seated; CO SUB-CDR - M. PETERS, back row-right; CAO - M. ZIESER, back row-left

WILLIAM F. DAVIS

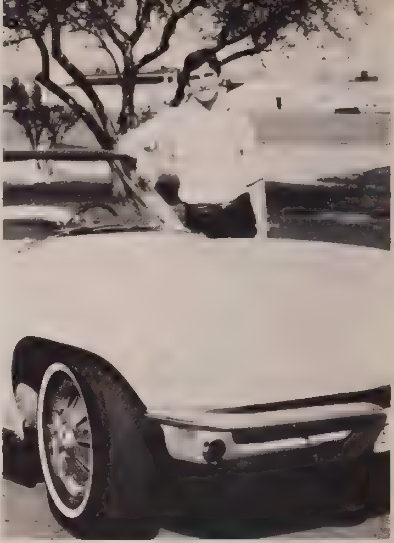


1st Row - (left to right) C. WILLIAMS, G. ZUSCHLAG, J. GUILIANO, S. NORDEL, J. MCGILL, J. SPRUILL, J. CROCKETT, C. SINK, J. YUEN 2nd Row - T. VINDICH, M. HOPGOOD, J. HARTHCOCK, J. O'LEARY, K. PAPP, J. HOFFMAN, T. DALPINI, R. ELDER, D. SIMMONS, T. KRAFT, J. SMITH, R. JENTOFT, J. SOTO, B. SCALES 3rd Row - R. WISE, M. PEARL, C. MURCHSTUD, P. SOARES, F. BLUNDETTO, A. POLLARD, M. RAY, J. DOBBINS, E. BRILL, W. LARSON, T. BRANNON

MICHAEL PETERS

Pete

Mike, also known as the King of Kool, came to the boat school from the land of snow and bars — Buffalo, N.Y. Was he stuck in the snow or passed out in a bar Plebe year, returning 4 days late from Xmas leave? During the school year, Mike was either in class (asleep), or in the rack. Petes was a different Plebe to say the least — 'Want to watch some tube tonight, Cinco? Always wanting to be different, Mike had the best of both worlds — a sleek white '64 Vette convertible and a '67 LeSabre. With his Buick, Mike was a certified member of the Bomb Squad, and with his Vette, Mike could always be seen cruising the back roads of Annapolis. When not in the rack, one could find Mike and the 14th Co. US Club at Rudy's or Weems, holding many "CFC" meetings. As part of the camping crowd, how could we forget the great time Mike had at Wilson College in April, Youngster year? For 4 years the King of Kool lived on 7-4, and from the looks of things, it's going to be a long time before 7-4 sees another Mid as cool as Mike!!!



WILLIAM KEVIN LESCHER

Lesch

Bill Lescher, alias Thrasher, Lesch, Leschmo, Wild Bill, etc., turned down a free ride to Notre Dame in order to join the illustrious class of 80 here at the boat school. So instead of wasting his time with frat parties and real women, Bill kept himself busy by putting together a string of 4.0 semesters. While keeping himself near the top of the class Bill always found means to escape the routine. For example he was the drummer for the rowdy rock band "Gandalf" 3/C and 2/C years, spending most of his weekends getting in and out of trouble at local women's colleges. Although Bill hails from Highland Pk. IL, he enjoyed spending his Xmas leaves down in Key West. Apparently he likes the Fla sun since he plans to spend the first couple of years after grad. in the blue skies above Pcola. Bill talks often of getting out after five and using his systems eng. background to make some big bucks, but he is a 30 year man if ever there was one. In any case, the Navy will soon have an outstanding pilot with Bill in the cockpit. Best of luck, Bill!

JOHN ANDERSON LOWE

Sarge

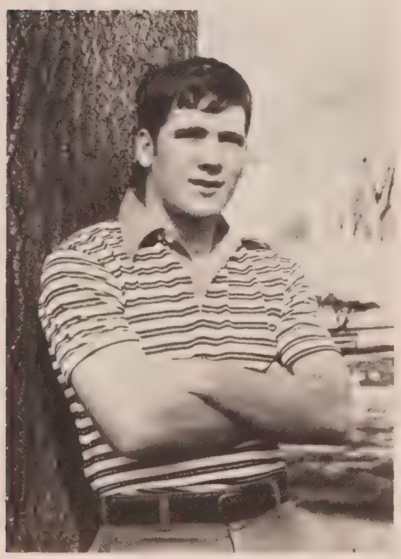
Sarge was a dedicated, gungy Marine when he first came to the Academy. A few weeks before service selection, however, it looked as if the green in his blood had turned to a Navy blue. Most believed the intense naval brainwashing he was forced to indure for the past three and one half years was too much for him and he simply cracked under the complex propaganda techniques used at the Academy. Those that knew him best, knew that Sarge would die before he ever became a naval squid officer. It simply took him a long time to get permission from the head honcho, who is also his Savior, his Commandant and his wife-to-be: Ellen.

FRANKLIN D. McKINNEY, JR.

Mac, Mudpup

Mac hailed from the backwoods of Mississippi to struggle with academics and his rack for four years. The Mudpup decided that rowing and academics could not mix, so he pursued the latter in hopes of graduating. Instead of answers, Mac always had the GOUGE and the willingness to share it. If you ever feel the urge to argue or talk about bikes, he will be more than happy to oblige you. You can rest assured that he will always RIDE to LIVE and LIVE to RIDE.

CO CDR - T. D'AGOSTINO, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. BUSH, back row-right; CAO - L. KORZAN, back row-left



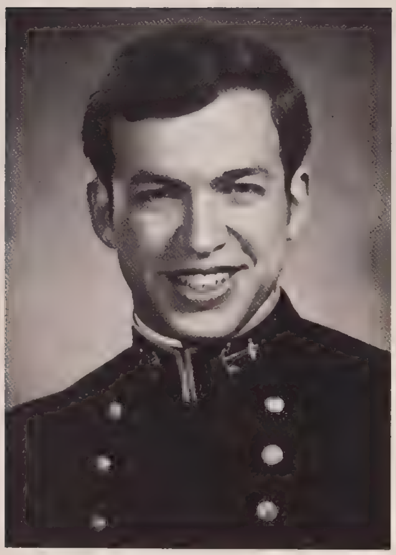
BRADLEY ALAN PETERSON

Brad

Brad came to the Boat School out of Pittsburgh on a wing and a prayer. After four years he's adopted the wing and held to his prayer. Knee surgery plebe year altered Brad's plans to play Navy football, but in fighting his way back, he showed us all and himself a special kind of courage. This sort of determination was reflected during Dean's time as Brad's grades in M.E. always seemed to climb. But through his successes, Brad remained dependable and sincere. First class cruise saved him from joining the dolphin gang and he'll be going the other way when he heads for the skies. To the boys in 14, Brad is someone we've been proud to look up to. And look up we will as those Navy wings of gold carry Brad to even greater heights.

THOMAS LEE STAMBAUGH

Tom Stam suffered the hardships and indignities of enlisted life before coming to Navy. He then found out the real meaning of the words. Tom worked as hard as anybody his first three years here, always pushing to prepare himself for the great god Hyman. A funny thing happend along the way, though. Tom decided that the constant sweating of the nuke life was not for him and he set his sights instead on good ol' surface line. His last year here Tom mellowed out, found the optimum spot on the grade-time curve and focused much of his attention on his incredibly fine and beautiful love-namely his '66 Vette. On the weekends when Tom wasn't working on his own car he could be found working on a multitude of other cars the other firsties had waiting for him. In his spare time Tom found his way to top spots on the batt squash and two time brigade champs batt tennis teams. We all know that if anyone can meet the challenges of surface line that man is Tom. Good luck in the fleet Tom, watch the "draft", and keep on cruisin'.



ALAN EDWARD PORTILLO

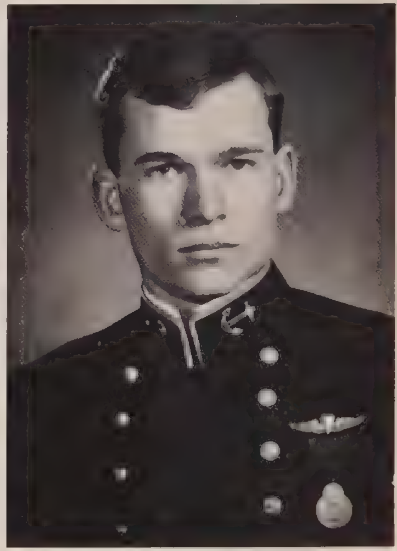
Big Al

Big Al descended upon an unsuspecting USNA early in the summer of 76. While both thought things would go smoothly Al made a quick decision that perhaps he had come to the wrong place. A lot of friendly persuasion changed that and he quickly went to work on his own inherent sonar. After a brief period in the world of numbers Al switched to the verbose environs of Poli Sci. As a result he could be seen departing the hallowed halls of Mother B at every opportunity. Knowing the virtue of being true to the naval service Al did his utmost to convert his wayward roommate to see its benefits. Never one to miss a chance to show his devotion to Navy Big Al could always be found at pep rallies. Upon his return to USNA first class year some doctor shattered Al's dreams of riding the wind. Not to fear though, since Al had fallen in love with a Spruance destroyer during cruise. Surface line will be getting a man that it needs, one with a devotion to her service and his Lord. With that combination Big Al and Surface Line can't lose

RICHARD ALLEN SEILER

Gar, Richie

Richie left St. Louis and, after spending a year at NAPS, arrived at the boat school. Gar was probably the ratiest plebe ever, earning that title when he returned from X-mas leave with a moustache. Rich had to work hard (just ask him) but he still managed to star in baseball and at Hood College. Quite a few ladies tried to rope the Gar but he got away from them all, thanks to his suped up '68 Chevy (the bumper was held on by the parking sticker). Rich was never fond of duty, homework, restriction or Nuke power but he did got for camping, garrin' out, motorcycles and vertigo. He'll never forget Ellen, the jumgle, all four Armies, "NO SLAGS ALLOWED", three Black N's, four N-stars, and Gar & Gar, Inc. Rich's free spirit and his desire to go for the gusto have led him to choose Navy Air and become a redneck P-3 pilot. He certainly will be a welcome addition to this fine service, see ya in P-cola, Gar! Memories: Duffer-Ellen-camping-road trips- Army-Senior UA Club-seawall sub races-penthouse jumgle-Bobbin' Robin-Buds-YA! MRA



HARLEY E. SKIDMORE

Tip

"I came, I saw, I went to Quantico."

DAVID BLAIR WHITLOCK

Dave came to the shores of the Severn from the giant metropolis of Bexley, Ohio. After recovering from the cultural shock, Dave was quick to adapt to Navy ways. A stud wrestler plebe year, Dave soon retired to company sports after allowing the medical department to examine his knee from the inside out. A management major, Dave always managed to stay one step ahead of the O.D. Though Dave never swept out or cleaned the mirrors, he kept his roommate pacified with an endless stock of Kahlua, which eased the boredom of study hour in the backshaft of 7-4. When the monotony became too great, Dave was quick to join the other boys of the Fourteenth Company U.A. Club. Dave did his share of diving, both in and out of the pool, while at the Boat School and he hopes to become a Navy diver following graduation. Whatever his selection, D.B. will be a welcome addition to the Fleet in 1980.

15

ROBERT LUCIAN BEARD

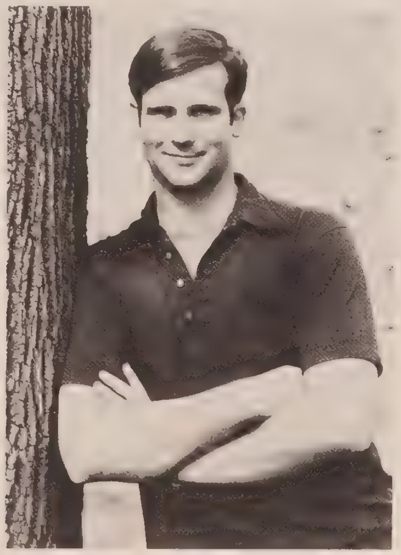
B^2

Robert Mustachio Beardo came to the Annapolis branch of A^2C^2 to see what it would be like to live in the world's largest co-ed dorm. Since his arrival here from that metropolis, Heber Springs, Arkansas, a lot of knowledge and experiences haven't changed his basic nature of a sly Ozark Possum. Some of the highlights of Bob's enlightenment were how to wear shoes and how to "tawk crectly". His favorite things at USNA were the inside out-houses and the sody-pop machines outside his door. Life was never dull when Bob was around, and his ability to laugh at anything and anyone, including himself, made him a man fun to be with and man fun to watch. Suffering under the knife of Dr. Cox and the "what's-your-latest-major?" game, Bob emerged from the Academy with a firm hold on two facts — laughter is the best medicine and without Jesus Christ as your Lord, life just isn't life. With the Lord as Bob's C.O., Surface Line will provide the challenge and we know he'll be the better for it.

DAVID MICHAEL BISSOT

Biss

Dave, known affectionately as Biss, came from Newark, Delaware, where he graduated with a full head of hair from Sleaseanum High. He came to the Boat School in search of the easy life, after first trying mushroom farming. After specializing in carrying 150-lb buckets of 'shroom dung, Biss soon decided that being the horse of the industry was not conducive to either his goals nor his social life. His continuing search for the good life led him to the Navy, where he reveled in the art of fine-tuning boilers as a BT. After two years he migrated to NAPS to prepare for this hallowed school. While at the Boat School he signed up for Ocean Engineering. However, believing that this was not true to his form he stepped up to PHI-SCI. Qualifying for several endangered species lists including the Napsters and the bald and obese ones, Biss lived happily, drinking beer, sleeping, and cooking and eating noodles. His only goal upon graduation is the expansion of A&B Automotive, specializers in carbs and cheap repairs.



DAVID J. BROADBENT

D.J.

Dave, or "D.J.", as he is called by some, came to the Academy from the frigid arctic wastelands of Newington Conn. Upon his arrival at the Academy plebe summer and his subsequent recovery from the inevitable case of "culture shock", Dave settled into USNA routine. Plebe and Youngster years passed without indident. Dave's love life flourished . . . in fact, at one point he was voted as "most likely candidate for a June Week wedding". However, after being shown the error of his ways, he proceeded to lead a normal social life complete with trips to local women's colleges. Dave also has the distinction of being one of the few lucky? Electrical Engineers in the company. Upon graduation, he hopes to attend NPS in Orlando, Fla. and sometime later pursue his master's degree in Business Administration at graduate school.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BROWNE

Brownie

Brownie came to Prototype Prep from Elmhurst, Illinois — the land of Hus, Big Ds, and the Cubbies, where everyone is fired up! Jack and Julie's boy was a success in high school, but that didn't begin to compare with what was in store at USNA. He began by being elected our Honor Rep during plebe year — but that wasn't enough. He decided to try to be popular with every girl at the Sheraton during plebe Army and his abysmal failure convinced him to come back to USNA and get down to business by being a good Mech Neck, a part-time Navy soccer player, and a fine French Club president to boot! Oui commandant! As second set 3rd Batt Commander, smilin' Mike became the most prestigious member of the Clean 13, which had long been his goal, and he finally escaped the Champaign whip. Whittoo! So, with his existence complete, Brownie is off to more success with Hymie.

ROBERT A. COTTERELL

Bob

Bob came to the Academy after turning down offers of admission to Harvard, Yale and Cornell. His decision turned out to be a wise one as he has adjusted well to military life.

The Academy has certainly been a tough time for Bob, at least for his body. Bob suffered through a bad case of pneumonia during Plebe Summer and later broke his two front teeth while practicing the tower jump from his top rack. Ten mile runs also proved to be demanding on Bob as he seemed to "loose control" in those situations.

Bob always went out of his way to not become known as a smack. After being appointed to the "Dant's List" second class year, Bob purposely left his Dodge Dart "Blue Hen Mobile" out in town to be prompty reported to official authorities.

Bob has decided to take his Rabbit (front wheel drive, of course!) down to Quantico to start his career as a Marine Aviator. Good Luck Bob!

RICHARD AUGUST FLAK

Augi

Tonight God knows what things may tide
the night's expectant wait
wearily paces, bleary-eyed,
racked with expectant pain,
and we who labored from our mother's side
thrilled with every cry.

CATHERINE-MARY CARLIN

Camy

Camy had almost all the things that anyone could ever want as a mid. Not only was she a member of Navy's famous varsity swimming team, but her 3.?? CQPR helped send her on her way to an interview with Mr.Rickover himself. How lucky! Not only could she claim to be the best cookie-baker in the Brigade, but who else could claim to have memorized the birthdates of all their classmates in the 15th company? Camy did! (She couldn't remember her own, though . . .) And to top it all off, she's a true Irish Catholic. Who could have asked for more? Too bad she had to be from Long Island, though. Nobody's perfect. Camy deserves a lot more credit for the things she did during our four years at USNA, but she'd be happy if people would just stop calling her Cathy.

MICHAEL JOHN FREIX

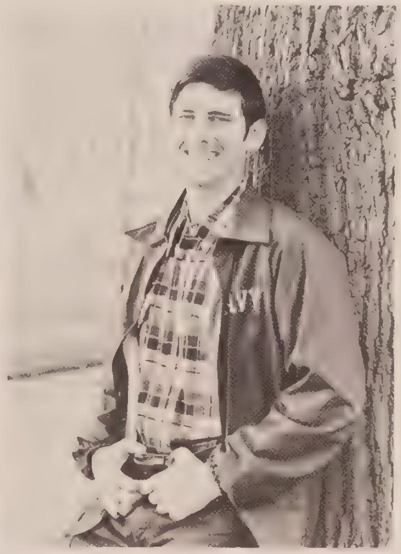
Freixy

Mike came from Muscle Beach, Florida and the beautiful blondes of Gator U. to come to USNA where the ratio was to be significantly less. It is no understatement that Mike lives and dies in search of G-I-R-L-S! Who else but Mike could rationalize . . . a Firebird 400 for the sake of good first impressions? . . . a weekend trip to California for a blind date? . . . $100 of stamped, scented, and signed love cards waiting for an address? . . . a 28-day body-building program before every leave period? . . . a sailing trip through a raging storm to the Bahamas in quest of a "tropical tan"? . . . recharging himself with a glass of Grade A whole milk after sunbathing? . . . ten hours of blissful sleep every night (day?) in preparation for the weekend? . . . get-rich-quick schemes like Lykes in hopes of becoming a Playboy Millionaire? . . . Kristie, Donna, Rose, Melissa, Carmen, Amy, Donna, Judy, Vanessa, Colleen, Cathee, Nola, and Joyce? . . . only Greg could come close!

KARL RICHARD GUSTAFSON

Gus

Born (1954) of and owing allegiance to Buffalo, Wyoming, this man is of different ways than most ignorant sleepers. He was raised in Arkansas and Tennessee and his home now is in New York. All his life he has lived near or in mountains. For a change of pace, he joined the Navy. An old man when he began his stay at the Severn River Resort, he was just finishing about three years of enlisted service, USN, including NAPS. At USNA he became active in company, and battalion sports as well as sailing. A fan of most musics, he enjoys mellow rock and blue grass the most. Gus, a militarist and wargamer, is steeped in military history. But alas, much was sacrificed in his determination to survive the academic onslaughts of the marine engineering major. What is easy for some may be hard for others. His social life went zero. A gross misplacement of values, he acknowledges. Concerning women at USNA, lets start a war and find out if they work. Wishing to go surface line, he will probably instead see neutrons due to the "Needs of the Navy."



NICHOLAS HARMON

Nnnnnnick

After four struggling years in E.E., Nick has finally made it. Nick worked hard during the week so he could have the weekends free to run wild. His favorite hunting grounds have included the colleges of Notre Dame, Goucher, Hood, Oxbow Inn, Pier 7, and Charlies W.S. The Hoodlum Fan Club will always have a place in their hearts for Nick. There is a special tub reserved for him and his Kissing Bandit costume has been retired.

Nicks unquenchable thirst for those evil spirits sometimes brought him into ususual circumstances. Take that Army Party in '78 for example. Nick retired early after a losing battle with the bottle. Nick woke up with bruises all over his body the next day and claimed that people mistook him for the carpet.

Nick was a dedicated gymnist who followed a rigorous diet that included hot chocolate (without the water), and crackers and diet Pepsi for dinner. Nick will always be remembered as a guy who never quits.

1st Row - (left to right) K. O'CONNOR, N. McQUADE, G. GULLIVER, M. SCHWAN, H. PARKER, C. DASHIELL, J. NOWAK. 2nd Row - A. FARRELL, B. ANGELL, D. McCURDY, C. ARNDT, W. AKANA, K. SCHAAFF, G. BECKER, A. SWOOPE. 3rd Row - S. FITZGERALD, G. WILLIAMS, B. AMEND, C. KLEIN, P. McBRIDE, D. PEDERSEN, P. MUCCIARONE, M. MANAZIR, A. KARATZOU.

JAMES ROGERS HAYNES

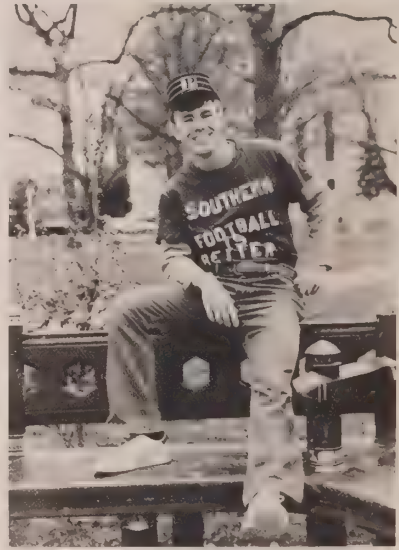
Jimmy

"Anguish!" cried the boar . . . and then I shot 'im through the hay-ed before he could say more. I reckoned I'd try some verse too — like it Aug? I'm Jimmy Haynes, from Savannah, Jawjuh, and I left Hank and Jeanna cause I heard the shrimpin was good here but all I've seen is daggum Severn River scum. I'm a human work machine though, so this place suits me jis fine. Jis give me my Tensor lamp, a bowl of oranges (ssslurrp . . . I love makin' noise when I eat), and a neat blotter and I'm as happy as General Sherman strollin through Atlanta! Actually, I did, as you Northnuhs say, "blow it off," once during 3/c year, but I felt guilty. Speaking of guilt, I want to apologize to Swat for leaving a loose cap on the Brasso, and to Karen for not kissing her in the Ring! But, aw hayeck, I couldn't do that, I dream about fish at night, not girls! (Ed. note: in all fairness to the dirty rebel, he was a 5-striper, a Rhodes candidate, a Burke and Olmstead recipient, and a decent roommate. Good luck in the Corps, Jimmy Haynes!)

JAMES W. HOUCK

Jimmers

Jim shed his Pennsylvania Dutch background in the Lion's den of State College (thereafter named Happy Valley) to become a midshipman. His apparent neutral position living with a Yankee and a Rebel was soon clouded as his many deviate qualities came to light — Alfalfa brushed his teeth in hot water, joined the Master-Debaters and Talley's Heroes and played Mom's music, all while dreaming of home. A non-existent mechanical ability led him to choose Chinese as a major, and subsequent trips to Subic and Japan left noticeable physical effects — just make him laugh! He never lost his wrestling or dating ability — choking Sugar to submission, and failing on two other dates one left for Seattle the next day, and the other drove off as he was paying the bill. Though he has never learned to put the cap on a brasso can, yet to discover what "x!" on his calculator is for, and causes whiplash when shifting gears in the Beige Bullet, Jim is sweet 13'er, Pres. of a local DHA chapter, and NAFAC "Honcho" in quest of Suzie III.



STEPHEN HOWARD HUBER

Hubes

Stephen Howard Huber affectionately known as Hubes, Mother Huber, (and sometimes Daddy thanks to a certain plebette) came to USNA from West Chester, Pa. famous for AFFF and Chester County Mushrooms. Mushrooms tells you how Hubes lived most of his life, in the dark. When he finally came out of the closet, Hubes fell flat on his face (not breaking his glasses because the lenses were too thick), to be picked up by Charlene. She fell in love with his long eye lashes but would only marry him if he bought a white vette. He wound up driving a little green junker (TR-6), good for hauling firewood only. Then came Ziggy who said "Either I go or the military goes." Needless to say, Steve stayed on at USNA, gave up women, wore Alligator shirts (what a preppie), and turned into a monk. Hopefully, Hubes will change his ways to become a better boat driver than he is as a being, not human. Good luck Hubie.

1st Row - (left to right) P. SCHILKE, C. GEPFORD, B. RUGY, J. SPEAR, K. WILHEILM, S. BARTON, J. P. MADDEN, T. MORTONSON, M. CROWLEY. 2nd Row - S. RIGISICH, W. ROGERS, H. ATKINS, T. MORAN, J. VERGELLI, W. COBB, A. WILSON, J. KENNA, D. CUNNINGHAM, E. HORD, J. McDONNELL, P. RENO, J. CONNERTON. 3rd Row - D. PALMER, T. CANOLL, J. COLASITO, M. CASE, W. MILLER, S. SOMNITZ, M. CHENIAE, E. MURRILLO, J. DEGENFELDER.

CO CDR - J. HOUCH, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. FLAK, back row-right; CO ADJ - R. BEARD, back row-left

LAWRENCE MICHAEL INGENERI

Swatt

Awright. I'll tell ya how I gut my name. Ya see, I was in the back seat of Spica's cah aftah one of Franky's hacky games — in the back seat with a broad. Nice broad, met 'er across the lake in Maine. I figyuhed since I was the Canton Bulldog Math Team Captain I could get away with mudah, but when I tried, she cracked my face and called me a red-haired Bridge troll! Spica saw it and said, "Gawd Laya, she sure did SWAT ya!" He thought it was pissa. Gawd! I was so embarassed. Sal said I'd ruin the family name if I didn't leave town. That's how I ended up down heeya. It was tough at fuhst. Gawd, did my feet stink! Maybe I huht 'em when I did my towah jump plebe yeeah, But I soon made my mahk in Dubble E. I had lots of friends during study owwa. (Gawd, Dubble E Stinks). Luckily, it didn't huht my ability to scooa with the babes. Thanks for the setup, Mrs. Schmidteye! (ooh, nice shot). So now I'm off to Hymie. Jimmuhs says I'm a great friend but don't believe it — get out of heeya — all a yas! See ya latuh!

ANDREW JOSEPH MULLEN

A.J.

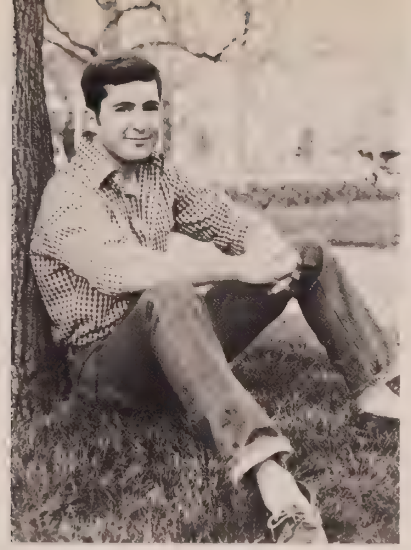
A.J. came to the Naval Academy from the sprawling metropolis of Street, Maryland, where every little boy's dream is to drive a pick-up truck and chew SKOAL. "Juice" feared that he would not be able to measure up to the academic standards so he spent a year up in Newport with the NAPS class of '76. Following the long tradition of All-Star Navy football players A.J. decided to major in Resources Management. It took A.J. until first class year to win a regular spot as kicker for the 150# football team, but that did not keep him from earning All-League honors youngster year. He had hoped to become the manager of the dairy farm for service selection, but the Medical Board ruled otherwise. His greatest achievements in four years include a record-setting performance in headball and an impressive track record for lovin' and leaving' 'em. His famous Navy excuse was "Well, I'll be at sea for five years. You won't be milking cows on weekends either, A.J.

CO CDR - R. COTTERELL, seated; CO SUB-CDR - S. HUBER, back row-right; CO ADJ - S. FALMER, back row-left

JAMESINA MARIE JIMENEZ

Jamie

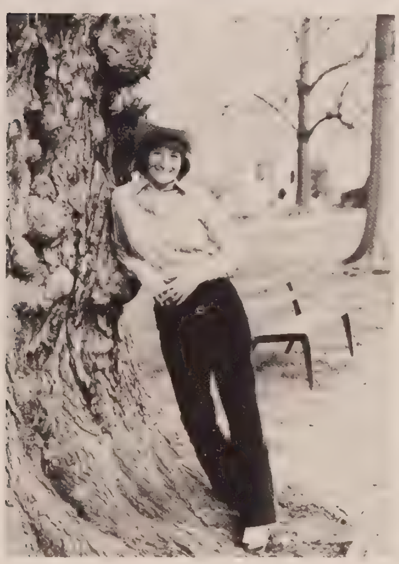
Jamie hails from Harbor City, California. Jamie can be considered as someone who will try anything for fun. Plebe summer she decided to become the female Zorro, so she joined the fencing team. This however only lasted until we went to the pistol range. At the range she discovered her hidden talent. From there she went on to be one of the top women's pistol shots in the country (as prooven by being named an All-American). Jamie, however, decided to give others a break and retire to the realm of intramurals. She now had more time to devote to her hobbies. Some of these hobbies included: needle work dreaming of See's Candy, hanging stuffed animals, looking in Bride's magazines, and running a perimeter. Hopefully after she receives her B.S. in Management and receives her Commission in the U.S. Navy she will return to the sunny beaches of California, but not alone. For on the 31st of May she will take a trip down the aisle and become Mrs. P. Tatro.



JOHN B. O'CONNOR

John

After spending his youth in the busy city of Chicago, John decided to come to Annapolis and give the Boat School a try. John was very impressed with the hectic life found at the Academy, and he soon decided that the Navy was definately his type of lifestyle. John quickly earned high respect from his classmates due to his determination to excel in the Management Major. His sacrifices, such as not drinking fluids before a test and staying up all night, earned him the title of "super geek". John thoroughly enjoyed his summer curises as he strived to make the best of Surface Line. Seasickness finally overtook him however and he has decided instead to go to the blue skies with Navy Air. Good Luck John!



KARRI ANN KLINE

"the laughin'est woman I ever met"

MEL JOHN MEINHARDT

Crawling from the slag-heap of the American military-industrial complex, Mel emerged with one quest; one dream . . . to find the perfect tuck. His pilgrimage led him to the grey walls of a little co-ed monastery on the Severn, where he took the rights of membership. For four years he lived there, quietly studying and astounding all with his vast knowledge of the outside world and the proper methods to use in expanding one's horizons. Defying the efforts of Marine Engineering Dept. to keep him here on weekends, Mel dabbled in rock-climbing, orienteering (the thinking man's sport), dinghy sailing, while at the same time keeping Mr. Donut and Col. Sanders in business. As all former Super-Straights do, Mel plans are to enter the fleet and join an "elite group of skilled professionals", the CEC, or is it Crypto? or Intelligence? or if the wavier comes through . . . we know that whatever Mel does, he will always do his best to be the best. The call of "Meinhardt here!" will always be remembered.

JEFFREY DALE MILLER

Mills

Jeff drifted in from the midwest, specifically Bloomington, Ill. He is affectionatly known (after his close friend, the bottle), and he never did fill his insatiable desire to drink. Mills got to be pretty well known around the company . . . by not too many people, because he was the mysterious man behind the long hair, parted down the middle. He had a few quirks that everyone noted, like eating things when nothing was in his mouth but his tongue. He also "scratched" a considerable bit which made everyone think he had fleas. The girls flocked around Mills like a dog with a Hartz 90 day flea collar attracts fleas, but the Hood girls seemed to be immune from the collar. Although Lynn and Bonnie found out rather quickly about Jeff's abusive escapades. They will never forgive him but he'll just blow it off like he does everything else. Mills will probably break many more hearts if the women don't break his face first. Do it dirty Jeffy.

ALAN K. OKA

Okes

From the lettuce fields of Salinas, God's gift to women wrestlers, Alan Oka, made his way to the lofts of MacDonough Hall. Emerging three seasons later with his N, Okes expanded his interests with a passion. First on his list was to complete his death-wish qualifications by attending jump school, scuba classes and mountain warfare training. After the training Al decided to start climbing rocks rather than just talking to them. To keep in shape for the weekend climbs, Al limbered up on the sides of the 5th wing or Halsey or Memorial Hall or . . .

Okasan started working towards a trip to Japan his youngster year by saving his pennies, investing in the market and learning Japanese. Finally, during his first class summer, he made it to the Far East.

After establishing himself as a jock, Okes turned his efforts to oceanography where he led his class in Coloring.

Ladies and gentlemen of the real world I present to you Alan K. Oka gentleman, scholar, athlete and friend to all.

STEVE FOSTER PALMER

Georgia lost one of its good ol' boys when Steve came to USNA. Steve learned to sleep anywhere, anytime, and the O-club was no exception. He was a very logical person: Gentlemen prefer blondes, he is an officer and a gentleman by act of Congress, therefore he prefers blondes, whether twice his age or half. His favorite subject at USNA was Foreign Affairs, although he received no credit for his endeavors. He shared the Pope's views on a number of issues, including the noxious bacillus . . . Verboten! He was exceptionally rational. When asked why his car had a T-top, he replied, "How else can you toss the beer can with the winders up?" He had a way with words. He convinced his roommate that sonar on a nuclear sub pinged at 120 per minute . . . his roommate went nuke. Steve's post-graduate plans include a trip to Pensacola where he will be the center of an international "incident."

ROBERT WILLIAM PETERSEN

Bob

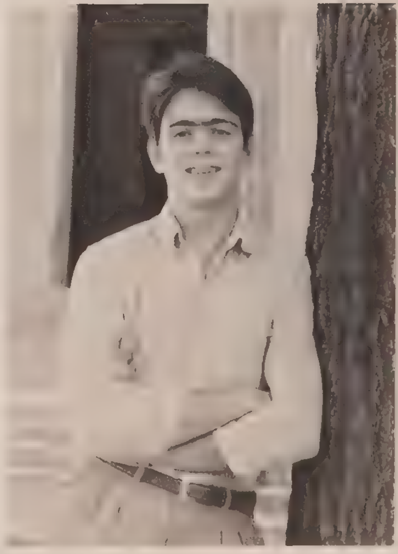
Bob came to the Naval Academy from California with alot of big ideas and aspirations, most of which were fortunately crushed in the offing, before they could be initiated. "Saturday Night Fever" not only changed Bob's lifestyle, but also his hairstyle. It was not difficult to spot Bob in Dahlgren Hall on the dance floor or behind his DJ booth. He met his special Lady at Fran O'Brians (Heaven must have sent her); and could not believe that she liked disco as much as he did! Too much Systems Engineering . . . NOXIOUS BACILLUS . . . homework and constant exposure to disco caused irreparable brain damage to Bob. As a result, he began to collect plants which provided an organic means of mental release. Bob was really proud to get his luxurious Grand Prix, which was admired by many wardroom workers with exclamations of "That car do be bad!" Lastly, Bob deserves one big "attaboy" for taking his roomate's nuclear power slot. (Unless he switches again) Thanks Bob!

WICKLIFF PAUL III

Wick

Wickliff Paul not the first or second but the third, was easily summoned from his usual E.I. sessions with the rack by "YO WUP!" Wick, being one of the fruits from Orange, Texas, was a proud man but extreemely lazy which could be why he ended up majoring in Physical Science. Who know's maybe AIRMOCO can use his academic abilities for something. Plebe year showed Wick as a smooth operator just ask J.J. The only problems Wick had that year were his roomates who liked to put toothpaste in his underwear.

As an upperclassman Wick's weekends (the few he had) were used practicing police chase manuvering in his eight man night ghetto cruising mobile. Goucher and especially Hood were victims of those practice sessions. However all of those girls took back seat to a certain southern belle by the name of Carla. She is part of the reason Wick joined the Karate Club and worked his way thru to brown belt. Wick is sure to succeed in his every endeavor. SEMPER FI !!!!!



GREGORY R. RAMSAY

Ram,Tree,Big Red

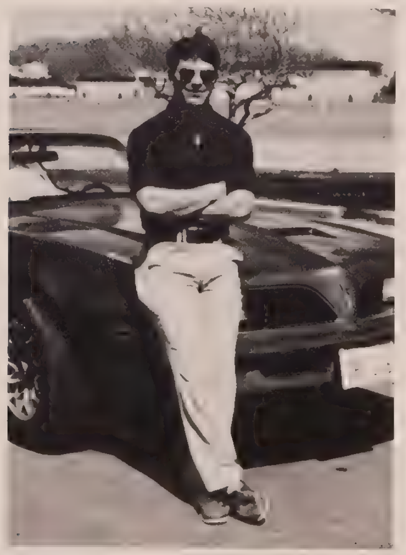
A Californian at heart, Greg, who claims Anaheim as home was able to infiltrate a few customs from Ca. When weather permits Greg can be found perfecting frisbee catching. Another style Greg became popular in was the art of exhibitionism. One hot night over 2/c summer a group of mixed couples decided to soothe their bodies in the nearest pool (no suits required). He was also caught by an observant female who later noted her findings to Greg. In aspiration of becoming like his prolific friend Bob, Greg's social life could be characterized by "Too many woman, not enough time." Despite all his stunts, Greg, was able to maintain an academic prowess equalled only by a few. This achievement is a direct result from his order of priorities: 1. Weekends, 2. Girls, 3. Academics. Greg is best remembered by his generous heart, friendly smile, and close friends. During his First Class year a near fatal accident brought his friends and family that much closer.

God Bless You, Greg

1st Row - (left to right) W. CONRAD, K. PARTON, D. HICKS, D. JONES, E. JACKSON, J. STEWART, T. BAILEY, M. WOODS, M. MOLKENBUHR 2nd Row - H. SMITH, P. CAHILL, J. FORTI, R. HASKINS, P. MAHOSKY, R. TAYLOR, Y. WILLIAMS, K. PODOLAK, K. WILLIAMS 3rd Row - R. MORIN, W. McHUGH, L. RUGGIERO, S. HUBELI, B. NUENZIG, P. CLARK, L. SMITH, J. COUGHLIN, W. TYREE NOT PICTURED - B. JACOBI

PAUL SHERMAN SCHMIDT

Paul called "Schmidteye" by some, hails from Newport, Annapolis, Virginia Beach and just about everywhere else. Paul decided to major in Mechanical Engineering and although he was not a stellar performer he refused to drop down to an easier major (General Engineering). When not studying Paul could be found at one of the local bars or headed to one of the nearby women's colleges. In fact, at one point, Paul seemed to be headed for a June Week wedding, however she had different ideas. After recovering from this devasting blow, Paul tried his hand at shuttle diplomacy between Eastport and Goucher. One of Paul's other endeavors was to learn to play the guitar . . . he did succeed at other things though, like . . ., or . . ., well enough of that. Upon graduation Paul plans to head south to Pensacola for NFO training. Later in his career he hopes to go to post graduate school and get his masters in Mechanical Engineering.
GOOD LUCK PAUL



ANN FULTON STENCIL

Rooney

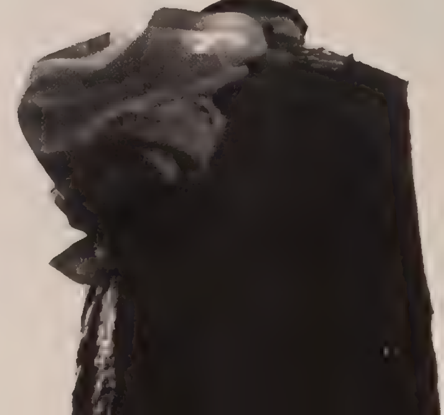
Name: Stencil, Ann Fulton
"Rooney"
"Stence"
"Air Force"
"Sixth Fleet"
"Big Red"
But always "Annie"

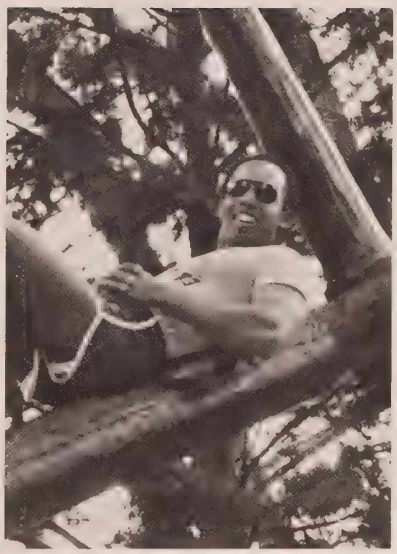
HARRY ELDRIDGE STOVALL, III

Harrison

If it is possible to be innocent and from California "Harrison" has done it. His mild manner makes him easy to live with, arguing only about the thickness of soup or whose turn it is to do the dishes. His never ceasing attention to study should put one more engineer on submarines and away from those California girls. Harold's trick jaw and habit of eating ice and slurping HOT chocolate will put new noises on board and draw attention to him.

Harry has done his part in conserving energy by not having his car in the yard first class year and was able to spend several weekends making the decision. What was saved in gas was spent in electricity on all of his stereo gear and desk full of recordings. His hair, classical music, water polo, and priority problems make Harrison stand apart from the rest of his classmates.





MARK BASS VAUGHN

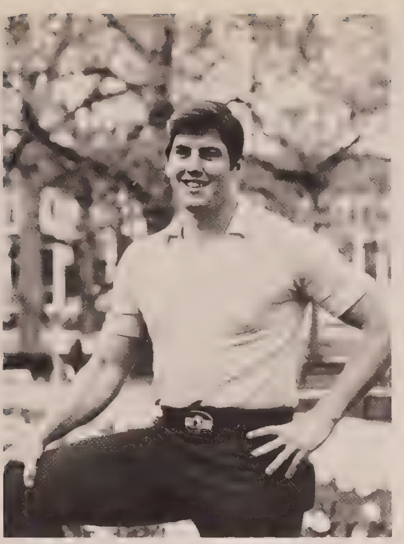
MBV

After having the unique privilege of growing up in Shelbyville, Kentucky, Mark Vaughn ventured out into the world and came to the Naval Academy. It was here that he discovered an ignorance of "backwoods learning" among fellow Americans, so he "commenced" to educate them. While working and playing with his newly found friends, MBV realized that he could not make a career out of teaching at USNA. Naval Aviation became his goal, so he joined the "Aero Majors' Club" and kept himself busy until his goal could be reached. Academics was never a major part of his life, however, as can be testified by his ability to always find something better to do than study. To those who knew him, it was apparent that MBV had made a commitment to trust Christ as his Lord and Savior. As he grew "in wisdom and in stature", he was always "increasing in favor with God and with man." Fortunate are those who will come to know Mark in the fleet. May they also see as much of Christ in his life as has been visible here.

MONTEL BRIAN WILLIAMS

TOO MANY WOMEN, TOO LITTLE TIME.

16



JEROME ANDERS BARKER

Bjorn

Jerome came to the USNA from the banks of the Ohio River in the land of the Buckeyes to impress us with his killer instinct on the gridiron and in his wires labs. He quickly made a name for himself during plebe summer when he was seen to inhale an entire pan of chili. He was the type of guy who was always there to lend a helping hand-usually to the back of someone's head when he least expected it. Always a lady-killer, Bjorn could usually be found at Pricilla's, and on occasion, in Bancroft Hall. But as we know, all good things must come to an end; so after living in sin for the past 2 years, he will tie the knot this June. Now he'll have to practice his moves on his wife instead of opposing defensive linemen. We're all going to miss Bjorn when he skips off to Quantico and the Marines, so we say good luck to Jerome, and to the lucky lady.

BASIL BELDEN BATES, JR

BJ

Basil Belden Bates, affectionately known as B-cubed, better known as BJ, found his way to Annapolis one fine day in July, 1976. The question is, "Does BJ attend USNA or does he really go to Hood College?" Ever since he found his way to Frederick, Md. He hasn't found his way back. It seems he attends classes at Canoe U. but resides at Hood. He may be commuting. When he's not pumping his room full of ZZZ's, he's out running around with the varsity football team as the manager. BJ is probably best noted for his fine taste in women especially the ones he picked up in Cleveland during plebe year. Who knows what he may be doing after USNA. If there is life after school he may not stay in the Navy.

CHARLES GURNEY BELTZ

MOLEMAN

The Moleman stumbled blindly into Annapolis from Alliance, Ohio leaving behind many broken hearts and some girlfriends too. When he put his glasses on and realized where he was, his heart sank, as well as the girlfriends' back home. Not to be thwarted, the Mole proceeded to find the ugliest girl at the plebe T-fight. He was awarded $30 for his efforts. When plebe year came to a close, Chuck'ms or Chuckles, found himself as one of the Naval Academy's first YP jocks. Youngster cruise with all females (classmates) must have been invigorating. Now, after many long hours of studying the finer aspects of Marine Engineering, Mole takes his guitar and heads for darker places in Hyman's Nuclear Navy. Good Luck, Chuck.

wrnv
89.7 FM
STEREO

ROBERT EUGENE BERDINE

Bob

Bob, a son of a grunt from Yuma, Ariz., started his term here with just two things in mind, good grades and to be the best. Things went well until he entered puberty second class year and discovered girls and his rack. This startling discovery got him a wife to be and a new major, G.E. NFO bound, if he can stay awake, he will do well.

CHARLES WILLIAM BOOTH

C.B.

With the smell of New Jersey still on his clothes, Charlie came to USNA and Sweet 16 with the desire to make the place his own. His plan of attack was, at first, bribery. The flow of cookies from home to here was unceasing. When this failed to get him the recognition he needed he tried using his tall good looks to win points, but since he is neither tall nor good looking this didn't work either. He finally found recognition behind a horn in D&B and behind a mike at WRNV. If Rickover can stand him, some lucky sub will be getting an intense J.O. in a year or so and I don't think they will mind.

DONALD MICHAEL BURLINGHAM

Burls

Burls, who comes from the Buckeye State, saw USNA for the first time the night before I-day. The shock wasn't fatal, so he decided to give the military a try. Don's academic record resembled a sine curve and he was never sure what his neck size was that first year. Youngster cruise turned him off of surface line and he began a desperate search for his niche in the military. After a hop in Pensacola and a couple of rolls in the mud in Quantico, Burls decided Marine Air must be the logical choice for him. The ring dance turned into a double ring ceremony when Don popped the big question to his high school sweetheart, Cindy. First class summer found Burls right back in Hotel Company as Company Commander, which proved to be not as bad as he expected. Ac year flew by, and Don roomed out-of-company with Truck Tomeo from 13. All that's left now is a toss of the hat, and "I do" and it's OOH-RAH for who knows how long.

RICHARD JAMES CHUDAY JR.

Chu

Chu left the skirts of Philly, namely Cinnaminson NJ, and via the "wild" shores of Jersey, landed at the Academy gates. Being the offspring of an Alumnus, Oick naturally excelled Plebe year - spending most of his time at "special" come arounds held every Friday night in the "Penthouse", where card playing and alcoholic beverages were the main "Topics". Rich came to the Academy determined to be a success, and a success he was. Rich excelled on the athletic fields, playing soccer until an injury forced an early retirement. He then put his ever growing "size" and ability to use on the intramural fields, where he could be seen (when not in the rack) "elimanating" opponents one at a time. Surprisingly enough, as the years buzzed by, Dick's academic prowess also improved — despite the oblivious state he was in on most weekends. This three year member of the Penthouse will no doubt start looking for a ride to Pensacola immediately following Graduation.

PATRICK RICHARD GOOD

Pat

Pat left his native Pittsburgh to attend our glorious institution at USNA but made a wrong turn on the turnpike and wound up at NAPS, where he made his mark as one of the Prep School's all time greats in cross country. He spent the next four years with Navy's varsity team. Being an avid Pirate and Steeler fan, Pat spent a lot first class year in the company wardroom watching his teams in action. Unfortunately his fervor for academics never quite matched his physical prowess, but he never let the AC board get within striking distance. His true genius as an organizer emerged in February of second class year, as can be attested to by 15 of his grateful classmates, and some charming girls from UPI. He has been a leader in the company since the first day of Plebe summer and has always been the first to jump in and help whenever it was needed. The Marine Corps will find Pat to be a true asset in whatever he does. We're still waiting for his first tattoo!

JAMES STEPHEN GRANT

Too Big

What two words describe Jim,, "Love King." From his days as a war hoop in Great Falls to the halls of Bancroft the girls or engines all cried out for more of "Too Big." The girls were naturally attracted to the stubs of hair growing from his bald head. Jim was also famous for his "pretty-kitty" T-Bird, which had lots of chrome - yeah! Too Big also loved Navy football and its esteemed head coach. This respect led to Coach Welsh's frequent statement: "he's like my own son." Yes Jim will be remembered for many things, and I'm sure he will enjoy his life on the ocean.

1st Row - (left to right) R. PARKER, G. BRANNON, W. GALT, D. MILLER, J. DAVIS, J. SPEIRS, M. BLANDON, S. SUTHERLAND, R. PETERSON 2nd Row - C. CROOKER, C. COLLIER, D. HENDRICK, E. JOHNSON, R. LOVDAHL, J. KEENAN, R. ADAMS, L. MIKLOS, K. HIRE, M. HEWITT, G. SLYMAN, D. BAILEY 3rd Row - D. MANNING, R. VERA, B. HUBBARD, M. BROOKS, P. HEDRICK, R. CANALICHIO, A. BRAGADO, W. WAKELY, T. SULLIVAN, T. HARREL NOT PICTURED - J. WALL

GEOFFREY TODD GRIMARD

Gizmo

Geoff "Gizmo" Grimard says he came to us from Palo Alto, Calif., but anybody who knows Giz can attest to the fact that that is entirely false. Academy officials are still searching for the undiscovered fairy tale that he must have come from. For you lucky people that have not confronted Geoff in the boxing ring, and those of you who were not lucky enough to witness him rearranging a few faces, then maybe you will remember him for his most famous fight of all. He was that elite individual who threw the first "punch" in the Great Food-Fight of '78. Giz will keep up his fighting tradition along with his fine table manners as he ventures on to Quantico to become one of the Marines finest, a fighter pilot.

So here's to Geoff, chug-a-lug, GOOD LUCK, JARHEAD.

CHARLES C. KLEIN

ROBERT FRANCIS KLUBA JR.

"Frisky"

Bob came to Sixteen from NAPS and quickly asserted his determination to succeed. From the very first semester of plebe year, it was clear that Bob was widely read, unfortunately not in assigned academic material. It wasn't until second class year that Bob started interacting with members of the fairer sex, all too often falling in love. He didn't stop there, though. "Klupid" arranged romance for two of his roommates. Perhaps Bob's best moments at USNA were spent on the basketball court coaching Sixteen's intramural team to its best record in four years, while doubling as cheerleader. As Bob dons the Marine Corps green after graduation, there's no telling how far he will go with his "visions of grandeur." Sixteen will long remember his superb spirit and unselfish concern for others.

RICHARD DARYL LANTZ

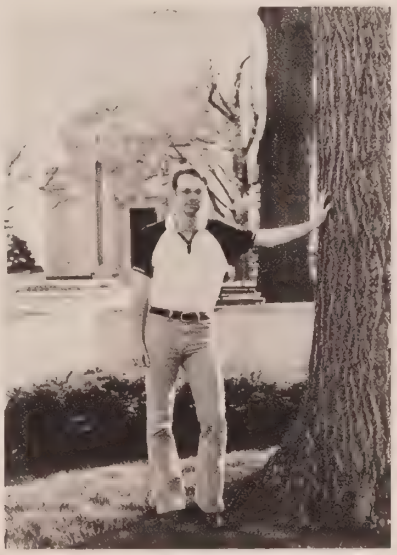
Lantz-breath, Rick

Rick came to us from the destitute town of Live Oak , Texas, not far from San Antonio. Plebe summer was a fun time for Rick, with visits by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and many demos to march off. But Ac Year soon arrived and along with it the firey firsties known as "Borchman" and "Akbar the Magnificent". These two firsties along with an equally firey Company Officer, who shall remain unnamed (okay Lt. F?) proceeded to destroy Rick's hopes of high rankings. Rick survived the perils of plebe year and pushed on to become a typical youngster. He spent many a Saturday night at Disco Dahlgren looking for a drag, then at the Octoberfest he finally found Kathy. Rick started second class year with a "bang". He proceeded to get himself hitched. Later that year he bought himself a new car. After three years looking through color blind eyes, he blew his guaranteed EDO billet by passing his pre-com physical. Now he will be, working for Hymas G., spending several months beneath the deep blue sea . . .

WILLIAM FRANK LONCHAS, JR

Wild Bill

Wild Bill started life at USNA on the wrong foot. Plebe summer knocked him flat on his face so he had to work extra hard to beat the program. He became personal friends with the entire regimental staff. Over the years he has changed, not only his attitude but apparently his address too. Most of the time Bill can be found in Baltimore at a certain Polack's house. At other times he can be found sick in room or watching TV. He always seemed to have the gouge on everything, not always good gouge, but always some gouge. He could always be relied on for food too, usually something strange. After graduation, Wild Bill intends to be living with a bird brain, he's getting married too. Then he hopes to join our brothers from the bus drivers academy up in the wild blue yonder. Off we go . . . . . .



1st Row - (left to right) D. FURLAN, C. ELLIS, S. KOVEL, G. PATTON, D. CLARK, G. EDELMANN, R. HUNT, J. CLEVELAND, J. KENNEDY 2nd Row - M. STRESEMANN, F. COETZEE, E. WOJTAN, L. COE, B. CRAFT, R. FRANKLIN, T. HIPSCHMAN, D. HENNINGER, W. BARTRAM, W. STACKHOUSE, R. KASAMOTO, J. DAVIDSON 3rd Row - T. MILLARD, E. SAWTELLE, W. COOPER, L. PARKHURST, J. BUGBEE, T. BUTERBAUGH, S. HEID, W. JOHNSON, A. GRECCO NOT PICTURED - C. YELDER, S. GOLAY, M. McKOWN

1st Row - (left to right) C. ALEXANDER, P. McKENNA, M. NEWELL, M. CLAPS, M. REDMAN, M. SALUATO, J. HARRINGTON, P. SAWYER, J. STUBER 2nd Row - C. BEUILACQUA, D. DICKENSON, R. FESTA, D. CLAGUE, A. CRACE, A. McCRARY, J. SHERRARD, J. KING, W. FERRIS, T. MURPHY 3rd Row - R. GREER, T. FRAKES, M. LABRADOR, J. FEARS, R. TACKETT, S. BORRACHIA, D. DOBER, C. JOHNSON, T. CAREY, B. ROBINSON

RELLE L LYMAN, JR

Six foot two and claiming to have come from Jacksonville, Florida, Relle's only remark, "I'm doing all right. But then again, you never know . . .

EDWARD FRANCIS MAPES

Easy Eddie

Easy Eddie came to Annapolis straight from Henrietta, New York. Coming from upstate - "Gods Country" he naturally arrived with his lacrosse stick and Genny Cream Ale in hand prepared to dazzle the crowds with his athletic prowess. Recurring ankle injuries hindered Ed's ability to display his amazing speed too often - but a quick stick enabled him to shove the garbage goals into the nets occasionally. Living in the Penthouse for 3 or 4 years, Ed had very little trouble maintaining the high traditions of Club Sixteen. Despite being an ME major, Ed never let his studies overwhelm him - always managing to pull it out in the end. The pleasures of life never eluded Ed - driving his silver 'vette (C-car) he cruised in comfort. The trio of Vette, N-Star Stud, and that sexy Portugese smile were devestating on the LOCAL lovelies. The stories and activities involving Ed are numerous, but lack of space precludes discussion of his antics. Hopefully, service selection will mean flying down to Florida for vacation.

JEFFREY CHARLES MAYNARD

J.C.

Voted "the most likely to stay out of trouble, because he wasn't there at the time". J.C. managed to slide through his sentence at U.S.N.A. with hardly a glance at a textbook. A fair to average guitar player, J.C. was the walking, talking breathing definition of party for his first two years. Then some cute blonde swept him off his feet and took the party right out of him. Now and then he is subject to road trips which end in parades. Now that he realizes his parents do love him as much as his brother he has become tolerable again, that is until he is forced to spend a night away from Puddin and his friends try to cheer him up with a couple of cold beers. Of one thing we can be certain, his prior self does and can be emerged again and we'll prove it, too. when we go to see him in Orlando.

JAMES W. MCKEE

Goo

Goo-Dog stumbled into the hallowed halls of Bancroft after a short summer of hell raising with the boys in Wildwood. Little did he know at that time, he would become quite a legend in his time at the Academy, almost like the "Snake." The legend of Goo-Dog started well before I-Day, and had matured very nicely on 7Jun77 when he was observed by his roommate, leading a young lovely out of the bushes on Memorial Overlook. From this strong affinity for the fairer sex, and his strong dislike for engineering, Goo finally realized by first class year the cost effectiveness of the Yard-Engines. Being an all-star catcher on Stiff's team, Goo had few worries about academics, and he formed his own curve along with Joe Bellino. At this time, the amazing Goo-Dog's career is very nebulous, but if he is lost, Bill, Drew, Stiff, and the Navy will be at a great loss.

RICHARD HASS MOYER

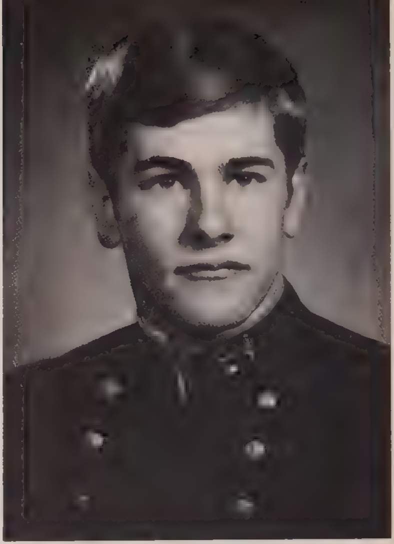
Hass

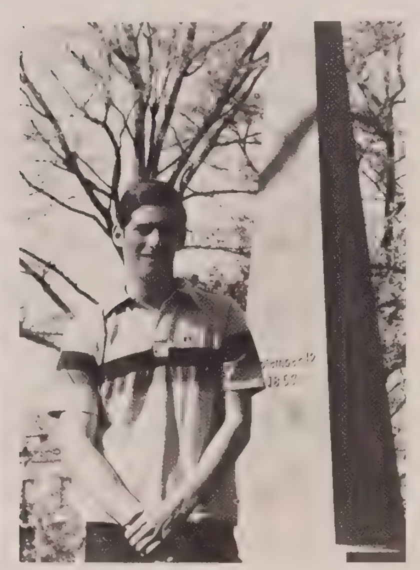
Hass made his way to the Academy from the deserts of Southern California. He is well known for his country western wardrobe, Waylon & Willie, and Copenhagen. He seems to also have a strong attraction for older women, preferably over forty and fat. He usually spent his weekends at the Sail Inn seducing these ripe beauties. However, one famous weekend he treated himself and Goo to the pleasures of the Butterfly Haven on 14th street with his Visa card. Hass, being a first semester plat leader, may have been responsible for the dissention between the other platoon leaders when he snaked them both. His high academic achievements in Marine Engineering are attributed to hard work and plenty of E.I. from his roommate. Hass is destined to become a Nuke puke.

BRIAN DAVID PORTER

Brian came to U.S.N.A. from nearby Springfield, VA where he spent his younger years cutting down trees and moving pianos. As soon as his FEET stepped into Bancroft Hall, Brian and the conduct officer became good friends. One brigade performance board, two Class A's, and a bunch of Form 2's developed this strong and handsome young man into a SAD individual. Brian looked forward to weekends so that he could polish up on his boxing techniques or bring his rabbit foot "Q" and meet one of the many young women in the area.

A super individual who always lends a helping hand, Brian plans on being a marine and eventually getting a job with his buddies at the Annapolis Police Department!





MARK TOPPING OLSEN

Ols

Mark T. Olsen, "Ols", came to the Naval Academy hoping to play baseball, but had his dream frustrated by "Stiff". He then transferred his desires into academics and armwrestling. His prowness in armwrestling led to the winning of a keg 1/c year, thoughtfully provided by the 4/c. Occassionally known as Moody Mark, his part ownership in Burger King Stock and his love for Emerson Lake and Palmer relieved his moods. 1/c year saw Burger King take a close second place to a sweetie from Virginia Tech who indoctrinated him into the evils of alcohol. Mark's dream is to fly so fast that he travels backward in time and become a WWI flying ace. Mark's devotion to his work and his friends will help in his pursuit of his wings in the Marine Corps.

STEVEN WALTER PHILLPOTT

The "Pott"

The "pott", as Steve is called, is the laid back partying type Californian. His affinity for the water is only surpassed for his affinity for, of course, his car - a black '79 Trans Am. The combination of his car, his California straw hat, and his "constantly stoned" personality usually has him surrounded by babes at USNA West Campus (alisa Hood). He is usually too proud to chase a babe, but when he does chase one his idea of chasing is letting her wear his hat - real Macho, Steve!! As far as girls are concerned the "Pott" is pretty G.A.S., don't get married, go by the 5 F's rule. Studying was always one of Steve's fortes. It wasn't uncommon to find the "Pott" up until such late hours as midnight - however that late hour was because of watching the "Hill" or T.Z., he made it a rule to study til only 8:15- whether he needed it or not. Since the "Pott" usually looks as if he's high on some mean wobun, what better place would there be for him but Navy air.

JAMES MICHAEL PIETROCINI

Pet

Pet came to the Academy directly out of high school from the booming metropolis of Whitesboro, New York. He soon became well-liked and known as a good athlete and a great friend. He quickly put his pickup techniques into working practice at Dahlgren Hall where he would be found flirting with pillars and the coat ladies. Always quick on the draw, Pet was a source of amazement for his classmates who were kept busy trying to keep up with his antics. One of his more memorable jaunts occured in Georgetown where he was sighted yelling "Beat Army" and ruining borrowed clothes. On the same evening, he tried to hold a conversation with the police from the bottom of a ditch. Pet plans to go NFO where he will probably spend most of his time asleep in the back seat if his life at USNA is any indicator.

MICHAEL EDWARD QUINN

Q

Mike started his Plebe year by paying homage to the porcelain god after PEP. For penance he became a bodybuilder in the gym with weights and in the barroom with chairs. Q had a slow start in the female department, but his debuttante was a certain Langley High School football game on a Friday night of his Second Class year, which also introduced him to the Admin Conduct System. His experiments with sleep teaching in the afternoon met with little success. Q made his love for the deep blue sea known in his First Class year by deciding to wear the Marine Corps green. Mike is dedicated to his friends and always willing to help a friend in need. Hardheaded, opinionated, but with a big heart, Q will surely be a success in the Marine Corps.

WILLIAM FREDRICK RUOFF III

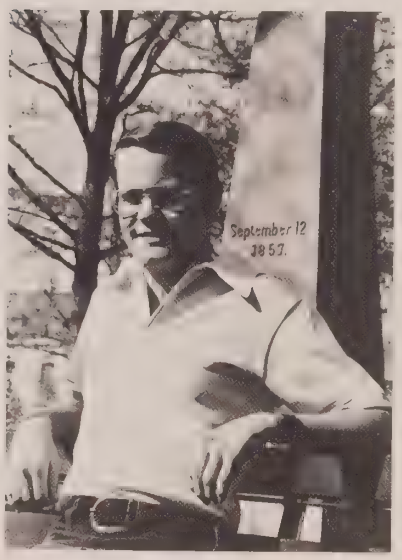
"Scooter"

Bill, known as Scooter to his friends, is certainly a man of integrity and utter neatness. Starting his career as a mid interested only in academics, he nonetheless graduated as a man interested only in academics. Known throughout the world as a man who respects his women at all costs, Bill is certainly one of the nicest guys around. Bill was never too busy to help out. You could always pick Bill out in a crowd because he was the one with the nervous twitches. Bill, a great upholder of Academy traditions, wasted more money throwing pennies at Tecumseh than most guys spent on their car. As company commander, Bill was able to keep the boys in line which was no minor task. Headed towards Rickover's run silent and deep team, Bill will be leaving many friends behind and heading for a big future.

KEVIN SCOTT SOPHY

Soph, The Old Man

Soph is one of the nicest guys you could ever want to meet. Not noted for his speed or his willingness to accept painful endeavors he none the less would help anyone in any way he could. Soph was certainly one of the academy's finest engineering students. A wizard at science and math the Old Man could always be counted on for dependable E.I. Soph was a real traveling man, known throughout as being able to sleep in any car at any time. Though not a partier by any means, Soph finally gave into his brother what we in the company had been trying to do for four years. Headed for the blue skies as a N.F.O., Soph will be leaving behind many friends and fond memories.



BRADLEY CURTIS TAISEY

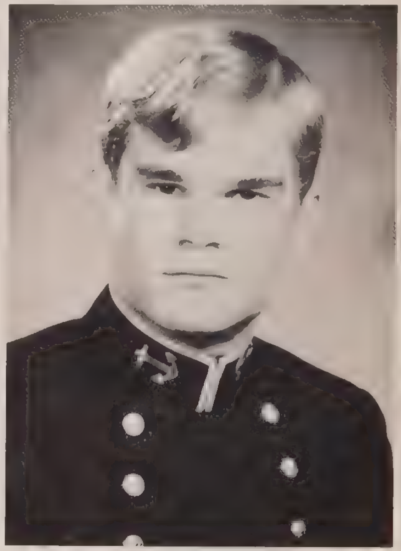
Tais

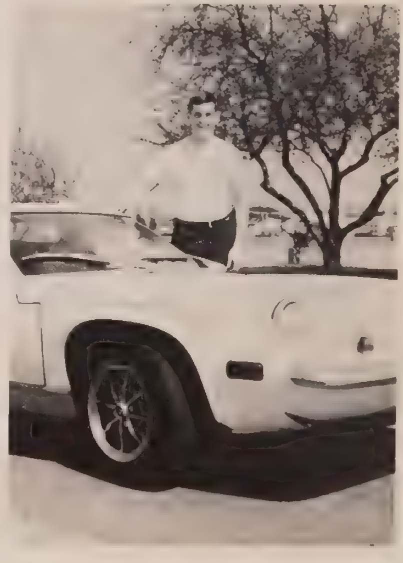
Taisey came to the academy in answer to the call of the wild, however "Tais" was disillusioned to realize that it was nothing more than screams in the dark he heard. Arriving here looking like a tree, the ex-marine abides his time here waiting until he can get back into the real military (i.e. The Few and The Proud.) After seperating his shoulder plebe year he left the gymnastics team and headed for the soccer field. One of Tais's strong points is his theory on sharing. According to him, if you have food, he has food. Being an OA major he spent much of his time wrestling with our beloved "Honeywell." If not in the cockpit of a computer terminal, Tais could be found in the cockpit of his baby, a little white Lotus. Everything took a back seat to his baby, including studying and girls. Proving himself an acheiver Taisey will no doubt be a credit to the green. Undecided on ground or air, his relentless search to catch a certain "Liz"ard will no doubt sway him toward ground. Oh, by the way, how's Liz?

PAUL DAVID STROOP III

PD3

You can call me Dave or you can call me Strooper or you can call me Popeye or you can call me PD3, but you doesn't have to call me Paul. Leaving behind, sun, surf, Florida and about 10 inches of sun bleached hair, Dave bounced into USNA as yet another in a long line of short people. When his grandfather reviewed the Homecoming Parade the grass had to be cut so each company knew who to salute. Now Dave needs a ladder to get into his top rack, which is probably made right now since he spends so little time in it. His social drinking got him into a little trouble youngster year but he learned a lesson; musters are at 1315,1515,1815 . . . He doesn't get caught for that offense anymore. Someone still has to buy him the bumper sticker for his van that says "Don't laugh, your daughter may be in here." The truth is she may be, but not necessarily with Dave, he's so generous with his van. Strooper leaves us for the surface line and a shot at Intelligence which may be a lesson in word voice for us.





MARK KEVIN WHITE

Who banged up his brand new car on the drive home and blamed it on the snow? Who drove to New York to take a girl to dinner when her parents thought she was in D.C.? Who would rather be a mercenary and spends idle time after P-rades stabbing his locker? Who antogonizes more girls on a single weekend at HOOD College than anyone else in four years? Who spends more time in the rack than was previously thought possible yet gets no sleep on weekends? Who's wife is going to be blonde haired, blue eyes and champagne sized? Who thinks New York City is the center of the universe? Who kisses his dog goodnight? Does it count if she's not American?

Capt. Don Keeling U.S.N.
Blue Angels

17

JOHN HUSTON ADAMS

From the sunny climate and beaches of Miami, Florida, John became an exclusive member of CLUB-17 at USNA. He attacked the curriculum with his determination to excel and has enjoyed many rewarding moments. John partook of many ECAs, but sports has always dominated his attention. Whether he was playing soccer, football, or rugby, he perfected his techniques to surpass all rivals. In the less physical domain, John enjoys D&B, wargaming, and scuba diving. The Marines will benefit when John takes his professional nature to his F-18 cockpit. As he leaves this institution and drives off into the distant horizon in his Challenger, we hope he continues to find success at every corner. GOOD-LUCK, JOHN!

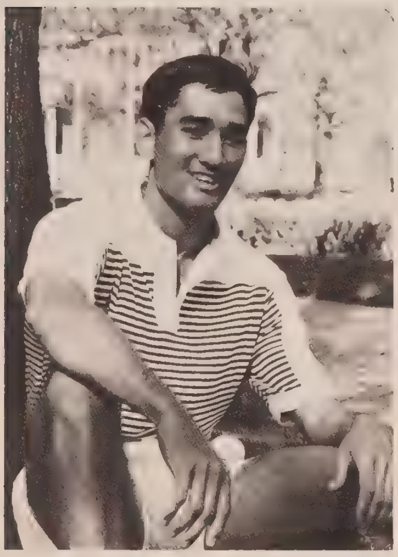
JEFFREY ROBERT ALLMON

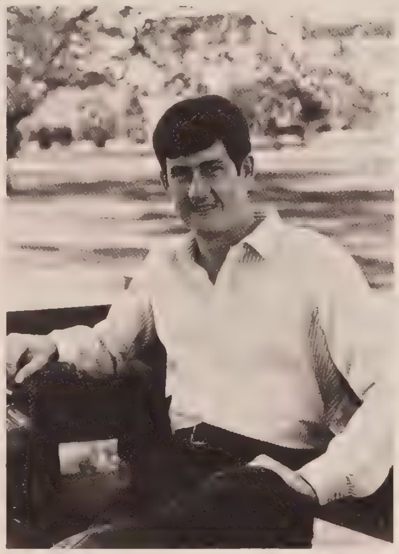
Originally from Bakersfield, Jeff arrived on the banks of the Severn after a short stint in the frozen and barren lands of Minnesota. An arch defender of the Californian way of life, plebe year he could either be found writing letters to his hometown honey (Suzan), playing with assorted rackets, or cramming. Never one blessed with easy grades he was forced to keep his nose to the books until building up sufficient gravy to party . . . one night a week! This activity providing insufficient excitement, he took to dancing the "Time Warp", sliding naked in the hallway, and dreaming about "cold water". Once becoming a regular at his roommate's stable in Bethlehem his antics proved forever unpredictable. His normal sense of humor was surpassed only by his wit after having had a few brews in his hand. His future looks bright in flying for the friendly skies of Navy and with Suzan. The lucky numbers 40, 41, 50, and 66 will always be remembered by J.A. and his roomie, D.C.

PETER ALLEN ANDREASEN

Petey

Petey, not being the average academic stud at the Naval Academy, was first sent to Newport to improve his scholastic skills. After a pleasant stay at NAPS, and the destruction of countless brain cells, he received his appointment to Squid U. Pete, suitably choosing the major of Aerospace engineering, found much refuge in touring the galaxies. He made contact with many fine lovelies along the way, but not one could hold him down. Petey could often be seen, wind blowing through his hair, and sun shining on his bright mouthwork, cruising down that highway with Uncle Jack. After disposing of many roommates, Petey found harmony with Cubby. He soon picked up the habits of hard partying and hardly studying. As a squid-striper, Pete was affectionately known as the radical of the company, never forgetting that "if you do your job, good things will come your way!" Petey now sets his sights for Pensacola and looks forward to tactical seminars, admins, and the best high in the world .... Flying!





1st Row - (left to right) P. WRIGHT, P. O'KANE, R. KRAMER, M. GROSS, E. KIRSCH, B. BURNETT, G. POINT. 2nd Row - D. CARLSON, J. HEFFERNAN, S. SIKORA, M. WEBER, T. JACOB, M. HARBER, N. MADIGAN. 3rd Row - K. WIXLER, J. DAUPLAISE, E. GEHRKE, J. CROWELL, J. RIEDEL.

WILLIAM STEWART BUCHANAN

Buck

NAVY AIR . . . Plebe Year . . . X-Lax Cookies . . . Shaved Legs . . . X-Mas . . . Snowbound with Grif and John . . . Ole Miss . . . So that is what a real college is . . . $500 June Week . . . Carrier Ops . . . no pants in Malaga . . . Youngster . . . Martini tour of Georgetown . . . SNAKE . . . Bobby is it Lynn or Lois . . . Mistletoe . . . She's hooked . . . C.P. . . . Thank God she only wants a pin . . . Paper Mid . . . Scotty are you really Mormon . . . ARMY . . . Lynn can you walk . . . THE RING . . . It it floats and is less than 1000 feet it's too small . . . SICK in San Diego, DD972 . . . 3 down and 1 to go . . . she wrecked my car, my baby . . . 280z . . . screaming in the rain . . . MVC harem, Bennett, Nelson, Moore, LeMacks, Pritchard, and Lynnard . . . the best Army, 31-7 . . . Washington transit with the Hound Dog . . . Dave and Harvy . . . Boommer Bill . . . barrel rolls in HGR's boats . . . GO NUKE SAVE A PILOT . . . I DID IT . . . ILLWB . . . 6-7-80 . . . Oh no Mr. Bill . . . . Watch out for the Gris Gris woman . . . .

CHARLES DAVID BEHRLE

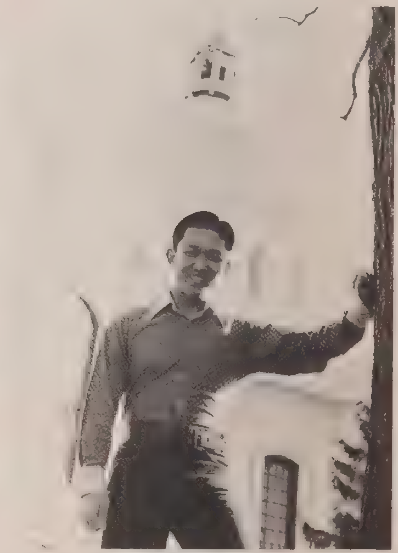
Charlie, F.A.

Arriving at USNA not knowing who he was, Burr quickly found an identity as the bigger half of the F.A. Twins. Surviving Plege year bouts with gin and olive juice, Charlie was to rapidly become known for his academic prowess and tact in the wardroom. When not engaged in one of his three favorite pastimes eating, sleeping or being obnoxious - he could be found answering hate mail from his friends (?) at home. Second class year found Burr a born again alcoholic, with many of his antics centered around his beloved Gremlin and a pint of Calverts. Frequently inviting classmates to join him in the beauty of New England, most often the excursions ended with a prayer to the porcelain god. Now if Charlie can escape Uncle Hymie, we'll be looking for him to continue his success with the mighty fine Surface Line.

ELIZABETH SUSAN COX

Suzy Q

Susan hails from Plainview, Texas. A charter member of The Sandblowers Assn. of America, she has graced the back rank of the company mass since day one. Her extracurricular activities include a two year stint as Rugby manager, a four year term with the Aqua Rock Society, a lifetime membership in the Dallas Cowboy's Fan Club, and she is presently the regional director of the Charlie Waters for President Committee. Sincere, hardworking, and dependable, Suzy Q will be a credit to her command wherever she goes.



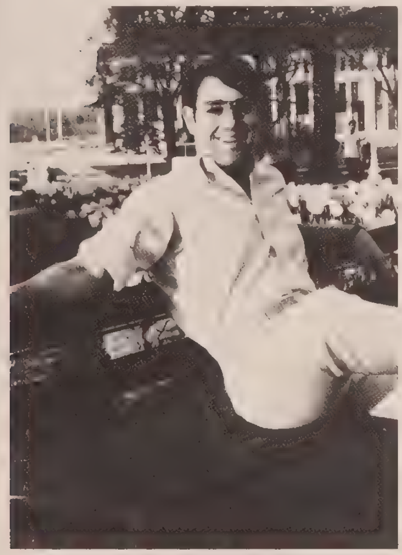
ROLAND EDGARD DEJESUS

Rollie

Born in the Philippines, Roland has lived all over Asia, Hawaii and California with his Navy family. He entered USNA with us on July 6, 1976 and soon established a reputation for being a hard working and kind person. Plebe year was tough for us all and for Roland it meant calculus with computers and a late seapower paper. Always conscientious about his appearance, it is rumored that he single-handedly kept the midstore solvent with massive purchases of grease shoes and covers. He was often best man in platoon at Thursday noon inspection. Before he knew it, plebe year was over and youngster cruise found him aboard a San Diego based FRAM destroyer. As an upperclassman, Roland has been an active member of the Catholic Choir and has managed to rise to a three striper position . He has worked hard and has earned a future in the "Silent Service." Roland, we wish you fair winds and calm seas. We expect big things from you.

JOHN PHILIP FRY

A dapper blend of the Southern aristocracy and "the good ole boy" well tempered with a bit of cosmopolitan flair, John hailed from Anniston Alabama. Well liked (because his Gram took pity on destitute Mids). John slid through plebe year, and ended up with a youngster stripe and an Ocean Engineering major. Prodigious, even as a youngster, John learned the "M" Street crawl, developed the driving skills of Bob Bondurant, and defined the art of maximizing liberty while keeping a respectable QPR. Mr. Livingston, Touted as "King of the long haul truckers" (or the Klondike Kid for his winter antics), kept the red Dodge together as his wanderlust led him to the fancy (ayee and a lovely fancy i'tis) to Merry ole England to quaff, among other things, a "pint o' two o'bitter", and became engaged in the process. Upon completing his tenure as a midshipman, John hopes (Hymie willing) to quit scratching the surface and fly submarines for a while.



DOUGLAS JOHN FUSE

Fuzzy

Doug came to Canoe U. after doing the NAPs scene. Known for his ability to "get the gouge," Fuzzy spent many grueling hours in the wardroom trying to determine the chemical composition of Kate Jackson's makeup. A soon-to-be married man, Nutz plans to fly P-3's for the Navy and then DC-10's for American Airlines. Joliet, Illinois lost a good man when Dougy came here, and USNA will lose one when he leaves.

DAVID CHRISTOPHER HAINES

"D.C."

Dave hails from Bethleham (Pa.), however at USNA, we came to love him as being somewhat different than his humble origins implied. As a student, "D.C." was always willing to blow off an exam for a good game of 'gammon and demonstrated sound priorities . . . the boys, the brews, the blondes or brunettes . . . and somewhere down the line the books. Misguidedly he devoted much of his first years to one woman and to Navy soccer. However, once discovering the wonderful world of women, his exploits were surpassed by few . . . his RX-7 undoubtedly helping . . . while he was usually playing hard to get!! His good nature is attested to by his roomie awarding his company "Mr. Congeniality". Always game for a good time, whether it be eatin' steamers, curlin' a few cold ones, or screaming to Hood at 115 mph, Dave was a good friend to all. We certainly wish him continued success as he moves on to fly for the men in Green. Someday his roommate, Wilbs and "D.C." will raise hell again at 20,000 ft. Remember 40,41,50, and 66.

1st Row - (left to right) P. ORTIZ, S. SUNSERI, A. WILDE, P. TISSUE, C. UFFMAN, G. PARSONS, W. HALL, S. POLLARD, M. TARANGO 2nd Row - B. CRUTCHFIELD, T. GILMAN, G. FISHER, D. WELLS, D. WEHRENBERG, L. EDGERLY, D. JOHNSON, V. RODRIGUEZ, T. PAGE, M. ULLRICH, C. MILLER, D. DIXON 3rd Row - J. RUSSELL, B. BUSHONG, M. SMITH, A. McCOLL, C. JAENICHEN, B. ARNONE, T. GLASOW, J. CAPSTAFF, R. JENNINGS, P. SHERMAN, T. JACKSON NOT PICTURED - C. CALHOUN

FERDINAND VILLACAMPA KIBIC

Ferd

Ferd commuted to Navy from nearby Oxon Hill, Maryland. Ferd got off to a running start plebe summer quickly getting acquainted with the firsties with his infamous chow call that was never heard. Nevertheless, he managed to roll with the punches struggling through plebe year, and the next 3 years as well. Ferd's endeavors in academics earned him a 2.0 cum., the nickname "Chip," and eight near misses to the Ac. Board. Second class year, Chip found a Trans-Am to make that 40 minute ride home shorter and the weekends longer. Amazingly, Ferd earned his ring and first class year found him on Plebe Detail as leader of "Ferd's Third Herd." We could always count on Ferd for great laughs, even when times were rough. We will always remember him for his crazy antics, getting red, flip food and flip friends, foxy chick(s), and disco nights. Good luck to Ferd as he flies the friendly skies as an NFO.

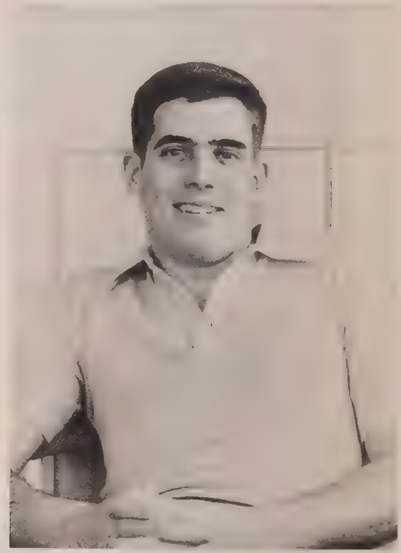
RALPH HAROLD KOHLMANN

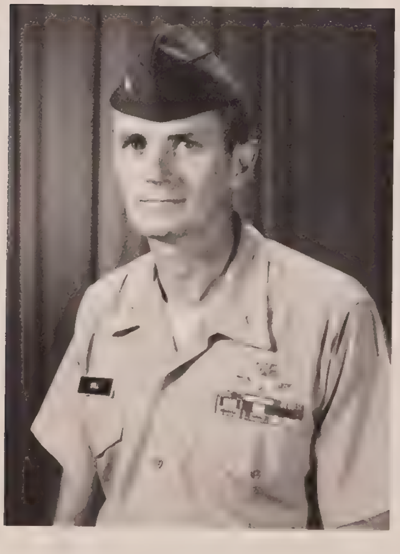
Knowledge is good, or so we've been told. Ralph spent four years at Navy U. trying to instill the blessings of New Jersey culture in others while all that military jazz was being instilled in him. A few N stars, winning platoon drill, and becoming captain of the fencing team were the material highlights of his stay while the true pleasures came from the wonderment of the whole bizarre experience in general. The Marine Corps seems like even more of a paradox for Ralph but if things started to make sense it wouldn't be fun anymore. Midwestern and redneck roomies learned how wonderful mellow could be while his dissertations on the fantasies of human emotion will endure, well, for a while. Plebe year is best forgotten, while youngster year in the deep darkness of the back shaft is hard to see. Academic nonesense seemed like an exercise in the useless for the kid, but he's sure that someday he'll learn something that he can use. Yeah, yeah, yeah! Life sure is a journey.

THOMAS J. LINDBLAD

TJ, Blad, Blade

TJ came to USNA from "Berserkeley", Ca. via NAPS and has never really stopped. His family moved to Portland, On and the Blad followed. Known on the football field for his "bomb-fever", he was known in the hall for his hard line approach to the world's problems. Blad was always available to the company, whether for gouge, homework, consolation, or just blowing the breeze. His Youngster room was probably his biggest disaster here, which could be seen by the assortment of roommates he went through . . . Karch, Flips, Grode, the Cosmic Woop, JHA, and PJ. Never known as a GEEK, he was often verifying the ideal that academics are only a state of mind. Come May, the Blad will leave the hall to join the few good men, despite the money offered in other service choices. A 1/c wardroom addict, TJ could always be found absorbing radiation from the Zone, M*A*S*H, or anything else while majoring in graduation. His personal style of conditioning through conservation of energy was odd, but he was never short of a joke or smile. On to the CORPS.





KEVIN CHRISTOPHER McTAVISH

STEPHEN GEOFFREY MEADE

Cubby

Stephen G. arrived at Squid Town unknowing and unsuspecting. From early on he attracted much attention. His eternal smile, sense of humor, and pitched laugh enlivened many. Steve excelled at marching with 11 pounds on his shoulder and quickly came to the realization that "if you do your job, good things will come your way." Constantly reminded of this by many, he was granted refuge for a semester in 14th Company (or was it 2nd Company), where he acquired a new rooftop penthouse apartment with exclusive barbershop and deli. With renewed vigor and a big grin, Cubby returned to the remains of 17, with wit, grades, and weekends. Cubby was now dedicated to pursuing the life of women, wine, and wild times. Being a true "Run in the Sun", he could always be found soaking up those rays, whether sailing, on the Riviera, or through the sunroof of his speedy RX-7. No doubt, Cubby will quickly become accustommed to the fine life of Navy Air.

1st Row - (left to right) B. MATHEWS, S. HARRIS, L. MORRISSEY, G. HAINES, T. KEITH, B. KOIVU, K. MENZ, M. HAGEROTT, S. STEEVES. 2nd Row - J. CLARK, S. BUBIER, S. O'CONNOR, J. FLETCHER, R. CAMPBELL, G. PRETTY, O. CHASE, D. RYDHOLM, J. McKEON, J. MATHERS, M. CROSBY, W. McCOOL, J. MASON, E. BALDWIN, D. ELLSWORTH, T. TREMBLAY. 3rd Row - J. SWENSON, C. WALKER, D. ROBERTS, M. JOHNSTON, R. MAHR, E. BECKER, J. ESPER, B. FLASKERUD, B. RIEGEL, S. JACKSON, B. CHAPLESKI.

BRUNO STEPHEN PADOVANI

Charlie M.

Born in Brooklyn, NY, Bruno S. Padovani fulfilled a lifelong dream when he entered the Academy on July 6, 1976. Both enthusiastic and outspoken, Burno soon became famous for his flamboyant computer style during NAVFAC week. Before he knew it, a year and a half had passes. Second Class Summer brought Bruno an unforgettable experience in Philadelphia. When the academic year started, he became a Big Brother, completed the Marine Corps' Orienteering Course, and boxed in Brigades. Soon another year was over, but no one would forget Bruno's unique leather jacket. He never went in for the sex and violence usually associated with leather jackets, instead he idolized Charles Manson, after whom he became nicknamed "Charlie M." In his last year, Bruno tried to leave behind something of himself to remember him by. Hoping to enlighten others, he arranged for several lectures on other NATO navies. Always one who brightened up the day, his friends will remember Bruno, his smile, and his leather jacket.

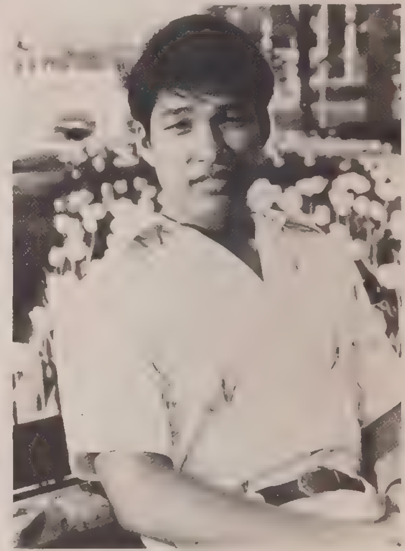
MICHAEL JON PALENCIA

Pineapple

Hailing from Kailua, Hawaii, "Pineapple" spent time in the fleet and a year at NAPS before dropping his seabag at NAVY. Plebe year and youngster year saw the Happy Hawaiian "hanging ten" or zipping down Route 50 on his 750 Suzuki to relieve the boredom of fruit academics. Whether it was chow from home or a chaw from his favorite brand, Mike shared what he had to offer. His Second Class and First Class Year saw Big Brother at football games and woodland romps with his troop of Little Brothers.

Hi, Champ! Hitting hard, hitting fast, and hitting often was what Mike practiced for four years as a Brigade Boxer.

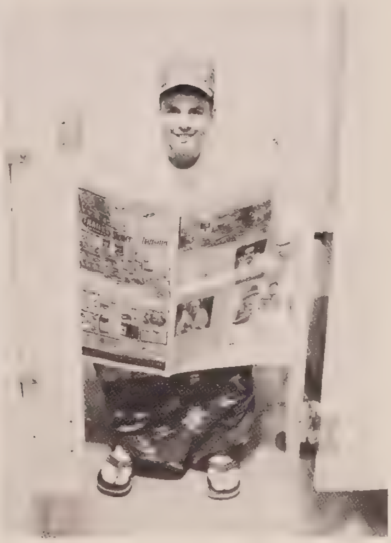
In jungle dense or desert sun,
Marine Corps Armor gets the job done!
Move 'em out!
Good Luck in the Marine Corps, Mike!



ALBERT LEROY CALDWELL NELSON II

Bert left his shotgun and hunting equipment in western Arkansas to venture to USNA. Bert survived plebe summer, and despite the best efforts of his squad leader, he conquered plebe year as well Youngster year, Bert became involved in the famous, or may I say imfamous Saturday night Georgetown shuffle. Always one to travel, and being a friendly old chap, Bert spent his spring leave second class year on the motorways of England. Despite sleepoing on the floor, and the sounds in the night, he returned rested and ready to finish the year. With his traveling thirst still unquenched, Bert crossed the great pond once more; this time it was first class cruise in Italy. The most interesting aspect, in that it almost caused an international incident, was getting there; first, his plane ran out of gas then, the whole planeload was thrown in jail for landing without permission. Despite it all Bert returned again to mother B; where he will finish as a Naval Architect, and then hit the fleet.

CO CDR - R. PICKERING, seated; CO SUB-CDR - C. BEHRLE, back row-left; CO ADJ - T. LINDBLAD, back row-right



CHARLES J. PHILLIPS

Chuckie, Lips, Flips

Charles, or Chuckie, (Lips to those who really cared) blew in from the Windy City and is bound to sail away with the Surface Line. A devout Catholic, Chuck thought of being a priest, but decided fun was the main objective. The sedentary life was attractive to Chuck, but athletic exploits in the name of 17 were frequently involved in day to day life. Plebe Year Lips made the firsties so mad they almost did it in their pants. The ExLAX in the cookies probably helped some too. Political arguments were always a favorite pastime for Chuck; in fact, discussion in general was usually a military experience with our man from Tinley Park. He spread his words of wisdom to all those little kids in the Sunday School program. His exploits with concurrent concubines were handled in true Midsquidman form and the weekends were always a good source of amusement and education. The Line may be fine but it still needs some work . . . Flips to the rescue!! Forgive us Father for we know not what we do!!

RICHARD ALLEN PICKERING

Pick

Rick came to Boat School along with Rags from the thriving metropolis of Lawrenceville, Illinois with hopes of setting the nets of Navy B-ball on fire. However, a Plebe Summer clash in T-Court with V.I. awoke him from his visions of grandeur and left him just an ordinary sweat. After various encounters with ceiling tile and desk lamps, Pick eventually settled into his role as one-half of the F.A. Twins. Spending most of his time becoming a Space Cadet, Pick spent the rest of his waking hours trying to enlighten his roomie to the wonders of country music and Budweiser. Personally supporting the State of Maryland through his bouts with the State Hiway Patrol, Pick had about as much luck with his Firebird as he did with his love life, mostly bad. Finally, as a three-striper and a charter member of the Oxbow crowd, Pick saw the light, gave up on finding the girl of his dreams, settled down with a tall cold one, and decided to fly the friendly skies with the Men in Green.

CO CDR - C. BEHRLE, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. KOHLMANN, back row - right; CO ADJ - G. YORITOMO, back row - left

STEVEN LEE RAGGO

Rags

Steven Lee Raggo came to 17th company from the thriving metropolis of Lawrenceville, Illinois, where he left behind his harem of high school groupies, many of whom are still chasing him, and his dad's print shop. Rags, as he is oft hailed, still isn't sure why he came to USNA and probably never will be. He often dwells on the words of a firstie from plebe summer who would say to him: "Raggo, are you going to quit today? Tango's looking for a few good men." Speaking of a few good men, Rags plans to be one of those men in green, grunt gyrines come May 28. He made the difficult decision to go Corps after spending an entire night on the fan-tail of a YP probing his stomach to see what else he could manage to pollute the Chesapeake with. Plebe boxing seemed to do some bad things to Steve's brains because for the last three years he has been a brigade boxer and seems to enjoy being beaten up. Rags leaves USNA with this saying: "if studying gets rough, blow it off and rack, osmosis works!"

JAMES MICHAEL SPENCE

Trapper Mike

Mike came to us from a good Navy family in Mississippi. Plebe year was a time of professional indulgement as he dreamed of Navy air and masterminded submarine construction for the Army project. Mike's spirit for the Navy way was only exceeded by his ability to maintain the messiest room in the history of the Naval Academy. Well, perhaps his celebration of liberty in true nautical fashion is also worthy of note. Between shredding haircut appointment sheets, Navy-Villanova hockey games and creating free surface effect in garbage cans, Mike can tell sea stories with the best of them. His battles with Bancroft Hall mice is just another tail. Youngster Year brought the appearance of a nurse from Missouri, and he's been hooked ever since. Mike still believes the South will rise again, and will spend his glory years absorbing the tunes of Chet and Roy, fishing in a Mississippi bayou. A straight shooter and a good friend, Mike could always be counted on for a good effort, a helping hand, and a good time.

PATRICIA A. THUDIUM

Thud

Patti came to USNA from the Virginia town of Falls Church and made an impression on the place starting way back in 1976. After a Plebe year which found her on the sailing team, she settled back into the pursuit of the Oceanography major. Surviving Engine Math as well as Hardin, she spent the rest of her liberty time either headed for Tennessee, Virginia, or New Jersey. Although life was never a yellow brick road for her here, she fought her way through and contributed to the life style which was found in Stalag 17. Graduation/commissioning finds her aiming for a restricted line billet which, hopefully will allow her to use some of the Oceanographic skills acquired here. After rooming with Susan for four years, Patti will now start a career which will be hard-pressed to match the times here. Best wishes and fair winds and following seas.

DAVID E. WILBERT

Wonderful Wilbs

Dave came to Canoe U. from L.A. Calif. ready to set the world on fire. Although known for burning the midnight oil, his flame for academics never burned quite as hot as his desire to light raging infernos in the hearts of many a local lass. Whether captaining his yawl or heading out for a beer at the 'bow his easy going manner was always a crowd pleaser. Never known as one to "sweat the load," there was always some difficulty in keeping up with his weekly O.A.O. and continuous stories of the weekend exploits. As a friend and master to "Harvey Pooper" he was always diligent to his duties of replacing damaged and destroyed articles. He will remember the St. Patrick's mess night, the "good doc", D.C. and the engraved racing stripes on his Celica. Surely a good candidate for Navy air . . . Look out Pensacola!!!

GLENN YORITOMO

A native of Alexandria, Virginia, Glenn sought the academic excellence of USNA. Plebe Year academics were no match for Glenn, so to liven up the weekends he chose double "E." He'll swear on a stack of TTL Cookbooks that the Chesapeake sunrise is the most beautiful sight in the morning.

Whether it was a Wires lab or a stage production, Glenn was always there to help. Very active in The Masqueraders organization, Glenn worked with Sound and Lights for "HARVEY," "OUR-TOWN," and "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING."

His skill in German carried the Germanophile to Deutschland, where many a blushing Fraulein was charmed First Class Summer.

Haze gray, and underway,
Fossil fuel, the only way!
Fair Winds and Following Seas to you always!

18

MICHAEL ENGRACIO AGUDO
Mike, Gudes, Dude

Michael Engracia Agudo arrived at USNA in July 1976 one week late for plebe summer and has been late ever since. Mike, Gudes, Gudo, rackhound, Dude, Agudo hails from Iligan City on the island of Mindinao in the Philippines. He was selected to be one of the representatives from the Philippine Military Academy at USNA, and after plebe summer Filipino-style, USNA's was a joke — too bad Mike couldn't speak English well enough at the time to let us in on it, we needed a laugh. After the novelty of a new lifestyle wore-off, and Mike had seen his first snowfall, he turned to romance. His first true love at USNA was his rack. This affair was soon on the rocks, however, because of a jealous EE Department which Dude chose as his mistress. Finally, the rack and EE reached a compromise; Mike began to study in the rack. Most times quiet and reserved, Mike is endeared to all of us, and we will be sorry to see him leave us for the Philippine Navy upon graduation. Good luck Gudes! RvL & TJB

THOMAS JULIAN BELKE
Tom, TJB, TB, Oogie

Tom Belke beamed aboard USNA in early July 1976. He hails from the State of Delerium, (a suburb of Syracuse, NY) where he spends most of his waking hours. Tom, TJB, Drifto, Belknap, Belke spent much of his time at USNA cracking his History books and cracking his head — the latter of which he pursued with astonishing vigor and determination. Many a light stanchion, wall, door, and desk have met with the wrath of Tom's cranius maximus. After nine roomates, four of which are no longer with us, two years on the debate team, two research projects, and dictatorship of the USNA Chess Club, Tom will show his true loyalty to savoir faire, diplomacy, and military strategy by marrying a certain USAR 2nd LT whom he snaked from the captain of West Point's chess team. We wish him the best of luck as he, accompanied by his one true love (God bless her!), heads for Unclear Power School in Orlando, FL. RvL

MICHAEL ARTHUR BROWN
Brownie

Brownie came to the Naval Academy from Lowell, Mass. with many aspirations. Too bad USNA didn't know about his biggest aspirations: taking it easy, having a good time, and partying. A natural athlete, Brownie's test of his body was constantly abusing it. During the week it was chocolate-chow packages from Mom and on the weekends he shifted to "liquid refreshment". Brownie's motto was not drinking to live, it was living to drink. This drive took him to some interesting places like the alley behind Buzzy's and the underside of Dahlgren's tables. Brownie was one of the few mids who succeeded in spending more time horizontal than vertical; his days evenly split between the rack and wardroom. In the future, his love for life and a great woman beside him can only guarantee him success. All we can say is, "Good luck, Therese!".

1st Row - (left to right) W. SILVEIRA, T. GURNEY, E. MASSA K. MILLS, S. BERMUDEZ, A. WENCL, R. SCHULTZ, V. STAMMETTI, F. HEIL 2nd Row - V. CALENTE, D. RUEHLIN, E. CEJA, B. PERRY, H. ELKIN, G. COONS, J. EATON, S. KILLION, K. HOGAN, M. PHILLIPS, D. HARDESTY, T. CARNEY 3rd Row - B. B. TEUFEL, K. QUINN, D. NAIRN, D. KERN, E. BINGHAM, R. McDOWELL, R. BURKE, K. WARNKE, B. MILLER, C. DAVIS, R. BRUNSON

EARL WILLIAM FORDHAM

Earl William Fordham left his skis and bota bag on the slopes of Washington State to come to the Naval Academy. Realizing early that he was not fond of marching, Earl joined the sailing team. While on the team he did not sail as much as he would have liked, but he certainly did get considerably more rack-time than anyone else. Having survived his plebe year and deciding it was time to investigate the world around him, Earl happened upon an establishment called Winstons that offered good music and the opportunity to meet many new people. Earl, along with a few other midshipman, spent practically every weekend since the discovery beating a path to its door. Earl will go down in history as one of the last of the hard core partyers by being able to keep going long after most everyone else has tossed in the towel. Besides being successful in the outside world, Earl has been very successful in all his endeavors while here at USNA. He plans to search the ocean floors for oil on board a Navy sub after USNA.

BRANDAN JAY CHANG

B.J.

Brandan Jay "B.J." Chang, came to the Halls of Mother B from Tacoma, Washington. Like everyone, Brandan did not know quite what to expect when he arrived at Navy. Despite initial problems, such as a roommate that was almost two heads taller and tailoring his white works with staples and safety pins, we all knew B.J. would make it. He quickly became the star of his plebe squad — becoming the right hand man of 1/C Foster. His squadmates weren't sure if it was because he passed food the quickest or because he passed 'feelies' the best! Some of his other efforts plebe year included bulletin boards and zero five-hundred termpapers and brush-offs. Brandan's 'coolest' year was undoubtably 3/C year when he was a member of the mod squad room — Black, White, and Yellow. Black and White finally convinced him that Diana Ross wasn't the only singer and that 7 a.m. brush-offs were early enough. Being small had it's advantages, yelling for Navy crew and sneaking photos were his loved passtime. Go get 'em B.J.

JAMES ANDREW CRABBE

Jim

Jim came to USNA from NAPS where he learned the ways of the world from Big Al. He adapted very well here, only racking up 50 demos Plebe year Youngster year found Jim slumped into the typical Youngster syndrome. His motto was "Why do today what you can put off until tomorrow?" Even though QPRs were low, motivation was high and Jim wound up at Fort Benning for 3 weeks of Jump School. Wardroom privileges came with Second Class year and Jim set up permanent residence there.

Jim, Bud, & Brownie could be found there almost any night checking out Crabby & Futch, Rockford, Banacek or any good T & A show that might be on. TV all night and rack all day was the usual routine. As the romance with L.E. deepened, roadtrips to Hood parties were sharply curtailed. Then during First Class summer came the engagement announcement. Married life is gonna be rough, but we know he can take anything after 4 years of this. Torn between Navy and Marine Air, Jim finally saw the light and opted for the green where we know he'll be great.

JOSEPH ANTHONY DISCIORIO

Dish, Joey

Joe hailed from Yorktown Heights, NY to USNA seeking academic excellence. After 4 years . . . he's still looking. Dish weasled through 4 years always keeping his buddies in good humor. Plebe year saw "Punchy" on the lacrosse field, but youngster year he diverted his attention towards some special girls. Joe must be the only mid to have owned two sports cars — a Vette and a Z28 (no wonder he got the girls!). Generally articulate, Joey once managed to explain a two hour movie in three hours. For 3 years now Joe has been a connoisseur of fine foods ranging from kernels and "za" to Taco Tuesday and JD. With that flipping tongue Joe keeps us laughing. His ability to speak spanish and deliver a painful flying crunch will render him unforgettable. Along with Joe's ability to get anyone laughing he also will be held near and dear to us as without his work we wouldn't have our expanded wardroom. Along with his golden pillow award Joe hopes to add Wings of Gold in his quest for the sky. Good Luck Joey!

DWAYNE CLIFTON DENNIS

Double D

Almost everyone in '80 knows Dwayne "Double D" Dennis and it's no wonder; his athletic career has spanned several areas including Varsity football, 150 lb. football, indoor and outdoor track, and he's even tried his hand at swimming (sub squad that is). A product of Kennedy High School in Willingboro N.J., Dwayne attended NAPS for one year where he earned outstanding athletic honors such as 'Most Outstanding Athlete' for his exploitations in track and football. Despite a lack of brains and hair, Dwayne has persevered through the rigors of academics here at Navy. If he had spent as much time in his books as he did in his pillow he would not be giving the anchor man a run for his money. But seriously, Dwaynes' future plans include getting married and growing footballs in South Jersey. With Surface Line as his service selection, we wish him nothing but clear sailing and a big life raft.

LEE P. FUTCH

Luther

Following a brief period of higher education at a civilian learning institution (La. Tech.) the Marine blood in Lee (alias Luther, alias Woofer) caused him to appear among the ranks of midships on I-Day 1976. At the end of Plebe year Lee elected a major (racking) and a minor (R.M.&T.), both of which he pursued diligently for the next three years. Come 2/c year, Crabby & Futch, Rockford, Banacek and Barretta were high on the list of priorities while 1/c year brought with it the thrills of mouse hunting and the necessity of studying. Afternoons were spent primarily in the field house and, while in season, on the company soccer, field ball and fast pitch softball fields. Lee was known for using his southern charms to the disadvantage of many, including the Moke and inhabitants of Mary Wash. and Hood. We feel however, that 13 could've got'em 20. 2/c summer saw the addition of jump wings to his chest and 50 demos to his name. Candy Machines watch it. Go for it Luther, Marine Air.

ERIC HEIDHAUSEN

Bud

Bud arrived at USNA from Saugerties, N.Y. and a two-year jaunt at the Marine Military Academy. Motivation was the name of the game thru Youngster year, but 2/c year brought wardroom fever and Bud was not seen again. His days were spent going to class, getting horizontal in the afternoon (or any other free minute), study hour studying the tube, and a token hour or two of real studying beginning around 1 A.M. Bud's live life would have put most soap operas to shame. Younster year was a steady, but after that it was all downhill, running the gambit from O-Club groupies to Hood girls. A good deal of the time Bud could be found either playing with his "Carmen Ghia", or taking it to the shop. Graduation will find Bud pursuing his true love, flying for the Corps and continuing his elusive search for companionship. We all wish him nothing but success in the future, which in his words is spelled O-O-R-A-H.

JOHN CARROLL KIRBY, JR.

Johnny

Johnny came to the Naval Academy from Catonsville, Md. He fooled around on the Lax field for a couple of years before he decided to retire. Youngster year saw him try to imitate the Hulk and fanatically drinking protein concoctions at every meal to gain a few pounds. The constant sniffer, he checked everything out from socks to sheets. If he's not combing his hair, you'll probably catch him flexing his muscles in front of the mirror. Although it was hard to get him to watch TV, once those weekends came, he was ready for the farm or the ocean. Road trips and road sodas while listening to Variety, Jim and Herb's Greatest led to dirty cars inside and outside, embarrassment between Durham and Chapel Hill, hangovers and leftovers, and finally a Southern Belle. Hope The Oak Ridge Boys, The Statler Brothers and Johnny enjoy The Green. On, Jane, don't keep those lights on after 11:30.

BRADLEY STEPHEN LENTINI

Bradley Stephen Lentini accepted the gracious invitation sent to him in the fleet to make his presence known at the "RME" University. After a Tahiti vacation at NAPS, he said the wondering words, "I do" here in Crabtown. By organizing the Brigade — winning Army project, Brad was able to skate through plebe year. However, youngster year Brad got tangled up in weekly fireside reunions with a girl. "They" always seemed to raise his spirits to new heights until one day she was gone. With tongue in cheek, Brad went home to Annandale, Virginia. He returned to his favorite sport, which is golfing, where one night on the Naval Academy golf course, the shore patrol almost broke into a personal tournament he was sponsoring with his new girl. Seeing the light and deciding to stay, Brad dedicated his remaining term to weekends. Even before Miller-time, he would be home or at the local roller rink stalking his prey. When he is at USNA, he studies clouds and afterwards he will sail in the friendly skies of Navy Air.

MARK ALLEN LETHBRIDGE

Bridge

Bridge came to USNA after a year's vacation in Rhode Island. Plebe summer found Bridge practicing the art of blanket parties and impressing people with his knowledge of obscur facts about our national jocks. Younster year, Bridge as a member of USNA's Engineering Society — first with Marine then settling with Mechanical, entered into sudden seclusion. If you are careful you can still see the candles burning at 2 AM from under his cavern entrance.

King of the "Road Soda", Bridge can be found Friday and Saturday nights singing, with ketchup bottle in hand, as a member of the Oxbow Antiphonal Choir. UNREPS are Bridge's specialty, not bad at 32 MPH on waterskis.

Well as May rolls up, society beware — Bridge is on the prowl.

1st Row - (left to right) R. DELARA, W. GAY, C. WIGGINS, P. FERREL, C. LEFON, E. DAWSON, K. CUSICK, R. STEIN, M. RIOS. 2nd Row - D. WILLIAMS, P. CONLON, D. LENKER, J. WENDEL, S. LOWERY, G. BUTLER, P. VALINSKE, L. BARKER, R. IRAL, M. MURPHY. 3rd Row - R. LUSCINSKI, M. MAXWELL, M. PUCCIARIELLO, M. MAZZ, J. HOGAN, S. GOERTZEN, P. O'DONNELL.

GREGG ROBERT NIVALA

Nivy

Gregg came to the Academy from the booming metropolis of Gardner, Massachusetts, having been recruited to run for Navy. However, one year with Al was enough, and Nivy traded afternoons at the golf course for the delights of karate and the rack. Most Saturday evenings youngster year were spent in or on top of Dahlgren Hall. But then he met Cindy, and all Gregg's future weekends were filled. To the regret of many, his weeknights were still free, as he demonstrated by wandering through the halls with Timbo, incurring the wrath of all the engineers. The O.D.s weren't always pleased, either, and Nivs lost "stars" once for prying open doors with bayonets. The last summer of those wonderful four years was spent on the USS Turner Joy, seeing California for the first time, and back in Annapolis, where Gregg was plebe summer platoon leader. He used this opportunity to practice his delegation of authority. Gregg plans to spend the first year of married life at Pensacola.

WILLIAM RONALD PADGETT, JR.

Padg

Padg came to Navy from the hills of Alabama, Sand Mountain to be exact. His plebe year was uneventful as he tried to adjust to city-life, especially indoor plumbing, and keep a low profile. For him, this year was a switch from milking cows and shoveling manure which he had grown to love. With the coming of Youngster year, Padg pried himself from the walls to make an ocassional appearance in the company. Some of his discoveries as an upperclass were: the wardroom, afternoon rack, and females. Though this last discovery proved very educational, his major (Resources Management) had not yet taught him to manage his finances and he fell victim to the "Broke Syndrome". His daily workouts meant a wrestling match with the pillow, which always won. Frequent time outs meant a break to home chow packages. Padg believed in a balanced diet of M&M's and Pepsi. As a future Navy aviator Padg hopes to fly the sports cars of the air-well the submariners are safe.

ROBERT FRANCIS LOHNEISS JR.

Bob

Bob "Cool" Lohneiss cautiously walked into Annapolis with Navy in mind Lacrosse stick in hand, and Andrea Hill in his heart.

By the virtue of the Mod Squad trio he was kept in line during youngster year. But as he discovered the word 'weekends', our boy "Cool" was off to far and exotic places like USCGA and Boston's Wellesley College. During 2/c year, with his more illustrious and outgoing classmates, he has been transformed from a mild-mannered boy from West Hartford, Connecticut, to a rabble rouser (not unlike the rest of his company found stumbling on the beaches of Ocean City with beer on the breath and bottle in hand).

Despite these improvements to his demeanor, he served us well as a leader and friend. He confidently drove out of Annapolis with the Marines in his blood, a diploma in hand, and Andrea still in his heart (we know the latter will never change). Good luck Bob and Andrea.

CHRISTOPHER WAYNE SCHMIDT

Schmitty

Born in Connecticut, but calling Florida home, Chris gave up his super-scooper days at Disney to shave his head and play in the mud. Starting off a bit slow in academics, Schmitty was forced to develop better study habits — sleep till nine, study till eleven, watch Rockford or Crabby and Futch, and finally hit the rack by midnight. This seemed to work as he was able to get a 4.0 for two semesters. Becoming bored with such a light schedule, all that could be heard from him was AIRBORNE!! Not being one to sit still for long he took up scuba. After having his fun in the sun while in Hawaii Chris returned to Mother "B" to assume the duties of C.C. Along with this position, he switched from Nugent to the Oak Ridge Boys, putting a "pinch between his cheek and gum," taking road trips to the farm and Hood, and short one-way chats with the thick stripers. Chris leaves the Academy with a Burke equivalent and plans for a six month vacation at Quantico. Good luck Chris!!

PAULA PILAR SMITH

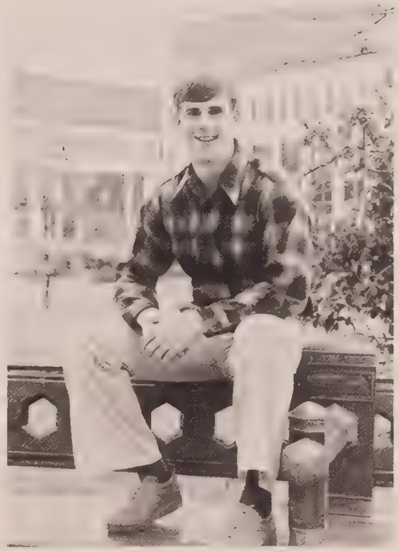
Pili

Over the course of four years at the academy, the trauma and general culture shock of plebe year gradually mellowed out for Paula as adjustments were made and she became academy-wise in the art of maintaining her grades and her weekends. Devoting her time as varsity manager and "mother figure" for NAVY Wrestling, the winter months found her busy with the various dual matches, tournaments, and daily practice itself. Her other extra-curricular activities involved her finance with whom she seemed to spend the balance of her time with while both were putting in their time as mids when she was a youngster and he a firstie. Not one to be intimidated, Paula has always been known to speak her mind and to stand up for those people and causes she believes in. Needless to say, the fleet is going to be in for a real treat come graduation day. PHI KAPPA OMEGA TAU

TODD BENSON SUNDSMO

Suds, Shmo, Unmo, Loser-Ho

Todd came from the distant city of Seattle in hopes of excelling at the academy, but he soon found two huge obstacles in his path — Teddy Null and Andy Moehler. They soon became two of Todd's best "buds". Somehow Todd hung on and regressed to 3/c year. Shmo really turned into a geek by studying on Saturday nite while his roomy got smashed. His roomy finally began to transform this poor soul during 2/c year. He coaxed him to drink, check out the babes, and to listen to rock 'n roll. By 1/c year Todd turned into a total degenerate. He developed a bad habit of laying on his rack during study hour in civies and yelling "come on, let's go to the 'Bow!" Todd, yes Todd was always fascinated by gorgeous, shapely young ladies. He still covets a certain Fox in Glen Burnie, although she has the personality of a buzzsaw. Todd elected to be a nuclear bubble-head instead of a NFO because he couldn't see trusting someone of the likes of his roomy in the driver seat. Fair winds and following seas, Todd.



1st Row - (left to right) A. GOEHRIG, G. KESSLER, J. BLAKE, G. SANTOS, B. HENNELLY, M. COLPOYS, A. LANEY, B. GALINIS, J. DAANE. 2nd Row - D. OUTING, J. GILLESPIE, G. BRANDQUIST, E. REINTJES, R. WAYE, S. WICKERSON, M. RESNICK, P. ROACH, M. BYMAN, M. ADAMS, R. CONVENTO, M. OLSON, T. COLAO. 3rd Row - D. McCALL, M. KOHRS, R. WOODFORD, B. MORAN, S. GABRISZESKI, K. JAMES, M. SHIPPEE, L. GILL, G. MIKSCH, D. DREUOFF, G. MAYO, M. DELLATTO. NOT PICTURED - M. TAMMEN.

BORIS ALFRED WEISHEIT

Boresass

Some people say that Boris came to the Academy "fresh off the pumpkin wagon," from Milford, Michigan. They were about half right. Fortunately, plebe year was not much of a challenge for Boris and after it he was ready for anything . . . even the girls at Hood. His nortorious reputation there will live in infamy. You could say those girls had a handle on his "personality".

As an upperclassman, he won a Navy "N" in rugby, and finally managed to talk to the Weapons Systems Engineering Department into giving him a degree. All of those marathon study hours must have paid off. He was the only person that I knew who could go drinking at 2200, come back at midnight, and study until 0200. Besides studying, he also loves hard rock, loose women, and a cheap place to get polluted.

Having escaped the Nuc draft, he decided that being a playboy, . . . I mean, jet jocky, was the only way to continue his extravigent life style. I wish him fair winds and following seas.

PATRICIA RAE TAYLOR

P.T.

Patty came to us from the thriving metropolis of Waterloo, Iowa via a tour in the 14th Company. It took her until youngster year when she finally saw the light and joined the ranks of "Mean Eighteen". P.T. could frequently be seen during our last two years here escorting Hop Sing back and forth for treatment, a habit which made her well-known at Fred's. Patty roamed from sport to sport until she finally settled down to and excelled at Women's Crew. Although her athletic endeavors frequently kept her away from the company, her hearty laugh could frequently be heard in the wardroom during our first class Year. Her athletic prowess let us know early on that she was inclined to go Green, and the Marine Corps should brace itself for a bundle of energy and determination when she joins them next May. Patty, DKD wants you to SEE HIM ASAP. And don't ever forget: BHIAHWP! Love and God Bless . . .

MICHAEL JAY TIMMERMAN

Timbo

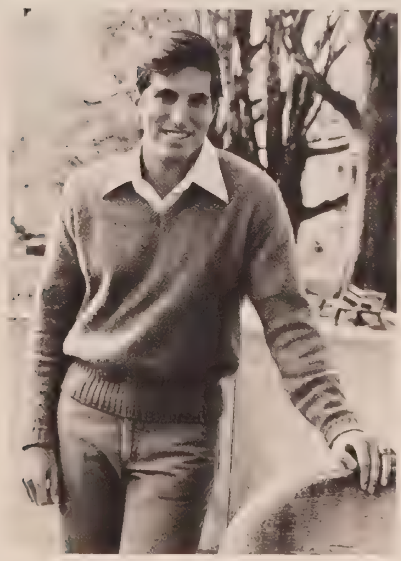
On July 5, 1976 Timbo came drifting in from Montebello, California and he's been drifting ever since. Mike couldn't decide whether he wanted to be a Naval officer or a big game hunter so he came to Navy where he could pursue both careers. The mouse and moth populations have been declining ever since. Timbo slept through plebe summer '76 so he tried to make it through awake in '79. Unfortunately he again failed. In fact, Mike has developed the ability to sleep almost anywhere, anytime, in any position. He had several run ins with the O.D. which usually involved shooting rubber bands, or prying open doors with bayonets. Timbo gave up a prominent career as a singer/dancer and was often seen dancing around the halls with Nivy late at night, toothbrush in mouth, singing out the latest disco tunes. A history major, Mike was often called on to fill the position of company proof reader. After graduation, he plans on heading for P-cola to pursue a career in Naval Aviation.

RODERICK KERMIT von LIPSEY

Rod, Lips, Rocket Rod

Roderick Kermit von Lipsey left his home in Laverock and the streets of Philadelphia and raised his right hand on 6 July 1976. Rod, Rocket Rod, von, Lipservice, Lips, Lipsey became the pioneer of a new age of commuter students at the uncollege majoring in wine, women, and the melodic tunes eminating from his 12-string guitar. Youngster year saw Rocket bidding adieu to Ocean Engineering for the English Department where he even taught plebe English as a firstie. Lipservice's say-it-like-it-is like-it-or-not outspoken style endeared him to the color company. Managing and announcing Navy hockey, driving his 280Z wollowing in stacks of admin and MHPs, playing and singing in Moria, Gandalf, and as a soloist, and being Shakespeare's Oberon in a Masqueraders play — or yeah — and even a bit of that academic stuff occupied Rod when he wasn't with his harem. After four years, three Pac cruises, two many women, and one receding hairline, a highly professional Rod aspires to be a leader of men & a follower of women. TJB

CO CDR - R. LOHNEISS; CO SUB-CDR - W. PADGETT, CO ADJ - E. HEIDHAUSEN

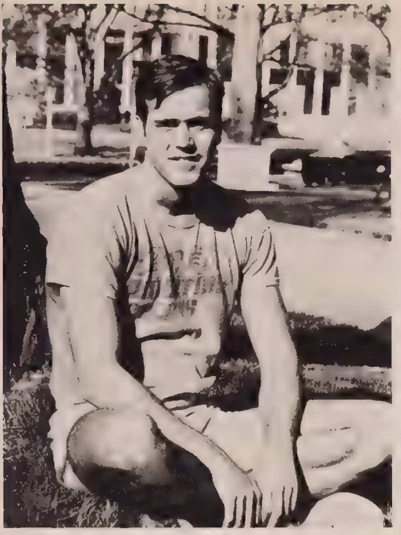


MICHAEL ALAN YOUNG

Youngie

Youngie came to the Naval Academy from Ravenna Ohio, One of the few mids who really enjoyed the study, he was always located in Mitcher Hall, tweaking his hair and wondering about his jaw. That jaw took a lot of abuse in the Plebe Summer Boxing Smoker, but Derel was up to the task and pulled out a victory. Youngie could not take any more jokes about his jaw so he had it shortened, wired shut for eight weeks and suffered through without a Wendy's burger. Not much of a swimmer, Mike decided to spend many an afternoon on the bottom of the swimming pool. Youngie always got the best of roommates, a clone of Steve Martin and a skinny ballerina. He never got use to the horror shows and if you threw a firecracker near him, you might be able to find him on the ceiling. If he does not go through another hyper season, Youngie will be cruising the blue skies with Navy Air.

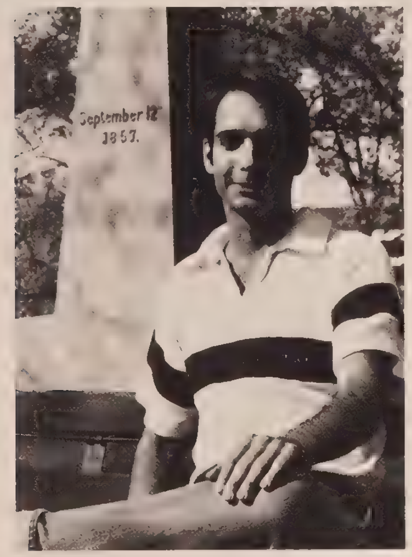
19



ROBERT CHRISTOPHER ALLER

Bob

Bob came to the "BOYS of 19" from nearby Bethesda, leaving behind a teary-eyed girlfriend and parents who were glad to see him go. He had visions of pole-vaulting to new unexplored heights, but they came to a crashing end on the track at West Point. So Bob became one of those valiant warriors on the lightweight football team, but we never could get used to that gay-looking limp wrist. There are many things that the Boys will remember Bob for: like the night he celebrated becoming an uncle and ended-up christening Witt's van or the trips home to watch Monday Night Football and there was our envy over those Plebe Summer picnics on Hospital Point with his girlfriend. Villanova became his weekend hangout making the trips in his yellow Mini-Vette that was held together with tape and tennis ball cans. It appears that the Nuke draft has driven our friend to the Air Force, Navy Air's loss is the Air Force's gain. Enjoy those wide, long runways. Nobody deserves them more because you are one that "CLOUD 19" will never forget.



DONALD EMORY BABCOCK

Babs

In July of '76 the Virginia Beach-Norfolk area proudly sent its favorite son to Annapolis. A man who knows exactly what he wants and likes, Don decided early on to excel and has never looked back since. Babs has maintained his cool and remained mellow despite the boat school's many attempts to get under his skin. Possessing a unique view of life, his sage advice is often sought by those who were not endowed with such wisdom. Also gaining him renown and the title of "rubberman" is his ability to elastically manipulate his body in an individual form of dance which even the most primitive tribes would find difficult to approximate. Although He's quick to deny any knowledge of the fairer sex, the trail of broken hearts that follows in this sailor's wake offers silent testimony of his prowess as a night stalker. To know Donald is an experience in true friendship and the members of 19 who have been graced in such a manner are sure the Navy will change for the better as a result of this avowed surface liner's service.

EUGENE BRADLEY

PETER J. COTSONAS

Stoney

Pete came down to us from Lafayette, New York with a strong desire to be a Navy pilot. Well after four years of late studying, and fine reading material, Pete is leaving us with 20/25 vision and a desire to be a Marine aviator. Throughout his Academy years, Pete was known for one thing. That was his unfaltering love for the New York Yankees. He was always quick to talk about them, no matter how nauseated it made the rest of us. Pete also loved his liberty. He had a personal path worn into the roads between here and home. He also had several worn spots on the side of the road where he would pass the time of day with Pennsylvania State Troopers. But when all the kidding, and "NOSE" jokes, are put aside, what is left is one fine person. His loyalty to the class of '80, and the Boys of Nineteen will never be lacking. Wherever Pete's F-18 takes him, he is sure to get the job done.

MICHAEL REED DURKIN

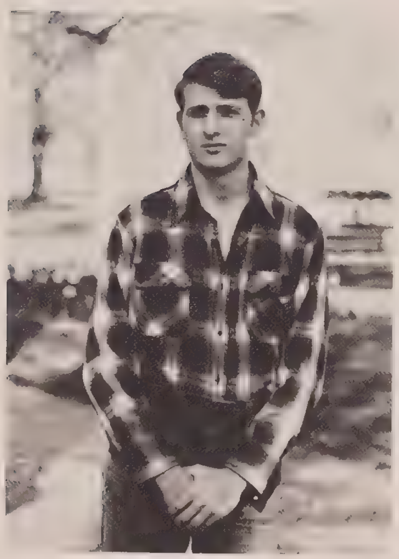
Durk

Mike left the beaches of Virginia behind him that fateful summer of 76 promising always to return. But when his family moved without forwarding their new address, he knew 4-4 was his real home. Durk adjusted quickly setting right to work on becoming a Marine (Engineer). Always found in one of the 3 basic "Durk positions", he usually abused the horizontal modification. Both company and battalion sports benefitted from Durk's athletic skills, commonly attributed to intense weightwork with 12 oz. curls. Second class year found him on the road, in someone else's car, between here and Frederick. First class year found Durk with his own wheels, but on the floor in Frederick! A local lending institution, Durk's bank account was always a welcome sight for the needy of 19. Always and forever one of "The Boys", Durk will surely excel wherever the Nucs send him. Mike, good luck and pray for sunshine.

CRAWFORD ALAN EASTERLING III

Big Al

Big Al hails from Jacksonville, Fla., Norfolk, Va., or London, England depending on which girl he is trying to impress at the time. Being a navy junior, one would think that a naval career would be a natural choice. For Al, however the choice was not so simple. He was torn between his love for the sea and his desire to be a rock star. After hearing Big Al sing one might conclude that his talents must lie on the bridge of a ship. During Al's four years at the Academy he attempted to be the model midshipman — a scholar, and athlete, and a stud. After trying squash, track, and company football he decided that being a scholar and a stud would be sufficient. After 2/c year in M.E. he decided to just be a stud. Finally after Hood College, he decided he would just be happy being a graduate of the Naval Academy. Maybe someday we will all see his picture on the cover of some cheap album.



MITCHELL PATRICK CROUSE

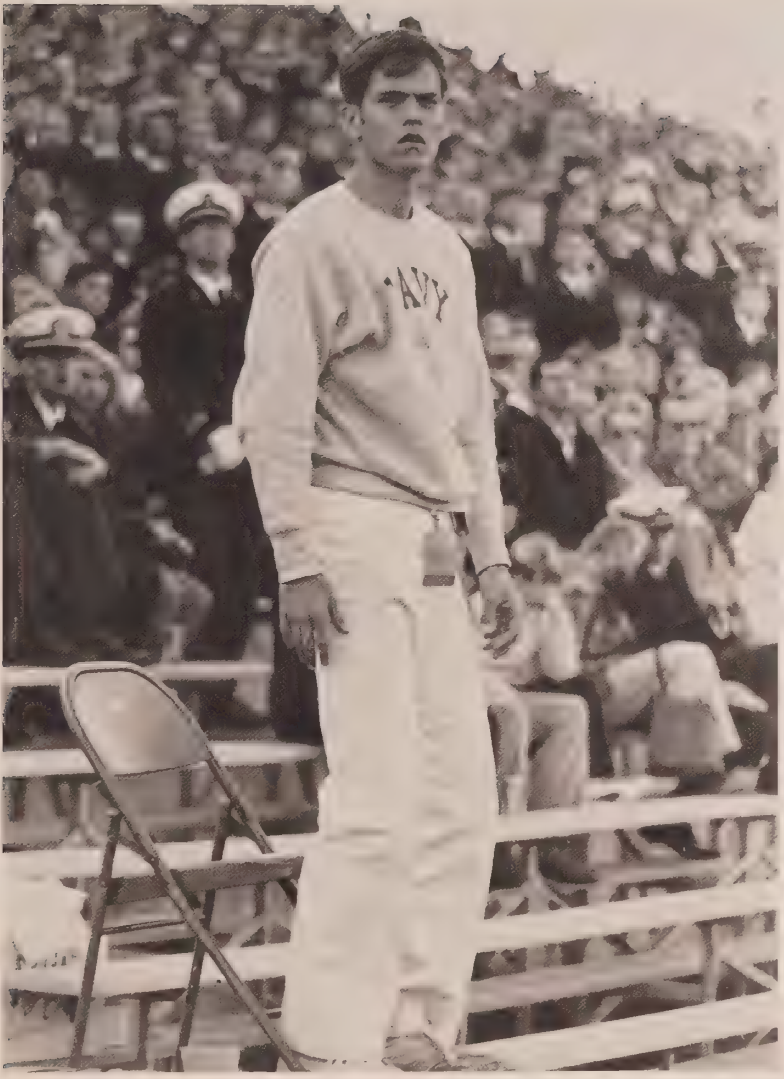
The Old Man

The Old Man . . . He came to us from the sea via a strong leg and swift kick of a Colorado High School Principal. He was an institution to us plebers that dark and dreary year of 76-77. All the time Mitch showed us the way, he even showed us how to get caught missing mandatory lectures. Yet it was not until third class year when he earned his black "N" for leadership potential he displayed in the "Great Black Sock Bag" scandal of Army eve 77. First class year Mitch not only passed the 40 miler, but also saved one poor mid from buying the farm in the process. The years inbetween, the Old Man studied (all night), sweated & cursed the Systems Dept. only to be presented with more work and the dubious honor of Engineer Extrodanaire. This man could only do wonders for anyone, as he did for all of "the Boys" for 4 years here alongside the Sunny Severn. Thanks Mitch!! And now . . . The Old Man returns to the Sea . . .

ROBERT WILLIAM FISH

Fishy

Little Bobbie came from Maine with his heart belonging to 'his Mother' according to GREER. Plebe year saw his mother instincts take over the entire room and company as he was ranked #1. Bob was willing to try any sport to help him bag academy life, so he went out for plebe soccer and then switched to sailing. Deciding on the life of an academy sailor, Bob was a survivor of the '79 Fastnet racing disaster. His passion for science fiction and reading were his main priorities, even over the rack. Studies came in a very distant (infinitely low) third place; but gouge, luck, and some tick of the brain always pulled him through his systems courses. Always handy for general abuse, Fishy was often the brunt of many good natured jokes. Bob's constant search for adventure and easy going demeanor will serve him well in the Navy.



ERIC GIOSA

G.I.

Eric came to Canoe U. via the New England town of Wethersfield, Conn., famous for its all boy choir. He quickly showed the rest of us the way with his uncanny ability to collect demerits. Some of his more legendary exploits included his shaky return from liberty Plebe year one hour and twenty minutes late in civilian clothes; and his exemplary role in the Slaughterhouse 5 caper. Known as "Trouble" to his Company Officer and "G.I." to his friends, he also gained notoriety for his unparalleled accomplishments as an underground chef, his habit of attracting wallet thieves, and his frequent visits to Riverside. On the tennis courts he became Captain of the team and earned his varsity letter to match the three black ones he had already won in the conduct arena. The "Gammon Man" was and will always be a favorite among the "boys" of 19.

TRIBLING WALK

1st Row - (left to right) P. BUSHONG, C. FELKER, M. GIORGIONE, B. SULLIVAN, J. RICE, W. CLOUGHLEY, S. DEE. 2nd Row - L. RAMPP, B. VANBAUSH, J. HUSTON, F. WILLIAMS, R. MATHENY, J. BURGESS, T. MACGREGOR, S. ZIRKLE. 3rd Row - R. ANOLL, V. McCREE.

JOHN BENJAMIN HAMPSHIRE II

Hamps

Hamps migrated from the scenic town of Framingham, Mass. He joined "The Boys" with visions of sports cars, fast boats, studio stereo systems, and a faithful? woman. A TR6 took care of the first, the S&S 54 "ALLIANCE" fulfilled the second, 170 watts of super Sansui sound eased the third, and a cute little Irish girl . . . well, 3 out of 4 ain't bad. His competitiveness and striving for excellence gained him recognition as a top sailor for Navy on the "pigs", and he eventually moved up to XO of the '79 TransAtlantic Yacht Race winner US 16944. His inkling towards EE and the finest in sound resulted in "Studio 42, the cosmic sound experience". When Hamps and Babs combined thoughts, frostbite among the fairer sex was likely. Hamps has a great personality, and his friendliness is a tribute to his great character. Don't be surprised if in the future the trademark JBH II becomes a mark of excellence, whether it be electronic components or sleek yachts, because surely they will be the best.

WAYNE JOSEPH HARMAN

Butane

Wayne came to USNA from Camp Hill, Pa. just outside of Harrisburg. Even a year at civilian college couldn't keep Butane from his destined future. He made up his mind before entering to be a 4.0 and almost did it. Butane lived a quiet existence, joining the D&B, ASME and representing the company in sports until he met Christy. From youngster year on, Christy was all that one would hear and the tire marks to Woodlawn prove it. One will always remember him for his exchange to West Point and how the Kaydets branded him with an "A" on his chest. Everything was going fine until his first class year when he ended up in "Wild Bill's" design class. Wayno will never be forgotten for his quick wit, smile and various antics with his M.E. sidekick Fred.

JOSEPH PATRICK HEIL

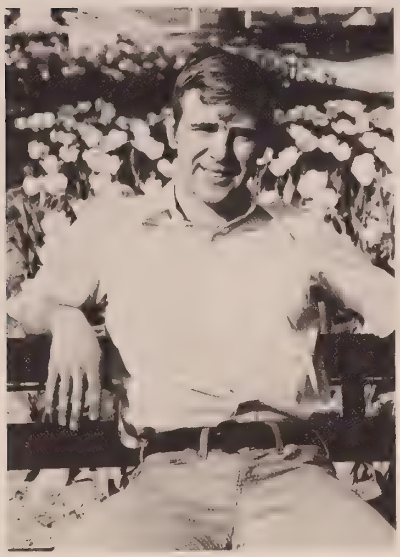
Joey

Joseph Heil upheld a family tradition when he joined the military by entering the Naval Academy. The "Crofton Flash" distinguished himself early during his stay at the Academy. A three time letter winner, Joe's swimming career was high-lighted with several distance records and selection as co-captain his senior year. Not initially an academic wizard, Joe finally earned his stars 2/c year. As our personal haircutter, we the boys of 19, thank you, Joe, for our ever professional Thursday noon trims. Joe so enjoyed his life in the Navy that he even sacrificed a portion of his 2/c summer leave to play Frogman at BUDS. Weekends found Joe juggling his three girlfriends or curising the state in his 67 vette. When Joe graduates we shall be losing a Godmother as well. "Mama" Heil we shall miss you. The surface Navy received a top quality officer as well as an individual. Good luck Joe.

JOHN GERARD HOLMES

Johnny

When we first came to know Johnny, it wasn't readily apparent that he was a married man — but he was. A pretty young lass named Scotti had won him over (and without much effort we're told). Weekends found 'Homeboy' on the Island, while weekdays he played homage to that section of turf midfielders roam. Spare time was rack time and study hour saw him carousing the brigade. An oops analysis major — John pulled his first all-nighter 1/c year and hasn't been quite the same since. One of the boys, a three time N-star winner, and a lady's man — he'll go far if not down — dive, dive, dive.



EUGENE GERARD HUETHER

Fred

Gene is affectionately known throughout the company as Fred, a name he acquired after a gallant act of bravery his youngster year. Earlier on Fred decided to be a mechanical engineer. This decision caused him much mental duress. He has alternately beaten and been beaten by his major. Throughout it all, however, Fred persevered and will some day return to the Naval Academy to avenge himself. Fred's claim to fame came during his youngster year. He and his roommate are among an elite few that anonymously redecorated the interior of main office late one night. Although it was a brilliant mixture of military planning and raw courage, it was never considered when Fred was selected as the first class company commander. Under Fred's "Jersey Style" leadership, 19th Company blossomed much to his company officer's relief. She now received notes of praise rather than condemenation concerning the company's performance. Although Fred played lightweight football, he has always been a heavyweight in his favorite sport.

CO CDR - E. HUETHER, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. MEDLEY, back row-left; CO ADJ - J. REAGAN, back row-right

NICKOLAS GEORGE KATSIOTIS

Nick The Greek

Nick is a product of Columbus, Mississippi and he is quick to make sure everyone is aware of that fact. Never short on breath or at a loss for words, he energetically supports both Dixie and Southern football. His tales of good times have animated many a bull session, but do not prevent him from seeking new source material. In his more reflective moments, Niko dreams up schemes for turning a quick buck or methods to manage his future enterprises. Although a confirmed bachelor, his exploits with the better half of our species is well chronicled, afterall the birds do it, the bees do it, but the Greeks do it the best. A black "N" winner through his membership in that elite unit known as Slaughterhouse 5, grease has never held his interest. Should this entrepeneur's ship ever arrive, we can rest assured that he will not forget his friends. Those of us who know Nick best have no doubts that he will be successful, but we often wonder if the Navy and world are ready for his grand entrance.

MATTHEW LAMPUGNANO

Lumpy

BEGIN: I-DAY no hair Mcnitt Kurcha Booker I'm comin tug-o-war rates 4thCY* a)Bradley Holmes cards shoe fights drink geek lights Wally Metz red wax shaving cream rack nice room DEMOS 20 b)Fish Reagan Woollett fights mice+brads water coffEE underwear photo ticket window goatcourt fag bag risk studing herndon DEMOS 25 3rd CY* a) Katsiotis J-D Ricky spades surprise attack tape+window cold slauterhouse 5 Barr attention DEMOS 60 b) Holmes Katsiotis almost quit sleep 10+ grades? lazy absolutely did zip DEMOS 70 2ndCY* a)Fish Mama Meyer CHICAGO restrict army ring bell worst one DEMOS 225 b)VAN by the book third riech all youngsters sunny Florida koke DEMOS 000 1stCY* a) Bradley Troy nice room squad leader MARINE CORPS DEMOS 80+ out of data in line 11

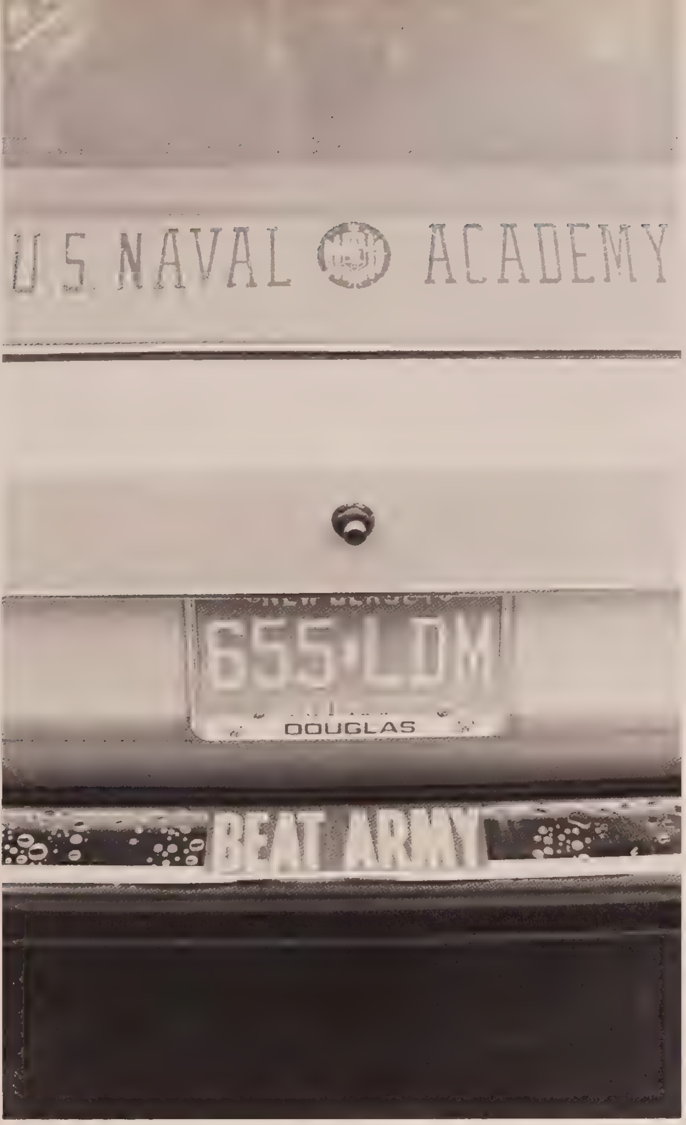
WILLIAM FRANCIS THOMAS MALLOY, JR.

Bill

Bill came to Annapolis from Scituate, Massachusetts with a genuine Boston accent that never faded. Having spent a year at NAPS, he was accustomed to the Spartan way of life but often stretched the liberty hours as far as they would go. History was his dream, but despite his efforts such courses as steam, boats, and wires still presented themselves as part of his curriculum. Activities took lots of his time, and he loved to go to French or History club banquets. He had his hand in everything from tennis, scuba, parachuting and hockey to plain old nothin g. But alas, he met his match — of all things a "truck". To this very day he can be seen driving through the mountains of Western Maryland in search of the great white pine tree.

RICHARD CARL LOCKE

Rich comes to USNA and 19th Company from Pennsauken, N.J., South Jersey that is. Before coming here, Rich attended Kiski Prep School just outside Pittsburgh. While there, he lettered in soccer and participated in wrestling and track before being injured. It was the great mercy and grace of God that the injury was not so severe so as to prevent his entrance to the Academy. After surviving Plebe Summer, Rich became actively involved with Navigators and Fellowship of Christian Athletes, having been a Christian since high school. During his youngster year Rich led a company Bible study while also being in one with Jim Brown and later with Mike Long, whose guidance and wisdom will always be greatly appreciated. Rich's weekends were always happily spent with his high school sweetheart, Kathy Wallin and in the spring of his youngster year they became engaged. Rich and Kathy are planning for a wedding to be a few days after his graduation.



THOMAS WAYNE MCNITT

Tom

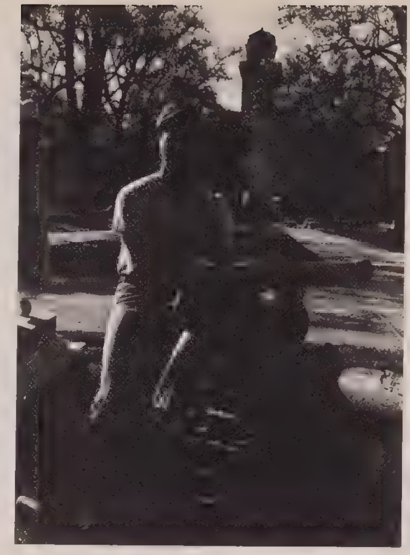
Tom traveled independently East from Rock Falls, Ill. with hair so thick he stayed in the barber shop for his entire first day of Plebe summer. He has since gotten married and gone bald (almost). What would we have done without Tom? He wakes us up, gets us dressed, sends us off to class, and tucks us in at night. Without Tom our whole room would be buried in dust and trash. Don't get the wrong idea, he's not a nurse-maid, just our pseudo mother. Tom struggled through academics the first year, then hit the coast button when he chose History as his major. The hardest he's worked since is addressing envelopes for the book of letters he writes daily. A miracle worker with typewriter and paper, Tom tackles all tasks and meets all deadlines. I can honestly say that Tom doesn't seek gouge, in his major he IS the gouge. His good nature and personality will carry him anywhere. He will sail from the West coast upon graduation, if he gets his way. A lifer? NO way — definitely a family man.

1st Row - (left to right) B. BAXTER, J. WILSON, H. YEE, W. NOBLES, R. CHEN, M. MOURY, R. BETHMANN, A. YORK, W. BOEH 2nd Row - W. SWINTON, M. LUCIANO, J. ALVAREZ, J. PRICE, J. WOODS, S. DUFFY, P. SUAVE, M. BITTEL, J. POTTEY 3rd Row - R. WHITNEY, D. DICKENSON, D. BERGEN, C. BENSON, S. MONTAGUE

RICHARD ALLAN MEDLEY

Meds

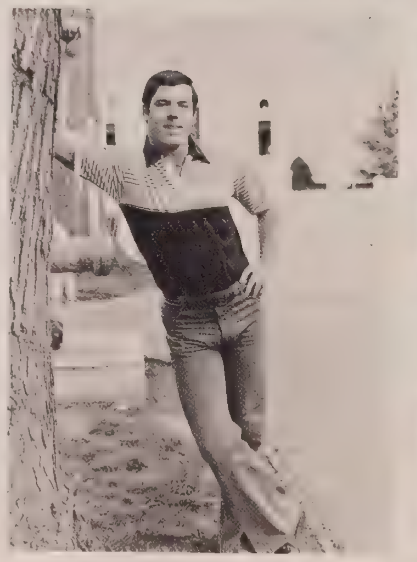
INDUCTION DAY . . . ROZ . . . MISTER Z . . . PLEBE SUMMER . . . PARENTS WEEKEND . . . BRIGADE . . . REGGIE . . . ROOM WARS . . . GOAT COURT . . . BRADS . . . GRITS . . . RACK . . . 4.0 . . . EE . . . ONE WOMAN MAN . . . FRANNY MAY . . . EUROPE . . . MORE RACK . . . ROOM WITH WOOLS . . . TOWEL ON EYES . . . RUMBLES . . . RAISING HELL . . . ANOTHER 4.0 . . . GIRL . . . NO GIRL . . . EXCESSIVE BOOKING . . . PUSH BUTTON PARADISE . . . PROTRAMID PARTIES . . . CHESAPEAKE YACHTING . . . UNDERWATER ICE CREAM . . . BIG AL . . . MOM M . . . CDO . . . WHAT TAPS? . . . ARMY PARTY . . . HONDA HOTRODDING . . . TUTOR FOR HIRE . . . CHRISTMAS . . . MO JO JUICE . . . WHIPPETTS ON FRIDAY NIGHTS . . . I WOULD LIKE TO REPORT A CAR . . . TROUBLE AGAIN, WHO ME? . . . BOYS TO THE RESCUE . . . NEW GIRLS . . . GREEN ALERT . . . RUNNING BACK . . . THAT CURB WASN'T THERE LAST TIME . . . PCR . . . FINALS . . . STILL 4.0 . . . JUNE WEEK PARTIES . . . RING DANCE . . . MORE PARTIES . . . FINALLY A FIRSTIE . . . DETAIL . . . ARMY . . . MAX PARTY . . . THE BOYS . . . O-CLUB HAPPY HOUR . . . WEEKENDS . . . SECOND SEMESTER COAST . . . HATS IN THE AIR . . . OUTTA HERE . . .



TED ELMER MIKITA, JR.

Tika

Tika entered USNA to be an EE. Long nights and early mornings proved his just reward. If not masochistic enough, he forced himself to play B-team hockey at five A.M. D&B proved to be his major creative endeavor, though his musical interests focused on Chicago and Bing. Bing became a giant green Ford van, with a large appetite for time and money. His humor and vitality could always be raised to a climax with the workds "Duck Hunt" and "Eastern Shore", stories abound. Ted's great desire is to hunt ducks over Montana in an F-18.



GREGG CHARLES MILO

Red

Gregg came to USNA expecting to be an offensive player for the Big Blue, but saw the light and became the 'monster man' for the D. Wearing #49, Gregg lettered all four years, playing on an often nationally ranked defense. His plebe year was spent learning the Navy way, youngster year saw him as a leading team tackler till appendicitis laid him out, junior year was his crowning year as he made All-American, and finally senior year he bummed up his knee to avoid the doldrums of practice. With his heart in New England, Gregg Charles Milo is home grown from Columbus, Ohio. His distaste of study and homework was evident in his choice of OA as a major. Next to football, cutting classes and rack were his favorite pastimes. If Gregg was not getting Red or becoming a chainsaw, he was on the prowl for the two legged creatures all good Mids aspire. Flying has been his dream since he walked through these hallowed halls. Gregg will make an excellent officer, pilot, and friend to all he meets. Bonne chance Gregg.

MICHAEL EDWARD MULLIKIN Pigpen

Coming from the corn fields of Easton across the Chesapeake Bay, Pigpen had sights on Navy baseball glory from the start. It didn't take long for him to find it, earning a varsity letter Plebe year and every year afterwards, eventually ending up as team captain and a member of the U.S. Pan Am baseball team, the first Navy player selected in over a decade. When he wasn't playing baseball, he spent time tooling around in his MGB looking for women in uniform and staying away from the books, because he couldn't stand any gravy on his QPR. One of the few survivors of the famous five man plebe room, he eventually decided to spend his Christmas senior year on cruise, before going on to Marine Air, where the Corps will be receiving an outstanding pilot, officer, and friend.

JAMES KEVIN REAGAN

Reags

"Reags" evolved to USNA by way of the undocumented "Watermelon capital of the world", Laurel, Delaware. Always wanting to excel in everything he did, he succeeded academically, athletically, and most important "rackally". A member of the infamous "Slaughterhouse Five", he earned his black N youngster year. We saw him change over the four years from a studious ocean engineer to an expert at procrastination and gouge hunting. His consumption of certain beverages was his only barrier in his unrelenting search for that perfect female. An expert at late nighters followed by a few beers in town, Jim will finally earn the legal rights to Annapolis' weeknight livelihood as our second set CC. Forever a friend to all, Jim's good looks and charm should gain him high acclaim in his chosen field of air or whatever else he may do.

MARK J. ROSSANO

Rosy

Rosy hails to us from the great state of New York. Born on Long Island, he prefers to refer to this beloved land simply as God's Country. In his four year stay with us he has managed to perfect the technique of maximizing his QPR by minimizing his effort. This has had the benefit of allowing him to practice his much heralded driving skills, much to the displeasure of USAA. As a student of Economics he is also well noted for his unusual concepts of money management. Rosy's non-academic time was about equally spent between shooting on the Varsity Pistol squad, and traveling home on liberty. Although he did not learn much as a Midshipman, he did eventually realize that Surface Line was indeed mighty fine. After acting like a die-hard Marine Corps candidate for three years he finally saw the light. Mark hopes to serve aboard a Frigate out of Newport after completing SWOS. With his battle cry of "Go Rangers", he is ready to take on the fleet. We wish him the best of luck.

NORMAN TRACY SCREETON

Screets

From the sun and surf of Southern Cal came this aspiring young man. Screets was full of personality and sea stories — never at a loss for words. Thus he became a bull major (USNA Englisherring). He insisted that he enjoyed "wires" — proof enough that he was in the right major! Things that were important to him in order of priority: 1) Mork & Mindy 2) Rack 3) Playboy magazine & studies 4) seeing his latest girlfriend 5) finding another girlfriend to add to his collection and 50) the mile run. But he always managed "80" sit-ups in A.S. Screet's affection for the ocean inspired him to pick Surface Line — Mighty Fine. Plebe summer was good leadership experience for him. If there is such a thing as color division on his destroyer or frigate he'll get it. When classmates needed a favor, or underclass needed proofreading, Screets was always willing. He made a lot of friends this way and was an example to follow.

1st Row - (left to right) G. MILLER, F. RANDAZZO, P. SIEGRIST, J. WRICE. 2nd Row - C. MULRY, D. BOGDAN, D. CULLISON, C. GALLAGHER, S. BELL, B. RAMSEY, J. AMY, J. WOOD, R. RUSSELL. 3rd Row - C. BUTLER, A. POWELL, R. SHOEMAKER, B. McGEE, L. COMERFORD, K. KORNCHUCK, S. MARR, B. BELCHER, T. MAHONEY, E. MOSS, D. DEBERRY, B. GAHN, D. SABA. 4th Row - M. POIRER, R. ALCALA, A. WILDING, M. MELILLO, A. HOFLEY, T. CHEAMITRU, T. CORCORAN, R. PAPP, D. WEAVER, T. KALFAS, M. KENDUS.

JAY DANIEL WHITLOCK

Drifty

Jay hails to us from the home of many a beautiful southern bell, Atlanta Georgia. After having his kyack pryed out from under him on some white water river, Jay's parents decided that old USNA would be a safe place for him to learn about the "better" things in life. Jay decided that his higher learning would take place in the form of a degree in ocean engineering and proceeded to skate through here on a never ending quest for the gouge. Jay made up his mind rather early in his senior year that he would become a charter member of the "save a pilot" foundation and is now destined to become one of Hyman's boys. Earning the nick-name "The Drift", Jay had a truely easy going personality that made it nearly impossible for him to stay mad at anyone or anything for longer than ten minutes. A member of the fraternity known as "the Cloud" and "the Boys", Jay is a friend who will be remembered by all.

JOHN P. WIDAY

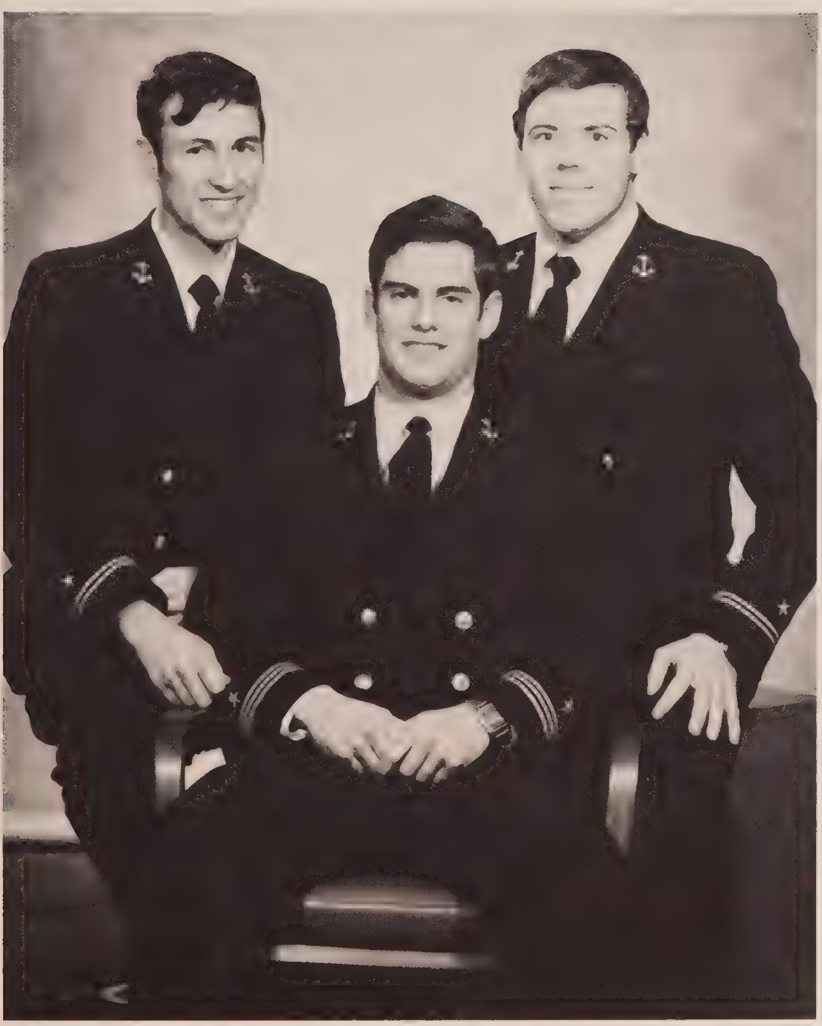
Woodie

Woodie came to Cloud 19 from the great outdoors of upstate New York with a basketball in one hand, a six-pack in the other, and a book tucked underneath his arm. He was unusually easygoing — probably due to the confident view he enjoyed from 6'4" above the ground he walked (especially when his Electra pooped out). From snowmobiling in the wilds of Herkimer, to jamming on the courts, on the deathball field, or at the plate, Woodie was definitely a jock. As one of "The Boys", the King always had a helping hand to offer and a healthy complaint about the system, yet he knew the value of hard work. Even after he earned two stripes as Third Platoon Commander, the only time he got tough to live with was when the Yankees won. Every one of the Boys will tell you that this future fly-boy was the greatest . . . and certainly, one of that very close bunch that comprised Nineteen's Class of '80.

CHARLES TERRENCE THOMPSON

Chas, CT

Charles Terrence Thompson (Chas) entered the Naval Academy after a nine month vacation in Newport R. I. as a Napster. Chas thought the good times were over on I-Day but they were just beginning because he joined the boy's on the cloud, the 19th Company. Charlie's hometown 'is in Pax River MD., but he never went home very much? He would rather go flying, flying enroute to his apartment in New Carrollton from the 4th wing runway. We all knew the deal! Chas was preparing himself for the growing challanges as a young Naval Aviator. He was guided by a built in "gap" radar which kept him in tune to the outside world. But when second class year rolled around the old boy was grounded and lost his weekends! Chas had a run-in with EE, Thermo, and Weapons. As a Firstie he settled down, took care of his plebes, studied alot and even received an A in class for keeping Carl Clark awake! Wherever Chas is, his radar is active and he's not looking for enemy ships?



CO CDR - J. REAGAN, seated; CO SUB-CDR - T. McNITT, back row-left; CO ADJ - G. MILO, back row-right

DONALD E. WOOLLETT

Woolly

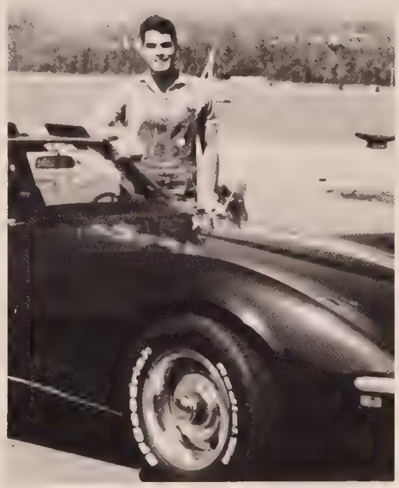
Don, Dr W, Woolly Bear, and last but not least Buana, came to USNA via Walbridge, Ohio. Though Walbridge is presently his family's place of residence, Don claims to be nothing but the best, southern and Texan. Woolly originally sought to become an engineer but quickly discovered that USNA was full of many such unimaginative souls. Since Buana was gifted with the talent of BS-ing he aspired to the life of none other than the History major. A certified sea lawyer, he was always called upon when his friends were in need. Being a member of the Slaughterhouse 5, "The Boys" saw fit to elect Wools honor rep. Don bought a '68 Cadillac 2/c year that looked more like a tank than a boat. All of those close to him feel that this must be the factor that swayed him toward the Marine Corps, as no other viable excuse has surfaced. Everyone hopes the Bear will immaculately maintain his room at Quantico as well as he has (?) on "The Cloud". Don is destined to become a success and he may even make the world forget F. Lee (Flee for short) Bailey.

20

RICHARD NEAL CACACE

Cacdude

Well, here it is, 3 1/2 years later and I just can't believe I've made it this far! I must admit it's had it's moments. Yeah, it sure has. Like starting off Plebe summer on Grey's you-know-what list (along with Pat) and those "inspiring" come-arounds with Cowen for an entire semester. Youngster year I missed Centurion requirements by only 30 demos and AC board by the skin of my teeth. Oh yeah, thanks again Cos for taking good care of my car. Of course I just had to find out why everyone was so concerned about AC boards, so I got an inside view second class year. I must be the only guy around who went from E.E. to G.E. to Phy. Sci. in 2 years. Almost H.O.'d, an F from Dan O'Keefe and a G from Lt. Eckart (Y.P. cruise) in grease (I still haven't found out what kinda cars they drive), skipping out of football games (thanks again Tom for those great ideas) and fighting for anchor man. It's been real! Now it's off to Navy Air. Scotty, beam me aboard!!!



MICHAEL C. CASTAGNERO

"Cos"

Mike (COS) came to USNA from Pitcairn Pa via Naps-Cos started with a love for football and ended with the love for Kim, Cos is the company's mother, he earned his black "N" 3/c year and the following year became a 2/c squad leader (what a man) - the gruesome threesome (CC,Bird, + Cos) survived 2/c year on kahlua and little sleep - all were unsat; memories include - Grimes, Diego, greased pig, parent's weekend, lemons forever (8-26-76), english, summer school, Alaska, Pitt fb games (especially 3/c year), Penn, Syracuse (Matt + Giz H), Army-vs-Navy (Jim + Laura, Mike + Chris, parents), fb picnics, matching outfits, "Mike G. a plebe", ND what a 21st, Press's Parties, Bird's dad's frat party, sailing on the bay, Virginia Beach, TR-7, Shamrock, Sandy Pt, EE, UVA, toga, pavillion, Linda Ronstadt, sunbird, snow skiing, rafting, Ring Dance 79, Catocin Mt, Debbie's apartment, engagement, Matt's wedding, batt fb, Orlando, Medl, dating sisters, the cave (Tom, Gart, Press, Wood), Marine Corps bound (28May80), marriage bound (7June80), good luck from C.C.

CARL B. CLARK

CC

Caor Clark (CC from DC) came to USNA from the fleet-will return a pilot. He even saved a ship on 1/c cruise-fond memories include the gruesome threesome (CC,COS,Bird), trips to DC via the wall, the green bug that will turn into a 280Z, his love of sports (snow skiing, FB, BB, especially boxing) and dislike for swimming. His dislike for studies earned him 4 AC boards and 3 trips to summer school. Socially he's involved in big brothers, funkmob, and BAC. Ladies were his specialty, but he possessed a personality to charm all. Drinking was never a problem except on the bus to Army, the Toga party, and the squash courts with Lee. His diet was pbj. "Hey Mike, where's the Mix" - stylish and smooth, quick and aggressive, but a friend and a partner to all - Slam jam bam thank you Mam - "SWORN TO RUN LOYAL TO NONE"; What a guy! But, somewhere out there is that special lady.

Sincerely Yours,
Father COS (roommate)

RAYMOND CARL DAMM

Ray

Ray came to Annapolis from Alexandria and Fort Hunt "Service Academy Prep School". He was Mr. All-Around — scholar, musician, athlete and ladies man. Ray was a model plebe — good grades, good grease and good time. Youngster year saw Ray lock horns with the Aero major. Maintaining his sense of humor in the face of adversity, he continually enlivened the Company with his wild antics. Hat fights, midnight poker games and vampire imitations were typical fare. His athletic interests at USNA centered around Batt football, complete with ritualistic pre-game psyche sessions. Ray was "Mr. Perfection"; with watchful eye and wise counsel he managed to improve the living habits of many. Never idle, he filled his time with Glee Club, his French horn and, of course, "Stinky". Headed for the Corps, Ray is destined for great things. Good luck, C-brain, and keep your eye on the ball!

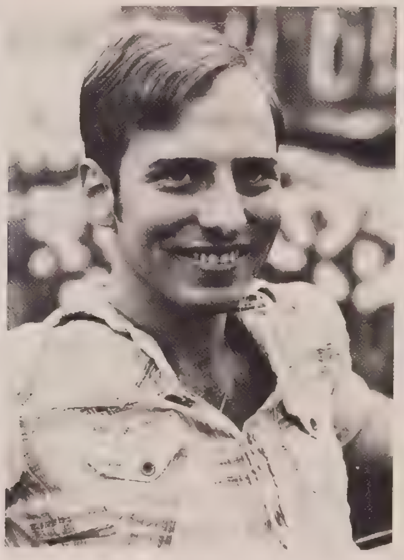
MICHAEL ROBERT GLYNN

Mike

BASEBALL, HIRKS, DUCKY, FLIP, T. CHEMISTRY, SUMMER SCHOOL, TERM PAPERS HARVEY WALLBANGERS, HOMEWOOD, SORRY FLIP, COMPUTER PROGRAMS, FORMALS OVER THE WALL, GRAIN, 75 N 2, BLACK N, CENTURIAN CLUB, MR DONUT, MAURA TIMES SQUARE, RED FLAME, FORMULA, NEW ORLEANS, LORRAINE, COWEN'S BATH KING GEORGE, MEDICAL, BALCONY, ROSE, PRESS'S PARTIES, PROTRAMID PARTIES AUNT KIT, PENSACOLA RECRUITS, RUDY'S, BESTGATE, YO, DEATH, KEGGERS, PATTI BUFFET, CDB, MORAL AND SCRUPLES, FLORIDA, PBR, EVERGLADE DRIVE, SHOTGUN PARTIES, LITTLE SISTER, ST JOHNS SECURITY, CATHY, MARY WASHINGTON SALISBURY $100, PAINTING, HALEY, JUNE WEEK 79, DAPPERS, SHELLY, GART HEY FATS, NO NUKES CONCERT, MATT'S WEDDING, SPELUNKING, POWERGLIDING FIRE EXTINGUISHER, THANKS RALPH, JT AND LOTRIMIN, CAMEL DRIVER, FID THANKS FOR BEING SECTION LEADER ROSS, MICHIGAN, PRISSY GIRLS, JOCK Thanks mom and dad, and all my friends, who helped me make it through. Yo Fids, Remember me? How about that party we promised ourselves? call me and I'll have a case and 1/4 ready - whenever, whereever. Fandango!

FREDERIK DIMITREW

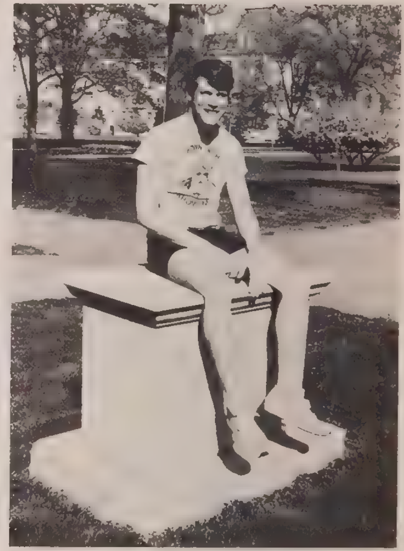
Fred came to USNA from Collingswood, New Jersey. Always an achiever, he excelled in track and powerlifting, while leading the company lightweight football team to victory in '79. A dedicated athlete, Fred could almost always be found either pumping iron in Halsey or working out on the track. Fred belonged to that elite corps of Chemistry majors, having many "fond" memories of long hours in the labs, P-Chem, Organic, Medicinal, ... etc. First Class year found Fred sailing with the Dutch Navy, enjoying a "dream" summer camping along the Rhine, and returning to the Academy as the first set company commander. For service selection, Fred chose Nuclear Subs, and will surely do well in the Fleet, armed with his characteristic determination, competitive fires, and desire for excellence.
The Navy is getting a good man. GOOD LUCK FRED.



KENNETH D. FINK

Ken

This ex-long haired-radical Cowboy moseyed in from Texas and thought it looked fun . . . A challenge to his "Superior memory" as ROCKET READ said when startled by his lack of M.E. knowledge albeit a 3.25 CQPR GOUGE! - Half a year with Yogi and he begin to indulge excessively - Even did Black with Candace in 6th wing lot (PIECE!) - Weekly visits to Doc Brunza and socially deviate behavior (Pitt, UVA, etc - Bye Bye "E") - Toga - Intramurals - "Getting outta the rack Ken?" "No Tom" - MED - Photo - Ring - A NOXIOUS BASCILLUS - Drives to Dallas - 5 days - "But Officer, I've been at sea, my wife and family . . . " Hey Ken, I thought your sis graduated from SMU (could've sworn you and Debbie were in Boston) - Speaking of Social Anomolies! - What chivalry - Kenny even took her to BWI two days before Ring Dance - Debbie II - thanks Carol - 6 mice - Balcony trash - Earls - Few come arounds - Plebe Regt Training? - Airborne - shaved head - Blue Feet - Hanglide - Ski - Fireworks Asst - 1550 boards? - Cutlass - Plebe Army - WEST PAC - 1422 days COUNT EM - some day he'll miss it - doubtful - NFO PLEASE=NO NUKE



JACK H. GARWOOD

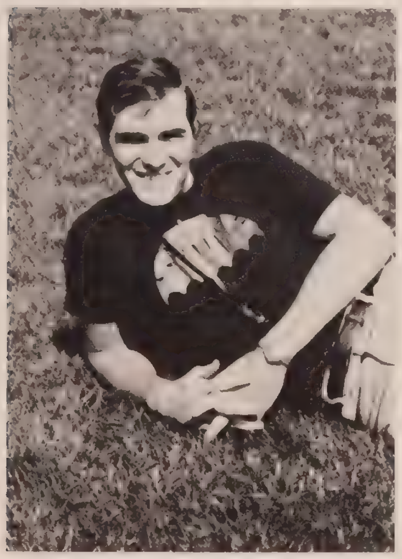
Wood

HOLLINS - HEAD, SWIMMING, LOU-SEZ, SNOWMOBILE, 4CC.C., HIRKOST - TOPS, BEERBALL RUMANDTV, BROWNIES, HOOLIGANS, GOON, PAVILLION, MARCIA, BUDS, JUNE WEEK 79 SHERATON, BETHANY, BATHROOM, COW, THE DRIP, CAVE, CIGAR WITH ROSSI, TERX, UVA EASTERS, KEY WEST, BESTGATE, RUDYS, THE VOUS, FREAK ISLAND, JUDY, JO, THE BUNK MENTAL BUS, COOKIE MONSTER, PARTY WITH KEAN, MARY WASHINGTON, 4242, BALCONY J.D. AND CHINK, REPEATED TUNES, BABBLING, NO BUCKS, VETTE, FRUIT BASKET, VONS SIX AND DOWN, FINEGOLD, MERICLE, CAPT WOOD, THE COVE, FID, HAPPY BUZZARD, 8-1 NO NUKES CONCERT, RUM AND COKE COOLER, JUMPSTART, GETTING LOST AT THE GAR GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, MICHIGAN, SALISBURY COURT, MAX OUT PASS OUT, KEG ARMAN, ROOMWARS, TAILGATERS, SNAKE COLLEGE, DOOLEYS, THE CAKE, PRESS PARTIES WHAT TRIP?, OVER THE WALL, KISSING CONTEST, STITCHING SOUTH CAROLINA, MIKE AND THE COPS, LANDOVER MALL, HOOKING BUMPERS HEY 4242, THE CAVE WILL RIDE AGAIN IN 1985. SEE YOU GUYS WHEN THIS HELL FINALLY ENDS.

SCOTT M. GRUNDMEIER

Grundy

Hirko . . . Plebe party in French's room . . . pre-Army with the Youngsters . . . duty bucket . . . balcony living . . . playing army in the cemetery . . . Youngster Wardroom . . . Harvest Home . . . bathrobe to the shower . . . Perils of Avalon . . . Z . . . carving apples . . . Jack-O-Lanterns . . . Touché . . . Mudsliding at Quantico . . . Ho Ho Ho, Ho Ho Ho . . . Peg, Peg, Peg . . . 50+6 . . . Mental Bus to Key West . . . A1A . . . green feet . . . June Week '79 . . . more Peg . . . Ricky Recruit . . . tailgators . . . No Draft For Me . . . P-cola here I come . . .



FRANCIS J. HUGHES JR.

Howard

WOW . . . Its that time already, its been fast, slow, happy, sad . . . but I or should I say WE survived. Alot has happened and here's most of it. Watervliet - Annapolis, KEY WEST! shotguns, Fla. license, sunburn naked on Freak Island, AIRBORNE w/ Panama Red & Sunspot Baby, vegatate a full moon at Towson, Glynn turn out the lights, will ya. Rafting Orb & Cross, pink elephants, Firetrucks, Crit's house, Metaxa, The Yard Death, the oil can and the Doobies concert. the pavillion, June Week 79 FOR SALE: 78 Firebird Formula, "The Big Dent" Drive much, Shelly ? Protramid* T, hitch'in, THE kegger, salad bar, scars from the window Yo Howard? 2 UA's /day, 75 and 2, Black "N", 2 months ain't that long? The Centurion Club, Who's been sleeping in my rack, SIS. Matt's wedding. Mary Washington, Maury Hall and hours on the computer. Dear John . . . Hey Craig! What's in that bucket? Care for a dip. Sail-on . . . Roomie . . . Genesee Country at Rudy's. To 4242, Its a nice place to visit, but . . . What's a "FID"? Yes, it is really over!!! Nothing heavy, bye ➡

SANDRA COLETTE IRWIN

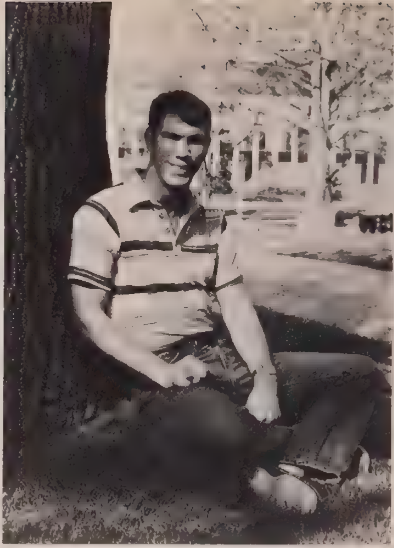
TC

Originally from the sunny skies of California, Sandee came to the Naval Academy with hopes of — well I guess — graduating. Whatever gave her the silly idea of graduating from the Academy no one knows. But she did and rather easily, academically, that is. After a rather interesting plebe year, Sandee kept herself busy enjoying life despite the extraordinary amount of time she spent on studying. On a busy night she may study until study hour begins and then hit the rack. But in no way did she let her studies interfere with her personal life, fun first, work second. Keeping active, she tried a bit of everything from fieldball to scuba to cheerleading, and you musn't forget her male counterparts, too. What a Treasure! In light of all this activity, she would always be the first to lend a helping hand. If anyone had a problem, she was there to help. And we thank her for that. Good luck Sandee as you start your new career — lookout world, here she comes! #1 fan.

VIRGIL DEREK DEAN MEEK

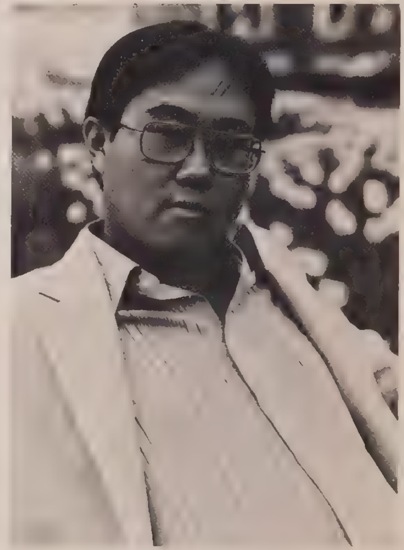
Deek

Deek came to us from a tiny little town in the northwest corner of Missouri. Don't feel bad though if you've never heard of Tarkio — I think the only people who live there are his folks, his cousins and his grandmother. As a plebe, he was so shy he'd go visiting and the guys often mistook him for a piece of furniture while they were dusting. And this guy was an all-state tackle offense and defense? He drives around in class though — a shiny new Trans Am (only totaled once). Don't ever let him talk you into leaving your car behind and going to a non-existent party over in Odenton or you too might end up walking 15 miles back to school at 3 o'clock in the morning. If there is one thing he's learned here it's that you don't use a whole can of shoe polish to polish your boondockers. A whole can? Come on Deek — no wonder they looked like a Hershey bar. Best of luck in the Marine Corps and may you find one in every mudhole, but you gotta leave them plebes alone!!!



LIONEL MEW

After three years at USNA, my mind is a maze of images. As I sift through the memories, none of them seem to make any sense. All I know for sure is that there have been ups and downs, good times and bad. These years have flown, and I'd really like to thank everyone who has helped me through. Thank you . . . Thank you . . . HI Liss!



MARTIN ROBERT MINOT

Marty

It has been a long time, NAPS '76, I-Day, ac boards, sep. pending, NADS parties at Hartski's, road trips, NADS downhill — GO FOR IT!!! Nationals — going for #4, Love that Root, thanx to, the yard, Howie Dude, Bird, Cavemen, and now its time, after the long beat, to crack sheets and reach for the future.

1st Row - (left to right) J. PAPARELLA, D. SEYBOLD, B. ORAM, D. DURBAN, D. PASHKEVICH, C. SANCHEZ, T. MAROLT. 2nd Row - R. JONES, J. PAPAGEORGE, B. SKILLEN, M. DOWTY, M. GUINN, C. BUTLER. 3rd Row - B. WOODHOUSE, B. BURR, T. TOCCI, R. NASLONSKI, D. THOMAS, B. DOLAN, M. PEREZ.

CO CDR - F. DIMITREW; CO SUB-CDR - T. O'KEEFE; CO ADJ - T. ROSSI

SCOTT W. MOTZ

Mottsman

Scott W. Motz, alias Mottsman, arrived from Tannersville, Pa. and was strolling through T-court when some said, "Raise your right hand and repeat after me . . .". But soon Plebe year was over, and we were both M.E. majors — doomed to the likes of Keith, Wild Bill, Pocket Rocket, Lantz, Rocket Read, and Papa Keating. Youngster year found Scotty with a car, but no girlfriend to use it on. Youngster year came to an end all to soon, for we were both still M.E. majors — naive of what was to come. Second class year came, along with a midnight oil consumption rate of 3.9264 gal/day. We suffered through it somehow, and made it to the exalted position of Firstie. He's still an M.E., still drives that car (?!), is still in search of a suitable girlfriend, wants to be a Nuke and live in a sub, so need I say more?

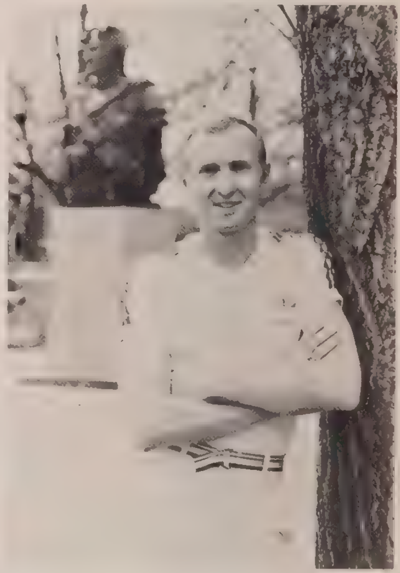
THOMAS P. O'KEEFE

Bird

If you're quick, you may find Tom at USNA — Remember when he used to live here? I don't know what Debbie has that Bancroft doesn't or why she wants Tom — YEAH good times in 2333 with CC and Cos all UNSAT — Kahlua after exams, NY with CC, curisin with Cos in the borrowed TR7 - Social? drinking Sat. noon meal - throwing up in C's rack passing out before dinner - It's easy to fail Mech E. when homework costs 5 cents a page - besides Tommy Disco was hard for time to get moves down - A NOXIOUS BASCILLUS - 2/c summer Deb should have wondered when he had no car the first date, then needed a place to sleep for the night! - Headwall politician - Fireworks expert - UVA - Skiing - Sub Cmdr TWICE! - Toga - Intramurals - "Getting outta the rack Tom?" "No Ken" - Pitt - Ring Dance 79 - Buy clothes; pay bills - Mercedes - Dad's Grad - Future? Fat cat DC bourgeoise living off taxes of the proletarian masses - Navy Pilot - Marriage can't be that bad Tom . . . after all, you lived with me and Texas for 2 years - Tom, Debbie . . . Bless you always

FRANK CRAIG PANDOLFE

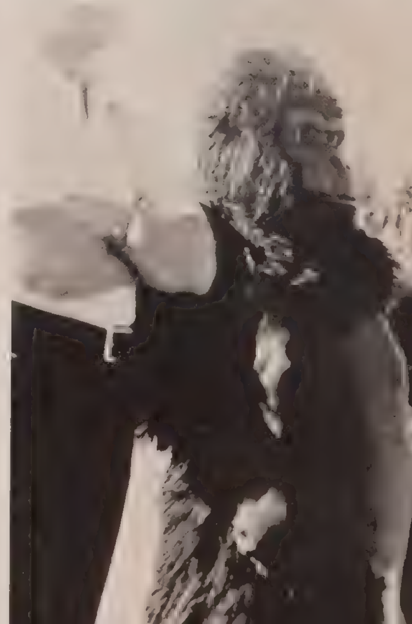
Frank came to us from Scituate Mass (where?) that garden spot of the world. Summer survival included you ate all the ice cream and 'if you guys don't cut it out I'm gonna have to fry you'. Frank quickly showed us he was a student. The next time he and his roommate stuck their heads out the door it was June Week. Frank is one of those guys that runs long distances for fun, what a nut. He even gets up before classes to do it! Franko is a great story teller, and is also known for this great tack and subtlety. Like the time he wanted to spice up the History News Letter with a story on the volleyball team. Frank always wanted the best in life so he bought a 70 GT6 from an old lady that was an atheist and only drove it to church on Sunday, honest. Ah, then there was New Orleans. Takee Outee, the fountain and a Magnum the biggest drink known to mankind. Frank will go far because he always speaks his mind and can apply himself. All the boys in 20 will miss his Frankness!



CHRISTOPHER WILKES NELSON

CW

Chris attacked his four years at the academy with such zeal that he was seldom seen standing still. He put his overabundance of energy to work as an active member of the Brigade Honor Committee and as a reliable member of the Navy Tennis team. Academics were another strong point of his. Through hard work Chris was able to obtain top grades. For all his efforts, Chris was awarded the Fourth Battalion Commander post. He was not all work and no play, though. He greatly enjoyed the two summers he spent in the Med. When Chris played he played to win. In his first love, tennis, he was rarely beaten. Hardly a day went by when Chris could not be found on the tennis courts, running someone into the ground, or making his yearly pilgrimage to Forest Hills. People like Chris are an asset to any institution. He was a dependable friend to everyone. His determination and sense of humor will surely be a worthy contribution to the Fleet. We wish you only the best Chris.



RICHARD T. PRESS

Rick

BURNS, FREAK, GRAY'S GORILLAS, SWIMMING, LOCKER ROOM PARTIES, PAT, BEER-BALL, GRAIN, BETHANY, SHACKING UP, CECIL, APARTMENTS & ABANDONED HOUSES, FANDANGO, 4242, SLEEPING, ARMAN, SIX AND DOWN, BALCONY, BUFFET, GURGLE GURGLE, YOUNGSTER WARDROOM, CARPENTER, HOT DOGS AND BEER, WET BED, KNIFE ATTACKS, SLEEP SHADES, THE HILL, J.D., EASTERS, BREAKFAST BEERS, RUDYS, NEW ORLEANS, HITCHING X-COUNTRY, SUMMER BEARDS, FORMULA, TEMPORARY TAGS, JERSEY TAGS, POWERGLIDING, BESTGATE, PAT'S WEDDING, JACUZZIS, MEXICO, THE VOUS, DEATH, THE PAVILLION, FINEGOLD, RUM, PARTIES AT HOME, MENTAL BUS, KEY WEST, A1A, FREAK ISLAND, HOWWGH, PBRS & PBJS, THE GOON, RAFTING, CATOCTIN, PROBATIONS, JUNE WEEK '79, PAINTING, FINEREN, GENESEE, CASE & 1/4, ALMOST ENGAGED, CALCULATOR, FID, MATT'S WEDDING, SPELUNKING, DRINKING & STUFF . . . We do it for the stories we can tell. When it comes down to the nitty gritty its only my friends that matter. So until we meet again, ADIOS.

JAMES ALLEN PROSSER

Pross

James "Earl" Prosser left a multitude of friends in Fairfax, VA only to find many more at Canoe U. Beginning with I-Day his exploits read like a connect-the-dots-storybook. Four years of — Mayaquez — grinning idiot — Boz and the Cotillion — Timmy's — Turkey day keggers — Jack-in-the Box — Killington ski trip — sailing — gin and tonic — nagging back problems (How did it happen?) — weekends in Fairfax — Lacrosse — Lucky Bag — beer, beer, more beer — Jaguar XKE — Army-Navy in Philly — Kato — UVA "Let's borrow this car" — Cookie — GW Bridge breakdown — Let's go out for a couple beers — Baltimore's "invisible accomplice" — Chester and Hester — vodka shots, beers, and phone calls — Seattle and The Beach! — experiments at Hood — Goucher College — football games and Mom and Pop tailgaters — Hang gliding — the Library in Fairfax — the blue van — Howie and the "Yard" — Backgammon in the snow — San Diego — the last run at Killington. No one could pack more into 4 years, he will be missed, but watch out world the Baltimore Co-Op lives on!!!!!

JOHN MICHAEL QUIGLEY

Quigs

Quigs came to us from the seven seas and before that from two wild years at jr College (at least that's what he says — the wildest thing he's done in 4 years is ditch Nina at Hood). Ah yes Hood, He held out until his last year and after one time he found out why he had waited (maybe that's where he got the name PE man). As John's roommate's fell by the wayside because of their majors John just laughed and went to bed. (Or ate his roommate's cookies). Who else but a swave and Deboner mid would take a shower between reveille and pep (or a nut). Of all the guys in the company Quigs was liked best because no ever saw him get mad. But beneath the puzzled look (one of three faces he can make) lives a raving lunatic. We all wish Quigs a fantastic life (and a cleaner roommate) and all the Ca. girls and Earl Klugg and Spyro — his heart desires. So long lips . . . it's been a great four years. May your A-6 always fly.

1st Row - (left to right) D. MANWARING, S. JOHNSON, R. VANDAGRIFF, M. GOLIGHTLY, W. DRUCE, M. BAKOTIC, J. CARPENTER, R. CASWELL, R. ROBICHAUD. 2nd Row - J. TASCHETTA, E. YEE, P. PEREZ-VERGARA, D. KEMPER, J. DOHERTY, J. McCARTY, J. CLIFTON, S. GUZIK, R. LEE, D. JONES. 3rd Row - W. YADUSKY, D. MILLER, S. WEAVER, R. REIFSNYDER, P. NICKITAS, W. RICE, C. POWERS, L. BALK, K. SMITH.

CO CDR - R. DAMM; CO SUB-CDR - L. SMITH; CO ADJ - J. PROSSER

DOMINICK A. RASCONA

Dom, 'Scona

Gray's Gorillas, Oh my stripes, missed MO, married and divorced women, books in T-court, semi-reformed geek, FANDANGO!, The Vat, 347trimethylxanthine, Fid, Rag, Airborne, Sunspot Baby, vegetating, Plebe Summer 79 - and court action, The Brothers Rascona - PPL, June Week 79, STEFANIE, yard mail, damn mate's phone, Tree, Key West, A1A, PBR&PBJ's, Freak Island, spaghetti, wipe, elevator lady, No! — they can swim, Aerosmith, Vette, Death-95S, the odd couple, hitch to VAB, salad bar, rent-a-wreck, T, lady LT, shot-gun parties, Miss LA, trip w/Jack?, cake, the Vous, restrict w/stars, balcony, the apple, GWU, thanks, Rich, What's going on?, Grandpa, Pat's wedding, "tis better to burn out than fade away", anatomy models, MCAT's, NPQ . . . please!, tiny(?) operations, SLOW, car accidents, rescues & donuts, Press', crash early, ADJ-R/DM's, OMRIAAH, bb garbage pail, Ken & Dom's Greatest Hits, Phred the Magicar aqua-rock, Cowboy in the Jungle, 4AM club, free medical care. IT'S A LONG ROAD W/A LOT OF TURNS, & IT TAKES ALOT OF DUDES TO GET THERE WHAT A LONG, STRANGE TRIP ITS BEEN. I'LL MISS YOU BOYS — HOPE NOT FOR LONG.

THOMAS MICHAEL ROSSI

Ross

ARRESTED-PLEBE YEAR, COMPUTER PROGRAMS, JOANIE, HIRKS, CHEMISTRY, T, CREW, WOODY, BRANDY AND DEW, HOMEWOOD, OVER THE WALL, MEDICAL, BEERBALL, FORMALS, HARVEY WALLBANGERS, CENTURIAN CLUB, TIMES SQUARE, MR DONUT WITH GLYNN, THE DELTA, BESTGATE, RUDY'S/ELVIS, FINEGOLD, HILLBURN, FOOTBALL POOLS, AQUAROCK, PHYSICS, COWEN'S BATH, COOKE'S LAUNDRY BAG, ROSE, PROBATIONS, HONOR BOARDS, BLACK N'S, RESTRICTING FOREVER, VOLPE, JERSEY SHORE, KATHY LIBS, MICH, BUKA, 5 LISCENSES, PRESS' PARTIES, ST JOHNS SECURITY, ACTRAMID APARTMENT, GRAIN, SCHMIDTY'S, FORMULA, SAM, KEEDY, TAILGATERS, DEATH, BALCONY, HEY BALLS, PBR'S, 14th ST, PROTRAMID PARTIES, PENSACOLA RECRUITS, VIRGINIA BEACH, CALL MICH, SPELUNKING, CIGAR WITH WOOD, PROSECUTION, FID, JUNE WEEK 79, WOOD'S STAIN!, ROTA'S O-CLUB, UA IN TORREMOLINOS, MICHIGAN, THE VOUS-COLLEGE PK, LYNN . . . MEETING BRUCE-6/4/78*NOT MEETING BRUCE AT GARDEN — THANKS DAVE!, SPECIAL, THANKS TO MOM, DAD & FAMILY, LARRY — I MADE IT! THE ACADEMY'S BEEN AN EXPERIENCE — SOMETHING TO LOOK BACK ON. SPECIAL FRIENDS ARE "REAL" — SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING BOYS!!!

RIGOBERTO SAEZ ORTIZ

Riqui

Puerto Rican by birth and by heart Riqui obtained a Puerto Rican nomination to enter the Naval Academy after NAPS, which helped him to excel here during his first years.

Plebe and youngster years he was the company disco dancing instructor. Second class year he was the mechanics instructor, everybody used to come and ask him how to fix their cars. What they didn't know is that most of what he told them was either guess work or what he had read in this manual he had to fix his legendary '65 MG.

Rick also was the Mechanical Engineering prof for the company. Even people from other companies used to come to Rigo for EI in any engineering course, even if he had never taken it.

After graduation as a Mechanical Engineer Riqui hopes to go Air Force or Navy NFO, and marry Sharon, the sweetiest girl in the World, who he has been dating for over six years.

Good luck in life, Bro. I will see you in P.R.

JEFFREY MATHIAS SAYRE

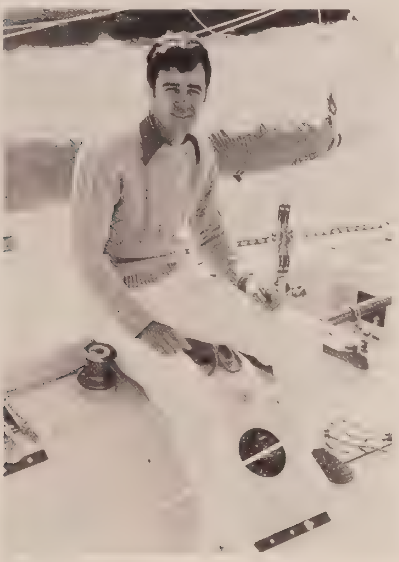
Orb

Seattle lost and we gained as Jeff joined the GO-RILLAS I-Day. If he wasn't smiling, making friends, or playing B-Ball, the ORB was piling up a Vette-ful of memories. *Four years* . . . turkey and shotgun beers . . . cotillion babes . . . blue van . . . Killington with the boys . . . training films . . . hang-gliding . . . sun and fun in P-cola . . . Misty (I think I love you) . . . Mega-Party I . . . skiing at Motzies . . . VT road trip . . . seedy nightlife in D.C. (What is she doing!?) . . . UVA car ride (Who's car???) . . . Baltimore Bar exams . . . vodka shots, beer, phone calls . . . grinning idiot . . . Maxi-fry . . . cookies at MN(o) . . . discover the ORBETTE . . . I'm interested in max leave sir . . . Seattle summer . . . Vancouver beaches . . . Med3 plane ride . . . week-ends with the ORBETTE . . . going Caroling . . . Bowling . . . Mega-Party II . . . Pitt road trip . . . spring break. Yes, ORB even found time to study a little bit. "Time passes, places, people fade away, but friends and good times will always be there." The Baltimore Co-Op will always live on!!!!! The friendly skies are calling . . . . . .

LAWRENCE ROBERT SMITH

LR

LR came here and started right at the top — as Pres Carter, what a smile! He distinguished himself as one who need not study for good grades. Ah, then there was Fri night cards. At least 7000 games of rummy. On to better things such as mobility. The car meant everything to Don Jaun (By his own distinction) Smith. On to New Orleans, LR had a way with women — like the one he pushed in the fountain and ripped her pants, what a gentleman! She got him though, by throwing his glasses in the water. Each morning he was awakened by an opening bottle. Instead of continuing this lifestyle he changed — and quit going to bed! Then there was Florida. 7000 mi., camping on the beach and not less than 3 HB's. "And there I was . . . with Deputy Dog." Debtors will love LR. He never has any money and all of his schemes are expensive (Like handgliding). Well I guess Rickover's cash should come in handy. Well LR its time to say goodbye to free meals, free rooms and aero (too bad) Do me a favor and drop that dulcimer in a reactor. Adios amigo.



1st Row - (left to right) A. SCHLOTE, L. HINKLEY, D. HOLCOMB, J. MULLIGAN, R. MATTHIAE, S. KOYE, J. HOWLAND, P. DITULIO, C. GAUL. 2nd Row - J. HUNTER, R. GUEST, M. KANAKIS, R. MOORE, R. HAYES, C. DELTORO, T. FERNAN, R. FUCHS, M. FOLEY, S. MURPHY, J. GARROVA. 3rd Row - L. THOMAS, D. MASON, J. YANTIS, S. WIRSEHING, M. SKIDMORE, K. LEVINS, J. BENSON, J. RAYNOLDS, D. DIORIO, F. JEMLEY, R. JORDAN, C. BUSH.

KEITH D. SNIDER

Snides

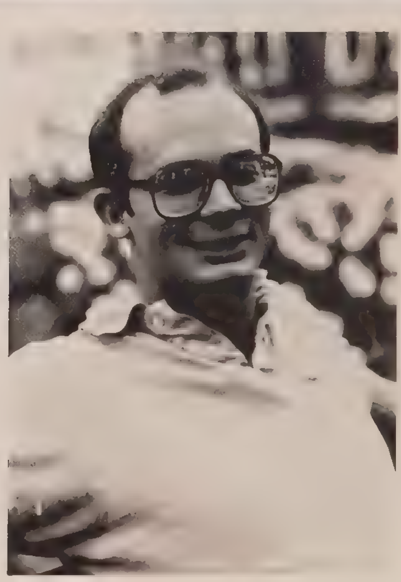
Snides came to "Mother B" from Virginia Beach with visions of flying after graduation. So he started Plebe Summer keeping a low profile and limping his way to Ac. year. With the exception of a few second class, Snides skated through Ac. year, although he became an ME major. Then came youngster year and Strengths, taught by one of our favorite profs. Snides decided to blow it off, and spent most of the year in the rack. When he awoke for second class year, he became a menace to the Plebes, just as his predicessors. In the meantime, he expanded his taste in mellow music with the most awesome stereo in the company. Second semester also brought Cables and the battle with a certain Major for the next two semesters to pass the course. Then came first class year and Plebe Summer. Snides was a pistol instructor for detail and narrowly escaped being shot himself. Finally, into Ac. year, Snides became Rifle Team captain, kept his Trans Am running, and hoarded the rack. Well, its off to Navy Air, draft permitting.

TED LOWELL SNIDER

Dub

Born: 8-12-58
Died: 7-6-76
Revived: 5-28-80

Ted: One of a kind



KENNETH JAMES THOMPSON, JR.

Ken

Ken from California came to USNA with the wayward ideas of that sun-filled state, Quickly establishing himself as an individualist, Ken adopted nocturnal habits centering around poetry, prose, and the late show. Ken was an English major amidst engineers, the notoriety of which he rather enjoyed. There's a lot to look back on: lifeguarding, Grey's Gorillas, SD, CAPT Wood, Jean's place, snow-running, Tucson, Boston, the coffee house, TV restriction, Phred, FNS, the girl next door, Professionalism Club, the dolphin song, resistance leaders, OMRIAAH, circular mil-ohms per foot, Detail, disappearing paperwork, nuclear non-volunteer, R/DMs, "Professor." The Marine Corps may get more than it bargained for when Ken arrives. The Academy will surely be losing one of the best. Best of luck from the Boys of 20.

GERARDO TORRES

Gerry

Gerry, whose limited exposure to the English language was what he picked up through the Civil Air Patrol, found out quickly that he would be at a disadvantage while at the Academy. During plebe summer, Doc Grimes encouraged him to learn English by frying Gerry every chance he could. Gerry was fried so much though half of the demos were cancelled, he still marched every E.D. session given during the summer. He began as an Aero major, but switched to Physical Science when he decided to keep his CQPR and social life on a continual high, with minimum effort. The new sports car opened new opportunities in the area, which he will take advantage of first class year. Navy Air and returning to Cabo Rojo, Puerto Rico are his only plans for the near future. Que algun dia, cuando estemos en la isla, podamos reflejar a los buenos tiempos que tuvimos en Annapolis.

KATHLEEN ANN WALSH

Walch-Master

20th Company's all-around jock hails from Corry, Pa. The weather up there gets pretty cold . . . portrayed by Kath's first impression on people. Kathy is known for her smile, or more correctly, lack thereof. If there was ever a born Marine, Kathy's it. Her tough exterior is offset by her sensitive interior. This combination is sure to produce one of the finest officers the Corps has ever known . . . if they can drag her out of the steerage. Academy life hasn't been easy for Kathy. Because she believes in giving her all to everything she does, her time and strength has been stretched between sports, academics, military obligations, and a sometimes over rambunctious roommate. But she always found the time. . . . I can't express my gratitude with words, It goes much deeper than that — It comes from deep inside my heart. You know how I feel even when I don't say a word. You know me better than I.

21

SANDWICHES AVAILABLE

DONALD J. BENZING

Zinger

Don, better known as Zinger on the lacrosse team, came to the Naval Academy via NAPS with all the essentials of being an outstanding performer in more than one way. He was a varsity Lax player and an excellent one at that lettering varsity for four years straight. However lacrosse isn't the only thing that Don was talented in. He was excellent at seeking out the GOUGE for any and all class assignments believing that studying is detrimental to one's health and sanity. Don's greatest single asset is however his ability to pick up on any girl, all age groups, at will; from the one's in bancroft hall to the one's to old to climb the stairs, "Got en Himmel!!" He could always be counted on for some fantastic stories after each conquest. Don will never be forgotten by his friends in 21 and we wish fare winds and following seas to him as a surface liner.

MANLY KOJI CHURCH

Manly came to sunny Maryland and Canoe U. from the rain forests of Gresham Ore. Right from the start he had his family behind him and was the only first class who received regular chow packages. He began his career here with delusions of wrestling grandeur, but injuries and academics took their toll to reduce him to Batt. level, then to Power Lifting and finally to Conditioning Squad instructor (absolute power . . .) He worked very hard at his Management, and managed to build up a respectable base on which to relax his last year. "A Firstie with a car is never in the Yar'", and Manly was no exception. His 240-Z took him to all the hot spots, and many a Sunday could be heard "Boy, did I meet a nice girl yesterday!" Though not an academic geek, he was ever a "leader of men", and the Surface Fleet will be better for it come June. Fair Winds and Following Seas, and the best of luck to you!

CHRISTOPHER SHIM DAVIDS

CD

The epitomy of hyperactivity, CD's mother must have forgotten to turn down the volume before sending him off from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Although CD was one of the smallest guys in the company, he did things BIG. In addition to being a big eater and a big drinker, when he went down he went down big. He also had a knack for big accidents that cost him big bucks.

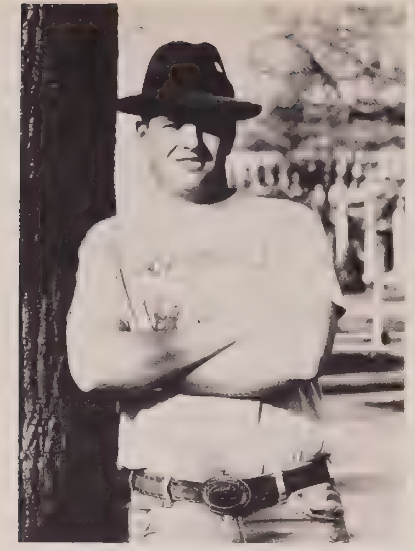
CD couldn't seem to be able to decide on a sport while he was here, although he did have a mean right floater. He didn't have any trouble deciding on service selection, for he was a naval aviator at heart.

We will never forget his constant joking around and we wish him all the luck in the world. See ya in BLUE ANGEL #1!!

ELIZABETH WALLACE DURHAM

Liz

Liz Durham came to the Academy from Danville, VA . . . the all American city. Probably the shortest member of '80 she did make a name for herself plebe summer, and earned the nickname "Bull Durham." Academics soon proved to be the toughest part of the Academy for Liz. Even though she visited "THE BOARD" plebe year, she always seemed to weather the storm. Life as a youngster wasn't all that bad, what with disco lessons in the hall, and all those weekends. Liz's third year at school was really different. She moved out of company, and got treated to a late night snack of manicotti. She managed the boxing team, and learned how to drive her new car. Also she got her first real taste of rock and roll when she moved in with a youngster girl. She did have to spend a lot of time being "mom" to the "International Squad." First class year she put in her time as a plebe summer squad leader, and then found herself doing a lot of work as conduct officer. For Liz the best is still to come.



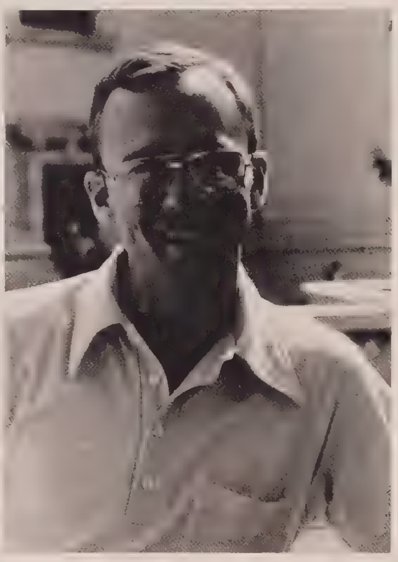
KRIS ELLIOTT

K-Ris

K-ris, who picked up this clique name at NAPS, happens to be one of the few elite members to graduate with "enlisted man" experience. K-ris developed a great decision making process while here; when in doubt, go out and drink. This trend started plebe year and developed into a suicidal effort to get 20 bucks for beer by jumping off College Creek Bridge at night in mid-November with SDB's on. Fortunately, for few, he survived and will continue to have his pre-game Army parties in Ambler, Pa. K-ris is an original member of the SWAMP, protected for three years by BOOW connections. Some of Kris' famous cliches, which perfectly describe his attitude: "Better drunk than sorry" and for all his 21 friends. K-ris played three years of rugby and will go to Quantico and fly in his never endless search for endless endlessness.

JOHN ELNITSKY II

John came to the Academy from Whitehall, Pa. as a shy, swimmer. "Ski" developed the nickname "Swim Fly", for while most had to work at the academics, he just breezed through and left his struggles in the pool. During his four years here, Ski's shyness disappeared. In fact Johnny Wonder became quite a swinger, just one wild and crazy guy. After John bought his Vette, he was all set, so much that it was echoed "Let me call her, I've got the Vette". As a comedian John's peanut jokes were his claim to fame. However, the Academy saw him in another light, as striper material. It was not to clear whether this decision was based on his high academic standing, or on the fact that he bounced instead of marched. In either case he made a good Regimental Adjudant and the company did a lot better in drill.



DAVID PENTZ EMERICK

Dave started a long and distinguished career as a Midshipman by being designated as company fool during his Plebe Summer. From there it was all downhill. He managed to pull duty over Army Weekend three out of his four years here. He missed five days of his Youngster and First Class cruises because planes were delayed in such scenic places as Sigonella, Sicily. First Class year he became one of Salty Sam's favorite targets. If Rickover manages to draft him, he won't mind as long as the good admiral can convince him that he is in a tank instead of a submarine. Whether dishing it out or on the receiving end, BOHICA is the best word to describe the deals he has been associated with in his four years here which bodes well for a long and prosperous career in the Marine Corps.

CHARLES E. EVERETT

Win

Win came to us from the land of sun and fun, where golden skinned lassies frolic on endless Jacksonville beaches. Win soon picked up his books and oars and rose to the heights of a Naval Arc. and Varsity Crew captain. Never being one to let a busy schedule bother him, he managed to distribute his weekends between various interests, from blonde to brunette, and keep his four year roommate and partner in crime in line. Although severely addicted to mom's oatmeal cookies, Win managed to keep his lightweight body primed and ready. His "150 pounds of twisted steel and sexappeal" soon stroked Navy to victory after victory. If his future is as bright as his past all his days will be sunny. For wherever he goes the tide is in, the surf up, and the stars all within reach. TO THE BEACH BRO!

EDWIN M. FELL

Quick to smile and quick to laugh - that's Ed Fell. Imagine if anyone else had as many 4.0 semesters under their belts, they would also be smiling and laughing!!

Sailing took a great deal of his time plebe year, but were replaced by the much more "respected" ECA's of Masqueraders and the USNA Glee Club. The latter took away much of his time and energy - as can be verified by the number of midshipchicks that flowed in and out of his room.

Taking over the Company Commander position was probably the best thing that has happened to Ed here. No longer can he stay up all night just reading pocketbooks and working crossword puzzles!!!

Take care and good luck in the future Ed!!

JOHN FROST

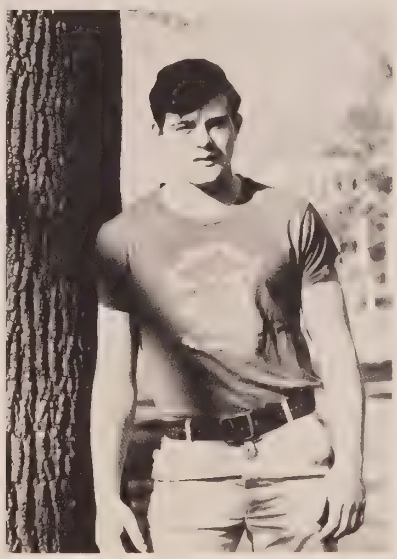
Frosty

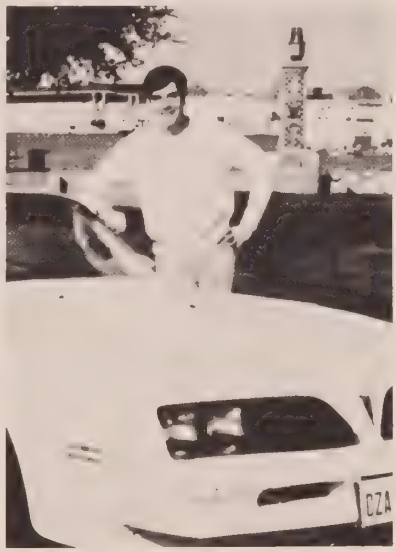
FROSTY, being a NAPSTER, CHICAGOAN and a member of THE SWAMP didn't put much into academy life except trying to have fun. FROSTY gave as much to GEORGE and THE BIG BLUE an anyone could and appeared in the first HOLIDAY BOWL. In the search for good times, JOHN got CLASS A'ed a few times PLEBE YEAR and even to this day he stays away from the ice rink. His interests were his '67 VETTE, football, girls, forks, and endless drinking. FROSTY never stopped moving and if he wasn't wrestling you he took time to drool on you. FROSTY'S going to Quantico after graduation and we're sure THE CORPS will have as a good a time with him as we have.

MICHAEL JOHN GRIECO

Mike

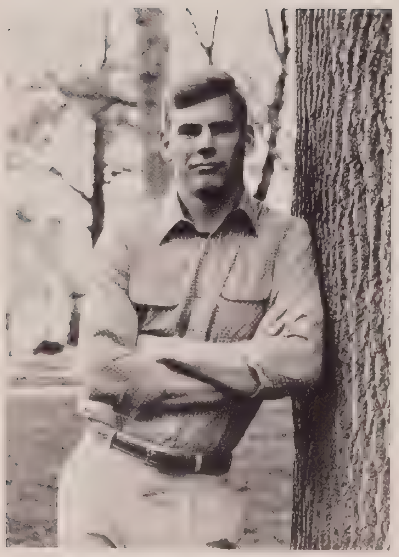
Love'em and leave'em Grieco originally hails from Braintree, Ma. However, to avoid his by-gone loves, his parents had to move. Mike as a member of the Glee Club has sung his way across the U.S. these past four years. Academically Mike, enjoyed playing with the black magic of Electrical Engineering. Mike escaped the mystical electrical powers by playing tennis, squash, swimming, flying with VTNA or in his TransAm. Although Mike spent alot of time in the "Dog House", his forgiving personality and sincerity would usually earn his way out of it. After graduation, Mike plans to take to the air as one of the best, a Navy NFO.





1st Row - (left to right) C. CRAMB, J. TANNER, G. ZITTERKOPF, T. MOORE, B. CURRY, J. EDGAR, M. METZGER, O. McELROY, E. GONZALES. 2nd Row - R. HORBY, C. CHANDONNET, T. WIRGINIS, M. McCLOSKEY, D. KURTZ. 3rd Row - W. DAVIDSON, S. RICHTER, C. FRENCH, R. DUHRKOPF, E. ESTRADA, D. RICH, T. COLLINS, E. STAGLIANO. NOT PICTURED - N. CYWINSKI, J. DANIEL, R. EDDLEMAN, M. FOYE, E. JACOBS, S. LEECH, M. LEOGRANDE, J. PETRAGLIA, G. REAGOR, R. SANCHEZ, W. SCOTT, J. SEAWARDS.

CO CDR - Q. HODGE, seated; E. FELL, left; CO SUB-CDR - E. FELL, left; C. EVERETT, right; CO ADJ - J. SENSI, standing



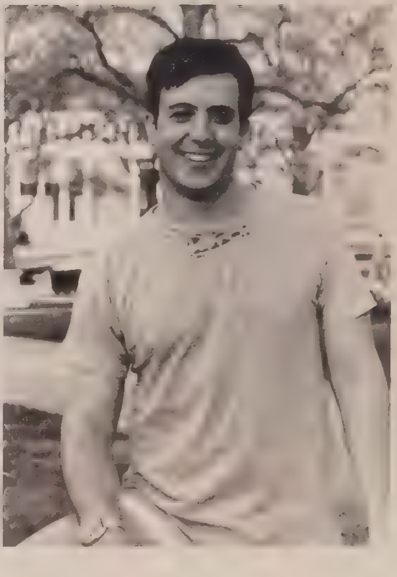
QUINCY MICHAEL HODGE
Mike, Quince, Hodger

Mike, alias Quincy, Quigley, or Hodger rode in on a Razorback from Blytheville (pronounced Blava). Mike was an original SWAMP member and for his first two years acted accordingly with a Black N for drinking plebe year. Quince never lost his smile and this was all you could see when he opened that cavern mouth of his. Consuming his weight in food daily, Mike stayed big and strong and lettered three times for the Rugby Club. Mike excelled in academics and should be remembered for his famous line, "Noise has nothing to do with sound." A real shoe in for Company Commander, Mike led us first class year. Now Mike leaves USNA taking with him fond memories, the friendship of many, a rabbit (VW), and oh yes, a strong attachment to some Southern Belle from back home. As GOD is our Creator, Protector, and Guidng Light, may Quince seek that Light as he sweeps the blue sky above. He will always be a true friend and we wish him well.

MATT 6:33

JOSEPH A. HORN JR.
Joe

Joe, alias N.D., makes his home in South Jersey. Arriving here with the upper hand in military bearing, attaining this in the Marine Military Academy which he truely loved, Joe adapted very easily to the military order here. If there ever was a cooler head in tense situations than Joe then he was not at the Naval Academy. Always the calm, collected peace maker, Joe, with his outgoing and gregarious attitude, could sooth frayed tempers in the heat of fieldball games, no small feat. His friends will always remember his catching laugh and funny? jokes whether he becomes a Marine or one of Hymie's boys. Long live the Thrift and the long fun-filled nights there.



WINFORD WESLEY KNOWLES

Win

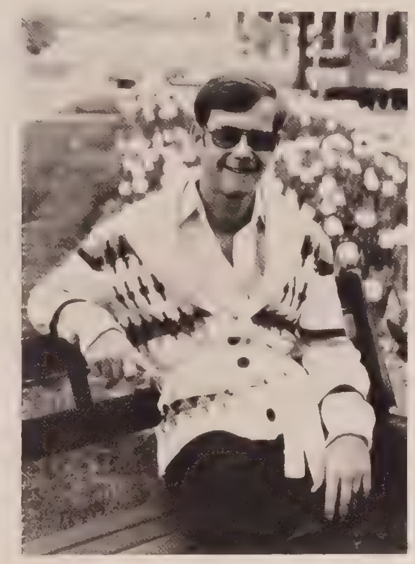
Hailing from a small spread on the northern end of America's biggest small town, San Antonio, Texas, Win left the land of longhorns and tumblemweed to seek adventure on the high seas. Hauling his boots and hat with him to Annapolis, he'll always be a cowpuncher at heart. When he's not practicing with the other varsity hall rats or sleeping under the Lone Star, he's cruising the east coast in his "Kicker's Cadillac", GMC pickup truck, drawing stares from all the Damn Yankees that he passes. Still, in all of his wanderings, he hasn't been much of a filly's man and has no plans of getting hitched in the near future. His immediate plans include recruiting duty back deep in the heart of Texas, after which he'll be heard saying to his friends, "See ya'll in six months." Nukes and Longnecks — No place but Texas.

KENNETH JAMES KOTELES

Coat-tails or Elf

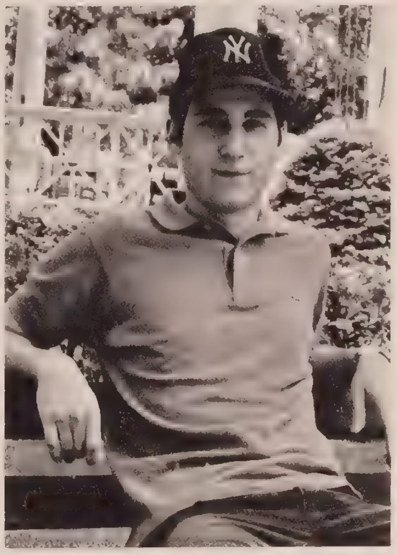
Ken hails from Illinois, somewhere around Chicago. Where somewhere is we don't know and Ken doesn't know either . . . in fact he's still not sure if he made it to USNA yet. We all really missed Ken first semester — We heard he got lost down around Batt (O). Last we word we got on him was that he was buried between a COMDTMIDNINST and a Brigade Bulletin (dated 15 August 1979 none the less!). Also, his Batt Admin job really put a cramp in his "normal" lifestyle — you see the paper took up all the room Ken usually keeps for his Chocolate fudge Pop-tarts, Lipton iced tea mixes, and Chips Ahoy cookies. To each his own I guess.

Ken will leave us at the end of this year to try a little gymnastics in the sky (or under water depending on his luck). Our only concern is that he won't try to teach his pilot how to make an F-14 do the splits while landing on an aircraft carrier. Good luck Ken, we won't forget you, and remember you'll always have our friendship.

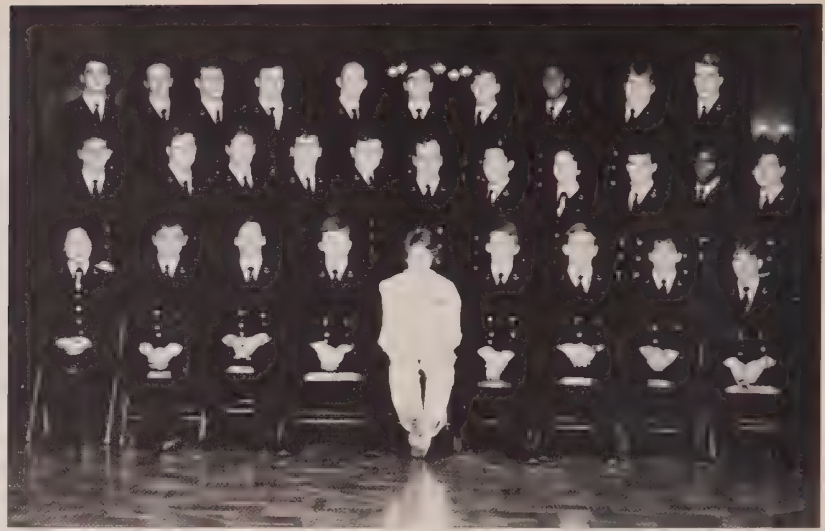


ROBERT ERNEST LONN

Bob showed up at the Academy from the Bronx. Having spent one year at the Cooper Union he found no problem with academics, which you couldn't tell from his hair. "Chabs" endeared himself to us with his famous line; "White works Foxtrot, raingear, with piece, GO!" Bob's interests flowed from his electrical engineering major to medicine. Bob, with his cynical New York attitude surely added something to our four years here and he was always willing to have a good time. Bob could be the first doctor-astronaut, but he'll probably just go to Pennsacola and be a Navy Fighter pilot.



1st Row - (left to right) J. LANG, R. BYBEE, J. AMICK, G. SNYDER, D. McELHENY, A. SMITH, A. PATE, J. SETTELE, R. CONLEY. 2nd Row - M. OVERBY, R. HELLER, J. SCHILLINGER, R. FRICKER, R. AYUSO, B. GRADY, R. HUBBARD, C. ANDERSON, J. SOTELO, F. LOPEZ, R. SNYDER, S. NISKANEN. 3rd Row - R. DEMPSEY, J. KURTZ, T. RASMUSSEN, P. HAGLICH, J. SMITH, R. PARSON, T. WHITE, E. CARROLL, J. DEVER. NOT PICTURED - G. BILLMAN, E. BOGER, C. GARNER, S. KLEMENCIC, L. POWELL, D. ROBICHAUX, J. TUNSTALL, D. WALLACE.



1st Row - (left to right) T. ISHIKAWA, L. HOVIND, G. ELLARD, T. BOYNTON, R. VOOR, T. BURT, C. NICHOLSON, B. MURPHY, W. MATTINGLY. 2nd Row - L. McCOLLUM, J. NOLAN, P. FROEDE, J. WILCOX, J. NIELSEN, S. GROSS, F. CALLE, E. RYDER, J. MULLEN, D. GASTON, W. GOTT. 3rd Row - M. GALLAGHER, F. BLANKEMEYER, E. LESTER, M. PRICE, B. SHEPPARD, R. BROOKS, P. FANTA, J. WILLIAMS, S. SHATYNSKI, T. BATZLER. NOT PICTURED - C. DECAMARA, M. INGLESE, C. KELLY, L. LYNN, T. NESSMITH, M. NEUBAUER, C. RATLIFF, S. SNOWBERGER.

ROBERT EARL LYNCH JR.

Bobby

When Bob arrived at gate one on July 6 everyone wondered if a man his age would be able to keep up with the program. He would soon prove that his age had nothing to do with how old he was. He will always be remembered for the down home good ole boy mannerism he brought to USNA. Not given into short hair or grunting this former Marine kept a very low profile his first few years here. Always the conscientious student Bob always kept the lights on in the wardroom in order to study. Besides TV much of Bob's time was taken up by the many sports he played here. He played on more teams here than there are sports. Bob's easy going nature probably earned him more friends than any other mid. As long as there are members of the Class of 1980 there will be fond memories of Bobby Lynch.

FLASH'EM A COPPERTONE TAN.

STEPHEN ALTON NOTA

Bennie

A true Devil-May-Care, Boy of Badness Bennie was never one to be content with maintaining the status quo. He always had to be different. While most Plebes were satisfied with Town Libs and temperance, Bennie was whooping it up at the University of Maryland. Later that year, while the Class of '80 still only had Town Libs, Bennie was learning all the intricacies of the M-1 rifle, as well as memorizing the architectural design of Red Beach. After Plebe year, Bennie directed his attentions towards things that were much less safe. He could always be found daring the AC board, risking his face in Boxing, hanging out with some shady characters, hitting things with his sports car, or pledging his love to some unthankful woman. He will always be remembered blowing his ears out with the headphones on full claiming "It helps you think!" What did you say? Through it all though he maintained his insanity, sense of humor, and indecision about service selection. But why can't you land a P-3 on a Destroyer?

GEORGE HARRY PAVLAKOS II

Kojak

During plebe summer quiet George was understandibly confused with the lollypop sucking Kojak, when he walked casually out of his abode with shades, b-robe, and misplaced hair. Unlike his counterpart, George (Kojak) never lost his love for tobacco. If Kojak can't be found, just follow the tobacco stained tracks down the hall. Who else can chew tobacco, smoke a cigar, dip snuff, eat, drink, and solve the problems of the world all at the same time. When God wasn't availible, a very rare occasion indeed, Kojak was there to show us the Greek Light and wonderful art of eating mousaka and drowning it with beer. May God make many men like George, for a better man and a more devoted friend we may never find.

JOSEPH SENSI

Senseless

Joe's nickname did not fit him entirely. A management major, Joe managed to have a good time while only spending 4 dollars his entire stay here. As company adjutant Joe proved you don't have to have stripes to fry your classmates. No in all seriousness Joe was great to have around, although the Catholic University students probably saw more of him than we did. Between trips to D.C. Joe could be seen either studying or playing B-Ball at the crew house. A crew jock from the word go we widh Joe the best of luck as he sails off into the future.

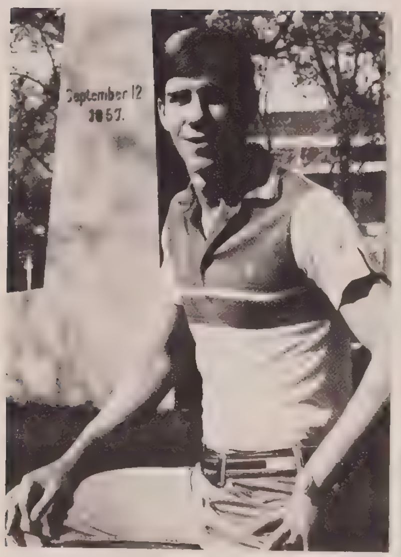
JOSEPH E. SKINNER

Skins came to us from Michigan leaving behind his twin brother Mike to have fun at USNA. And fun he had, from "Sey hey 806535" to pouring beer down Frosty's back at Stevenson's that infamous night plebe year. Joe did well in his mechanical engineering major and found more than enough time to "Skinnerize" people for fun and recreation. Joe liked to go out and have a good time but he found it hard to "keep it down". Joe was always fun at away football games — Michigan bus rides and the stands at Army second class year. Even though Joe never had a kind word for anyone we still like him. Joe leaves us to "Skinnerize" subs.

CO CDR - D. EMERICK, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. HORN, back row-left; CO ADJ - R. STRNAD, back row-right

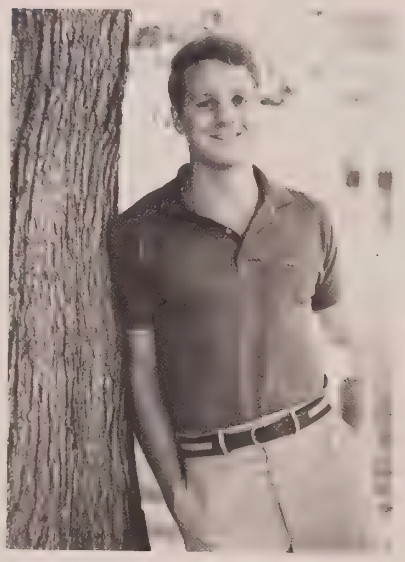
JOHN C. THOMPSON

After two years at Texas A and M, John, or Johnboy, as he is better known, decided that USNA was his kind of place. Indeed it was as John thrived on Lightweight crew plebe year and continued to satiate his competitive desires with battalion and brigade boxing. Getting his Porsche during first class summer, John was always ready to go out for a few beers, a quart of orange juice, or a drive through Wendy's when the urge struck. A devout mechanical engineering major, John has always been sure about nuclear power, even if Rickover isn't so sure about him. We all wish John the best of luck at Nuke school and job-hunting in '85.



MICHAEL D. SONNEFELD

Mike a.k.a. Big City, Big Head, and a variety of other names, hails from Wheeling, W.Va. Big City was one of the few people to have two companies. The reason for such a privilege was that he was coerced into fire bombing, or paint bombing one of the academy's elite rooms, a midshipchicks. Big head also had some other conduct trouble and always seemed to be restricting when his love ones at home needed him the most. Mike is anticipating going to flight school in Pensacola and trying to remain a bachelor for as long as possible. But with his Trans Am which gets thrity miles to the gallon, he may have some difficulties.



SCOTT D. STEWART

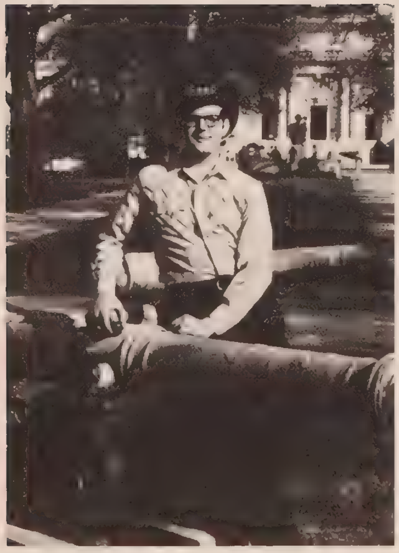
Stewie

Scott (known as "Stewie" to his cohorts) found the road to USNA from Canton, Mass. When he wasn't getting abuse for his New England accent, he was getting it for his flaming red locks. Stewie had no problem adjusting to Acadamy life as he excelled in academics, sports, and extra curricular activities. Among his many accomplishments were revolutionizing the sports dept. of THE LOG magazine, and starring on the ice hockey team for four years. If he had to be catagorized, he would come under wild, fast, and stunning. Why? Because he played a wild sport, drove fast cars (i.e. The Mental Bus), and went out with stunning women. One could say that Stewie has been successful, but this is only the beginning as he prepares himself for a career in the sky. Just when you thought it was safe to go Air . . . Stewie II.

RUSSELL CHARLES STRNAD

R.C.

Russ, commonly called "RC," came to us here at USNA from some community called Marshall down in piney East Texas. We're not sure life is the same there but we believe it exists on a much slower scale. When Russ arrived, he moved and talked like a 78 record played at 33 rpm's. His expressions needed some work too. He always seemed to be 'fixin' to get things done and referred to us as "y'all boys." Fortunately we realized his problem and took him under our wing just in time to introduce our extensive East Coast modernization program. Now this kid's a veteran of sports cars, ocean beaches, suntans, sailing, and seafood. With the help of his "adopted family" who lived in town, we think that we have saved another soul and "showed him the way." Now he's faced with the inevitable "Nuclear Draft," but being a die-hard airdale, we know he'll escape somehow. Russ will always be remembered as a guy who got along well with everyone and we wish him well as a Navy helicopter pilot (Phil 4:13).



CRAIG A. TRAUTMAN

Rare were the nights when Trauts could not be found in the ward room assimilating the culture of this alien planet. Craig stopped on earth long enough to complete his wires major and to letter in sailing to boot. He will be best remembered for his unusual driving and sailing styles. Trauts never seemed as at home in gravity-bound forms of transportation. We'll be losing Craig to the Submarine force where he will, no doubt, ping with the best of them.

MICHAEL JOHN TURNER

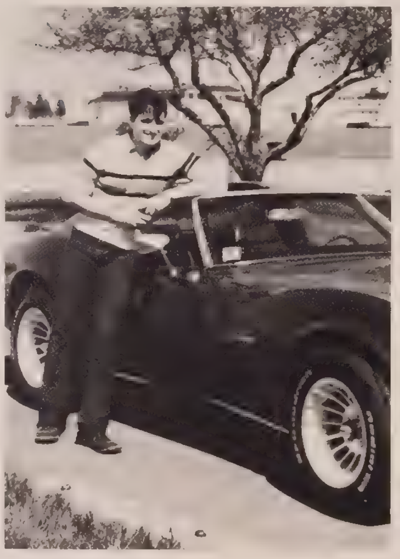
Mike

Mike hails from nearby Alexandria, Va. Although his father was a West Point graduate, Mike saw the light and came to THE Academy. Recruited for his rowing ability, Mike pulled for Navy Crew for four years. Due to his great height, Mike's big ambition while at the Academy was to get a bed so that he could hang his feet over the end. Mike enjoyed his sleep and the way he figured it, since he worked hard at both crew and academics that he needed all the sleep he could get. However, in terms of beauty sleep, it was for the most part in vain. As a friend Mike was the best. In accordance to the saying; "Finishers start today, Losers start tomorrow, and Winners started yesterday," Mike surely started yesterday

RICHARD ALAN WENDLAND

RW, R'Dubs, Dubs

Navy Air all the way! That's if Rickover doesn't get him first. Flight has been in his blood long before coming here and it will still be there when he is gone. He wants to fly jets, perferably the F-14 but would be satisfied with helos and a tour in the Antartic. He may stay in the Navy if he can get his prefered duty stations such as test pilot school. If not, the airlines! With no truths barred, he appreciates the academy and those who have helped him, especially Lt. Cdr. Webb Wright. He will never forget the friends he has made. Most of all he will forget the best thing to happen to him, that is meeting his girlfriend Ilene, who he would like to marry someday.



RICKY EUGENE WILSON

Rick

Rick came to us as a Navy brat. A quiet, low keyed individual, he spent many a night dreaming of his fine beauty. Yes, his car really is something else. As a physical science major, "study" became a word of the past. When he wasn't dreaming of his car he was either in class, in the wardroom checking out Star Trek, or strumming his guitar. When weekends came, Rick could not be found, as he was out visiting his fiancee. Hence we didn't get much of a chance to see him. Perhaps we'll see more of him out in the fleet. In addition to a comission, Rick will be getting a new wife. We wish Rick well in his future endeavors and much success.

CRAIG WILSON

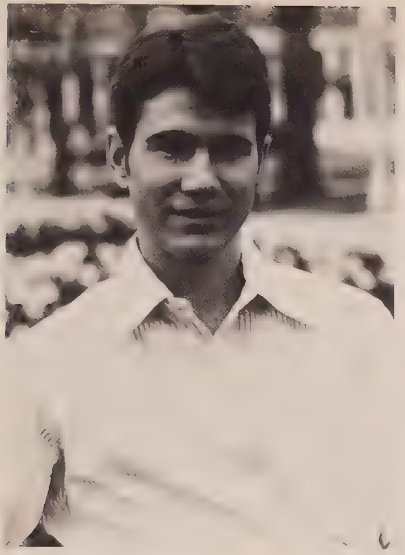
Being a man of his time, Craig was certainly the type of guy who would take every situation with a calm, cool and collected attitude. He was always sure where he was going and confident what he wanted to do even where his service selection was concerned. Who could be more confident in deciding to go marines, then changing to army, then navy, then air force, then back to marines again. Talk about extremes, who would even think of going Army? One thing he is confident about however, is the fiancee he has acquired since coming U.S.N.A. Of course, if you spent as much time with her as he does, then you would be confident too. Truly though, Craig is a fine individual and a God fearing man. We wish him well and a fine career in the "friendly skies" of Marine Air.

DANIEL L. WINTERSCHEIDT

Danno

Danno was transferred from Leavenworth to spend four years in this prison. Always a strong willed person, he was always succumbing to peer pressure to go out drinking even if he had two tests and a Rockets lab the next day. Danno's interests were track, his '71 vette, cooing to Van Halen and young girls-very young girls. Dan picked up some black N's-drinking plebe year and driving when he shouldn't have, but he was always quick with a joke or to light up your smoke. Danno's good times will continue as he flies down to P-COLA.

22



PAUL MILTON ALLEN

Paul left his home in Alexandria, Virginia to get free tickets for the Army-Navy game for the next four years. His parents liked him so much that they moved to Seattle, Washington. He found out when he went home for Thanksgiving. Nevertheless, Paul found them by Christmas. During his youngster year, Paul had to make a decision between being a Naval Architect and being a midshipman. He chose the latter and graduated as a General Engineer. Although his first years here were a little tougher than most mid's, he made it through with the help of the Man. Paul gave up crew shells and long workouts for marathons and long workouts. He also became a vegetabletarian and gave up meat for sunflower seeds and carrot juice. While most of us were getting the banana, Paul was listening to them. Despite his finger-flicking or head-standing antics, Paul was a warm-hearted human being and a good friend. May the Lord be with you, Paul.

JESUS ALMANZA, JR.

Zeus

Hailing from the deserts of Texas Zues arrived at Boat School with fond dreams of Cross Country, academia, and lovely young coeds. He soon found that varsity athletics and heavy studying cut too much time from his no. 1 priority; the rack. Zeus would awake occasionally from his 24 hour naps to win intramural contests and to enjoy the culinary delights of the Wardroom. Indeed Zeus' weight fluctuated as much as his QPR. But through thick and thin Zeus has been noted for intense dedication and enthusiasm towards two objectives: alcohol and women. Although Zeus' record of dating success would qualify him for the priesthood, his optimism and persistence had to be admired. Zeus' exploits with Tango Co. brought new meaning to the words tender, loving care. Throughout his academy years Zeus has left a legacy as a good friend and boon companion, one who will be sorely missed in the Yard and in the local watering holes.

GEORGE VALENTINE BROWN

GVB hails from Nap-town, that's Indianapolis for you non-hip folks. Tried out for the football team but career came to a screeching halt after breaking his leg wrestling. George then concentrated on his favorite pastime which was sleeping. Majored in management thus giving him time to pursue this pastime. After sleeping away two years of his life GVB became a connoisseur of the finer gifts of life but of finer ladies. Picked up a new BMW to help in the pursuit of his new found pleasure. Known for his "baby face smile" and his no care attitude, GVB brought many smiles and hard glares from his classmates.

GERALD WAYNE BUCK

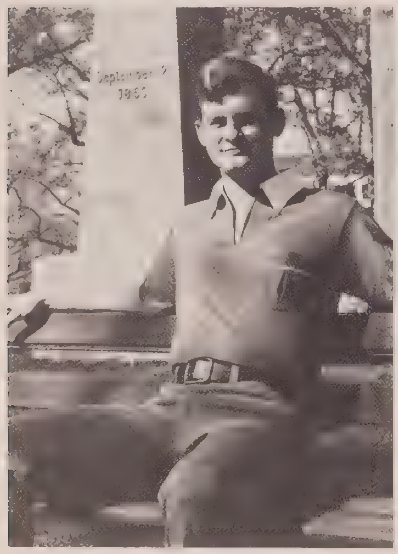
"Buck Man Tho'" hails from the sunny beaches of Palos Verdes, California and arrived here after a long flight with his head still in the friendly skies. After breezing through plebe academics, Jerry set his sights on Mechanical Engineering and was always one to forego the gouge and do it on his own. Bud was famous for his characteristically drifty walk through the halls and was usually good for a chuckle or two when the chips were down. Airborne 3/c year and still following in the steps of the infamous W.D. McCain Jerry acquired the name 'von Buck' after a lengthy dissertation on stress by the forever popular Pocket Rocket.

Graduation takes Jerry home to wedding chimes and lots of hugs from that certain steady girl who we all know as Tams. If Jerry could have the Beach Boys piped into his F-14, he'd do it, but he'll just have to settle for a basketball hoop on the hangar deck.

DAVID LEWIS CHILTON

Doctor Dave

Old Dave came to Navy from the hills of Kentucky, where he'd never before been exposed to such a swinging, modern life as only Annapolis could offer. This caused him immediate trouble, as his love for moonshine won him a coveted black N during plebe year. But Dave quickly rebounded and soon became the friend of many, espeically when they learned that he had a car. The Beast, as it was affectionately known, was the source of many fond memories. It also earned Parnelli Chilton his reputation for recklessness, as evidenced by exploits in Donegal and Vero Beach. The Beast went back home for the last time to be put out to pasture, but with his new toy Parnelli conquered the Chris Wenz Memorial Curve. Doctor Dave earned his medical degree at Army '78, where his novel techniques in administering first aid won him a few malpractice suits. Dave will always be remembered for his friendship and practical jokes, and will soon be proving he is the Parnelli Jones of aviation as he pursues his career in Pensacola.



KEVIN GEORGE CURRIE

Validating Plebe year was no major task for Kevin as he transited from nearby Laurel, Md. His first two years were spent kicking a soccer ball for Navy on the weekdays and expanding his social life on the weekends. Kev's family and friends always come first in his busy schedule. Nevertheless, Kev managed his social life expertly as a weekend warrior, although for a brief moment we almost lost a good man to a foreign beauty. It seems ole' Kev just isn't into buying diamonds. Ocean Engineering cramped his style from time to time but it never kept him down. As a firstie, his Friday night flings and generous tailgaters won many a following, but Kev is better known for his endless supply of girls to call. "Who shall I call tonight?" became a standard discussion, especially after the Navy volunteered to finance his social calls. Combined with his unique ability of extracting countless horseshoes during Navy's unpleasant situations Kevin has earned a high place in our hearts and in Navy Air.

STEPHAN ANTHONY CUSHANICK

Steve came to Annapolis by a pretty roundabout course. Being a Navy Junior, it was odd that he applied to West Point right out of high school. After being turned down by Army, Steve joined the Navy Nuclear Power Program, and served under Rickover's control for three years before coming to his senses at the Academy.

Academically Steve held his own in the middle of the class, but never excelled in any of the theoretical courses perferring instead those with some relevance and practically. In athletics, he was a four year member of the Company and Battalion Intramural teams, and always played with vigor even though once in awhile the outcome favored the opponent.

After Graduation plans include a career in the Surface Navy, and the time for five careers with Jennie.

Famous Quotes: "Someday I'll own this place."

"Anyone who gets married right out of this place is foolish."

JAMES DANIEL DENMARK

After winning his N by being set up Plebe year and thanks to an Army Captain and a certain coach, Jimmy D. opted for a History major and left his cage to kick points for Navy Rugby. He sneaked into the Yard (again?) from a small beach town in Florida bringing with him a tan, his baggies, and Jimmy Buffett albums. Like many Southerneers before him though, Jimmy learned after some fuss that 'DAMNED' and 'YANKEE' are two separate words. When he is not Ruckin', singing their songs, or breaking a tap, Swede can be found leading the company touch team on the gridiron or at some local establishment seeking a bit of refreshment. Noted for moving on afterburner, Jimmy hopes to continue in this fashion after flight school; Maybe while thinking of "What's her name?"

CO CDR - D. PETRI, seated; CO SUB-CDR - G. BUCK, back row-left; CO ADJ - C. HOWARD, back row-right

CAROL JEANNE DESMARAIS

Demo

Carol can be spotted by her famous smile which rivals Carter's. She also has a drift factor greater than a Y.P.'s.

But thru it all Demo is the one who'll type your term paper at 2am. She'll also bake those chocolate chip cookies or sew on that button. Watch out on the squash court, though — Carol will beat the best. 1/c year has added the struggles of cross country running. After 3 years Systems was dropped for the virtues of G.E. It made the weekends more fun even though Peter was out of range. The future still has low visibility but the 30 year plan is doubtful. Carol's love of interior decorating may find a front seat after all. Who's driving that '65 Rambler?

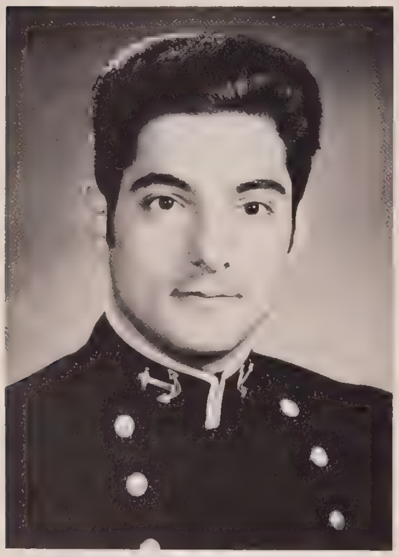
All the way to Florida and whoever wants to party can come on down.

1st Row - (left to right) S. SCHAWANG, R. MAGNERS, C. CHAVEZ, T. O'BRIEN, A. GUTHRIE, L. AGUILA, D. DUQUETTE, R. PERRY, R. HARNED. 2nd Row - M. WEBB, M. FAGAN, C. JACOB, S. FORTUNATO, J. GULLIVEA, K. TOLBERT, E. SCHNEIDER, D. LANNETTI. 3rd Row - C. ROURKE, R. VANANTWERP, J. REAVES, K. AIMAN, G. RHODES, I. ORTIZ.

WILLIAM F. ECKLES

Chip

Hailing from Ida, Michigan Chip makes a lasting impression wherever he goes. At the Academy, he never had any problems with academics, Mechanical Engineering was fun to him. He will be remembered for helping those not so gifted in ME courses which he always seemed to understand. In his free time, you could always find him playing basketball, his true love, or reading to the wee hours of the morning. Outside of the Academy, his antics helped him capture the title of "Unbuffman". Trips to Florida and Tennessee in the blue tank were filled with such memorable quotes as "Don't worry, we can make it!", "Get out of here, I'm reading!", "Do you want to go on the roof?", and "No need to check us on drinks anymore, we are broke". Chip's next trip will be to the open oceans as he is a devoted surface line type. We all wish Chip the best of luck out in the fleet and remind him of the proper attire on the beaches of the world.



EDWARD PAUL DIMARCO

Eddie

"There ain't no such thing as a free lunch . . ."

JAMES MICHAEL DONAHUE

Jimmy D.

Jimmy D. skated into the Academy and soon learned just what a squiggly was. Of course he had practice than most of his classmates. Through his four years here he acquired a Hockey letter, a spouse, a modified Boston accent which includes the word y'all, and a unique appreciation for Molson's. Although he will be known for his many exploits both on and off the ice, I'm positive he will never be remembered for his singing or guitar pick'n. One thing for sure, whoever said "Phy, Sci. QPR high" had never met Jimmy yet. He's guaranteed to fly high as long as there's a certain young lady, Irish music, and a blade of grass to hang on to so that he will not fall off of the face of the earth.

RICHARD P. DONOFRIO

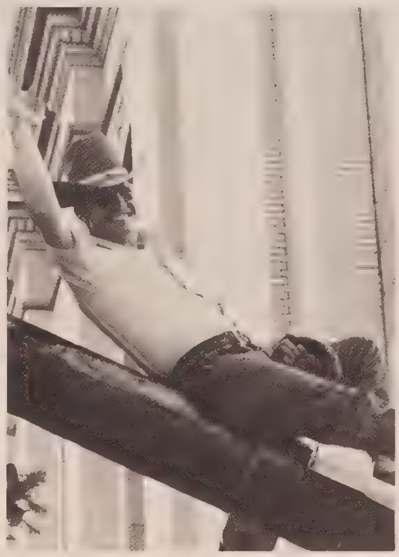
Rich

Like all Mids Rich flew into good ole' USNA leaving his sweetheart, a 260 hp., 2 place-4 aileron, fully aerobatic bi-plane called Checkmate, behind with promises to remain faithful and return. Well at least he'll return. However, Aerospace Engineering quickly put him into an inverted spin. It took him four years of dedication to recover but he came through with flying colors and an Aerospace degree. Obviously the Academic Dean couldn't break him as he even convinced his younger brother to enter the banana grove. Army, O'B. and J.D. always brought vague but enjoyable times, as does his home away from home in Laurel, Md. But most importantly to this future Navy pilot is his love of flying and the beauty of an airplane. Checkmate will have to take a backseat to an upcoming Hornet, but Rich is one Navy pilot who doesn't mind a little fling on the side with a swinging bird. Naval aviation just won't be the same.

GEORGE GREGORY GALYO

G-Cubed

George came to Annapolis from Metropolitian Philadelphia and got off to a shakey start Plebe Summer because he had to learn a completely new language that everyone else understood. During those Summer months George found an outlet for his pent-up energy at the Boathouse. He picked up rowing easily and was a productive member of that crazy bunch of guys for his entire four years, culminating with 3 varsity letters and a tryout for the Pan American Games. Academically George always did well. It was hard to figure out how he did it but he always seemed to have his work done and was a ready source of gouge if needed. He also always had the gouge on which Prof. or course to take in the Engineering Department. After Graduation George will lend his skills to the Surface Warfare Community because of his disenchantment with submarines and aviation during 2/c summer. He also has an eye to the future concerning Graduate Education and possible Engineering Duty.



CHRISTOPHER O. GEVING

Admiral

Chris, a native born and raised Coloradoan, came to the "Boat School" from the "Mile-Hi City" of Denver via a short stay at NAPS, where he earned his nickname. Bringing a strange brand of humor from the "Rockies", he could be spotted instantly by his high-pitched, cackling laugh or a smile as big as the mountains themselves. He put his smile to use as a Navy Cheerleader and took advantage of the away football games to support the team and a little partying on the side. His interests were many, shooting and hunting ranked right up there with girls. First Class year it was almost impossible to find him as he was either out hunting birds or chicks of the human variety. Saucy and blunt, everyone knew what was on his mind when he spoke, and could rest assured that he was sincere in every word. Good natured and helpful, he was always willing to give a helping hand. His friends were chosen carefully and were viewed as lifetime affairs. Chris will do well in his career as his devotion to duty sustains him.

MARK JOHN GONZALEZ

Slide, Gonzo

Gonzo's illustrious career began with his arrival from Petaluma and was uneventful until he uttered those famous words, "OPEN THE DOOR RUCK." With his participation in the youngster 2-0 bash and after many Sunday nights of "NEVER AGAIN", his extra curricular activities were curtailed by his only Black N. Slide is a dedicated bachelor. Even the gift of a furry animal from a female couldn't sway his heart. His "on the road" antics rivaled those of Crosby and Hope. These trips lead to the discovery of his Ohio allergy and a visit to Notre Dame of which he can't even recall. His greatest achievement was in the area of academics. With stars on his collar, he was often heard to say, "If you just give academics a chance . . . "

"I AIN'T NEVER COMEN BACK!"
"BUDS FOREVER !"

CO CDR - T. G. RUCK, seated; CO SUB-CDR - C. KOTT, back row-left; CO ADJ - R. WOOLDRIDGE, back row-right

MARK DAVID HAPPEL

Maddog

Mark Happel, known to his friends as "Maddog", did not come to the Naval Academy with the sole purpose of becoming a Naval Officer. Nor did he come because it was an economically sound decision. Mark was sent here by Great Britain in order to hide his real identity; that of James Bond, Agent 007. To confuse his enemies, Mark had to inflict several flaws in his character. First he made movies about another secret agent to detour his adversaries. Next Mark became a geek by choosing Electrical Engineering as a major. He then traded in his Astin-Martin for a cheap Pinto which he subsequently wrecked in order to convince his evil foes that he was truly a mid. As usual, Mark Bond met a lovely woman who has kept his secret intact. And now as graduation draws near, Mark will unveil his most ingenious plan; he will become a Nuclear Submarine Officer and will be so well hidden that even he will not know where he is at.

MELISSA LYNN HARRINGTON

Melissa, a true Gemini, has 2 totally different sides, as a Midn and as an Equestrian. As a Midn, Melissa is aloof, friendly & successful. She managed to survive a broken foot, restriction over Army, a 21st birthday party which started with shaving cream & ended as a wet T-shirt contest and above all to survive her infamous mother's ramblings about her "great Melissa!" Amongst her accomplishments she starred as the "Black Widow" in the famous movie "The Lizard Goes to Hell", be 2nd Reg Cdr and visit England as an exchange student as a 2/c, & be 4th Batt Cdr as a 1/c. Melissa has a guy in every port, how else could she manage a constant supply of flowers in her room! She has 2 loves, Jimmy & Jamie, who fit in her life as an Equestrian. She brought Jamie, her horse with her to the Academy and is often seen driving off in her blue space-mobile to ride during the week. Her weekends are reserved for her boyfriend Jimmy, at RD #2 Pickering Dam Rd, Pa. Graduation will not split up the Bobsy Twins — see you later Honey! CJ

JENEFER JILL HAWKINS

Jill, Hawk

Affectionately (?) called 'Hawk' by her companymates, Jill has added laughter to the lives of Double Deuce for the last three years. Hailing from the sunshine state, and the home of the Annapolis of the Air, she lives and breathes Navy Air. Not one to be tied down, she has been a part of Navy's Crew as a Plebe, J.V. Fencing as a youngster and a brief stay on Varsity Swimming second class year. However the Varsity Conditioning squad kept her running the majority of her last two years here. A member of Log-Art East as a Plebe and Youngster, she added her artistic talent to that fine(?) pub until the rigors of 2/c academics sapped all her time and energy. Majoring in Phi Sci and graduation, Jill hopes to continue her family tradition of Navy Air as an NFO, God Congress and the CNO permitting, with an ultimate goal of working with those fine men who fly the Blue and Gold A-4's. May 28 Jill will have fulfilled a lifetime dream, and we all wish her luck with her career be it NFO or URL, cuz we KNOW she'll need it!!!!!

CHARLTON THOMPSON HOWARD III

Chuck

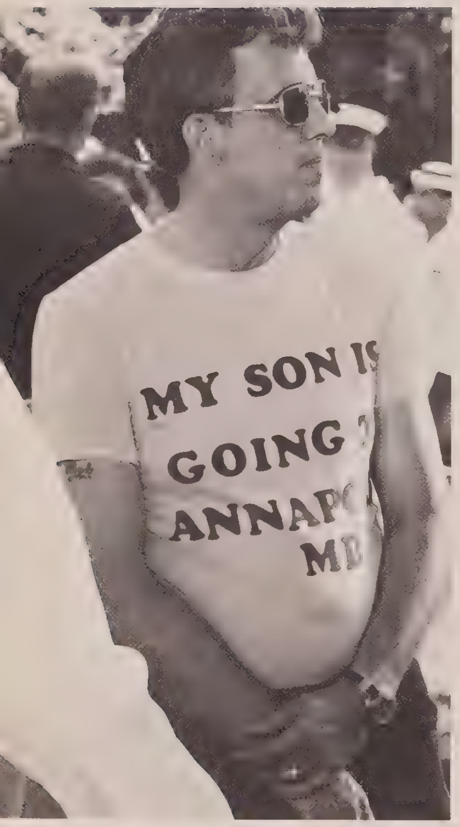
Chuck rode into good ole USNA on a skateboard and has never fallen off. During his first two years Chuck tried to fit the barroom brawling and partying atmosphere of Dundalk into the clean-cut American boy image of the Naval Academy. As a result his high QPR was exceeded only by his demerit total. As far as academics, never has anyone accomplished so much by doing so little. Chuck spent most of study hour adding to his massive magazine collection, most of which couldn't be sent by mail. Chuck was always ready to put down his magazines and proofread his classmates termpapers. Being blessed with the gift of bull, Chuck delighted in telling them how stupid they were. But everyone has their weak points. Chuck's include chinese food, judo, and a strange affinity for Bel Air. Only time will tell how Chuck's happy-go-lucky attitude will fair at TBS.

KURT THOMAS ISRAEL

Truk

Kurt left Phoenix with two goals. He wanted to become an ocean engineer and a "general" in the navy. Kurt's changed his plans; after he turns in his last oceans lab, he'll settle for ensign's bars and head for Orlando to understudy Rickover. Kurt always wanted to be a submariner. Not even good times on the plains of Arizona or the hills of Tennessee could cook Kurt's burning passion to cover himself with water and become one with the sea. The nukes are really getting a good engineer in Kurt — you have to know your technical courses well before even attempting to explain calculus (or negative grafity) to a bull-major roommate. But Kurt's more than a technocrat. He's a good man who never forgets his friends or obligations. Good luck Kurt — don't forget coke cans out the window Randy Wood, 0530, flunking plebe pistol (and then becoming an All-American), Shelly, or Ktown. At our reunion, we'll both look back and laugh. See you at the quonset hut.

1st Row - (left to right) G. DOVALGO, G. LAWLER, J. LAMISON, D. HALLADAY, R. GUEST, K. MILLER, B. JUAREZ, B. ARNOLD, M. BREWER. 2nd Row - A. SIGMAR, W. KENNINGTON, T. ELLISON, P. BORROR, G. DIAZ, D. HOWE, N. MARCANTONIO, P. KESSENICH, C. PARKER, D. SILVIUS, G. TYSON, M. HARDY. 3rd Row - E. MASZEWSKI, C. LESTER, D. HUMPHREYS, T. ARUFFO, P. SCHILLING, B. BILLE, E. CARROLL, E. JASION, M. FROST, C. BIELIK.



CARLTON C. KOTT

The best way to describe Carl's stay here at the Academy is never a dull moment. He was always in just a little bit of trouble between his car, his girlfriends, and academics. A bit of blarneyed talk or a couple of all-nighters always pulled Carl through, though. His ability was especially effective on cops and it had to be. One time in Washington D.C., he got three tickets in one night. Another time, he got a ticket for going 84 mph but talked the judge into leniency. He told him "I only planned to go 70 mph". Carl's love of action or his craziness, depending on how you look at it, also showed in sports he played. Boxing, rugby, and rugby parties were made for Carl. After graduation, he is headed for sunny Pensacola and NFO wings after some leave at home in Malden, Mass. We all wish good luck and hope he carries his great spirit and love of life on with him.

HERBERT HALL MCMILLAN, JR.

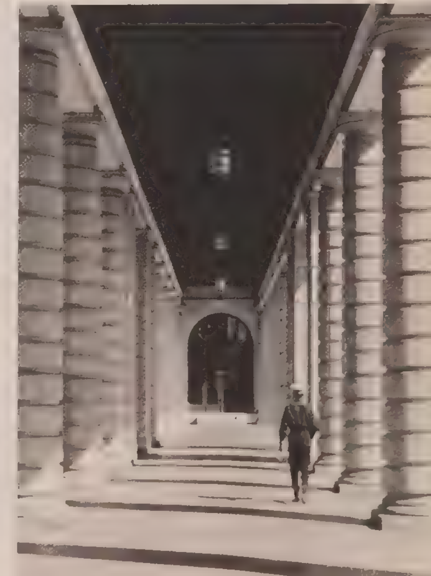
Mac

Herb is a man of many talents and traits: he earned a gold "N*" in rugby by filling the visitor's stretchers and a black "N" by restricting with a bud in a local tavern; Mac made the Sup's list by mastering the art of all-nighters and gouge-hounding; this knockabout body skier considers himself a history major with an involuntary engineering minor; Mac is a dynamic man, having a different service selection hourly; and the "Bear" can impersonate RFK and the "Cookieman" to the point of catharsis. Herb left his mark as a Mid around the world, from the broken hearts of his FOREX European girls to the Sup's naked flagpole to the lunch he left on the trail while running the JFK 50-miler. However, "Flac Mac's" deepest mark lies in the hearts of the Plebes that feared him; to them he will be remembered as simply a kind man, who saw wrong, and tried to fry it, saw suffering and tried to guide it. As long as there are Tennessians with the conviction and courage of a Herb McMillan, the South could truly rise again. Go and conquer Herb.

DAVID SCOTT PETRI

Pet, Peach

Peach displayed his flair for the unusual right from the start. While he always maintained there was nothing wrong with wearing mouse ears during study hours, upperclass had other ideas. From hang gliding to rock climbing, there was never a dull moment. A natural leader, Dave organized many a recon raid. This included a late night foray into the depths of Nimitz Hall, by way of Ho Chi Minh Trail, for a l tow tank swim. He was also one who enjoyed a good time. Going to the Petri's house meant plenty of good food, good times, and good ol' J.D. Always one for travel, the Peach maitains he's been from Maine to Florida; although we never did get to hike that trail in Australia. But as Mayor Norman was always fond of saying, "don't worry about it".



JOHN WILLIAM PIERCE

Bink

When BUD flew the friendly skies from sunny California to this hustlin bustlin metropolis, he prepared anxiously for the fine times that lay ahead. Four long years of porpi's, pelicans, and the indomitable rock lobster convinced him otherwise. Youngster year featured this once "disco machine" with not only a new suit but with a new bud, the irrespressible Malo, and this dynamic duo tap danced their way from the heights of stardom to midnight sessions in the farthest corners of the basement. John could be counted on for starting a few laughs, whether it be by his eloquent imitations of John Wayne or by showing hapless people his red corvair. A variety of books of all shapes and sizes could be seen to adorn John's desk in the wee hours of the morning, but these intense displays of mental fortitude were second to those experienced by that certain sweethart. Only a broken foot, green alerts, and the deepest sense of helplessness stand between John and graduation. BOOM BOOM . . . out go the lights.

LYNN MARY RAMPP

Lynn came to us from Wheaton, Maryland, just a short drive from Annapolis. She came to us leaving behind her long dark hair as well as her civilian wardrobe, her two most treasured possessions. Lynn volleyed and dribbled as a plebe, ran and played tennis as a youngster, and cheered her way to the Holiday Bowl as a second class. She marched as a platoon member her plebe summer, and three years later, marched her platoon during theirs. Lynn is the first of three Italian beauties from the Rampp family that will make their mark at the academy in '80, '81, and '86. Her style and poise will never be forgotten at USNA. Because of her determination and ambition, Lynn leaves no doubt in our mind that she will become an outstanding officer in the United States Navy. Good Luck, Lynn!!!

TIMOTHY GERARD RUCK

Duck, Rotsa, Ma

Rotsa pulled in from Poland (that's Ohio) after a few detours. These included a stop at Great Lakes and a nine month party tour at NAPS. Among his more unusual abilities were cutting hair and skinning mice. At times Duck never saw a difference between the two as many a head will attest. Youngster year found him right in the middle of the Vator Caper and the now infamous 2-0 bash. Normally not to be led astray by the evils of alcohol, he established himself as one of the "stabilizing influences". There were times though, when his stability could have been questioned. Really, how many people smoke tea that smells like, . . . Well, just ask the boys on 4-1. Dangerously armed with the knowledge of wires, he embarked upon the never ending FRAM conversion of his car known as Bert. When it comes to other women, Rotsa's an S&E man and if a certain girl gets her wish, he'll be working his magic very shortly. If you win your bet with Gonz, no more OLD IMPERIAL.

BUDS FOREVER!

1st Row - (left to right) A. SANCHEZ, W. RYON, K. SPAFFORD J. SWEENY, J. BRZOSTEK, J. RUIZ, F. McNEIL, J. HALLIN, T. HAUSFELD 2nd Row - D. HINTZE, M. LEMAY, J. BEATTY, D. BALL, G. WALBORN, B. ANTONIO, S. BARTKOWSKI, K. SWITZER, D. FUHRMANN, J. NAIL 3rd Row - T. VAUGHAN, E. COLVILLE, K. WILSON, G. ROSSANO, E. LOGUE, K. MILLER, M. MANZELLI, B. CIANELLA, P. McCOOL

MICHAEL JEFFREY SIMS

Duke

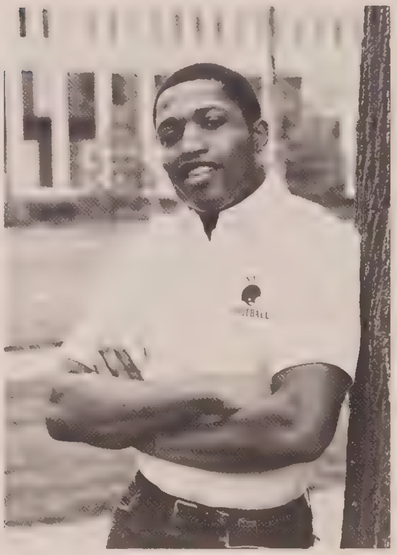
The Massachusetts Mauler began his first week of Plebe Summer with a Para 5 offense, Destruction of Government Property. Mrs. Sims always said her boy had surgeon's hands. Duke, not content with inanimate objects, moved on to bigger and better things, threatening dismemberment of two Company Subcommanders and one would be snake. Youngster year found our Casanova wooing the affections of three young lovelies. Too many women can always be trouble as T-Bird was soon to realize. But after an enlightening moonlight stroll and some heads up work on the part of his roomie, Mike was reunited with his O.A.O. As we rolled into Second Class year Mike was spending more time at Catholic than he was at Rickover, presumably teaching Lou the proper use of a fork! And who can remember those "On the Road" trips to Ohio (with a brief stop at Notre Dame). They tell me it's a wonder you're still alive; but then again You always were the Baddest!

Buds Forever

CHARLES HENRY THORNTON

Thunder

When Charles H. Thornton came to the Naval Academy, via NAPS, from sunny Compton, Calif. he had mathematics on his mind. He leaves here with football on the brain. After convincing the coaches he was deserving of a practice jersey, the now "THUNDER" Thornton proceeded in not only making his name known in company area, but throughout the nation. Branching out into the OA major let it be known that Thunder carried out his most critical covert ops in the Land of Ladies. He started out with M.A.T. and quickly reached the status of King Longhorn. It's only a matter of time before Thunder finds the spark that will light his fire.



DARRELL WILLIAM TWORZYANSKI

Alphabet

A friend such as Darrell is like a good beer — you love them both and try not to let the gas bother you. Teehee. Alphabet has quite a few accomplishments to his credit: being one of few Political Science majors who could perform simple arithmetic without the aid of a multi-memory, digital calculator; an accomplished German linguist who, upon arrival in Deutchland, promptly dialed his grandmothers address; his use of his friends as manual stomach pumps after his nights on the town; and speaking about Germany, lets not! Teeheeteeheeha. It has been rumored that if Darrell could ever break through the cobwebs to get to his wallet, the unemployment statistics for the United States would decrease by half. Teeheeteheteeheehar-heete. Most of all we'll remember that incredible cackle of his! Auf widersehen, mein bester Freund! Vergiss mich nicht! Look me up in Newport if you ever get the time to surface!

RICHARD CLARK WOOLDRIDGE

Bear

The Bear came to us from just 5 miles outside Gate #1 from an academy family stretching back as far as 1920. After a jilt from his plebe year steady, Rich turned to booze and still can't recall much of 3/c year. Quite the oceanographer, Electro-bud was always an easy catch for gouge — hunting females who couldn't resist his innocent smile or cute remarks. Little did they know . . . Wooly Bear was always good for a weather prediction during the dark ages: "Hey fellas, spring is just around the corner" — then came the blizzard of '79. Never one to miss a romantic evening, Art managed to get sick over his favorite hang-up after coaxing her with wine and a warm fire. We won't forget Rich's 2/c parking garage, Kelly's high school parties, Jimmy B., Willie, Rock Lobster, and the pelican in the sky. In spite of it all, Bear always had high grades, never one to shy away from hard work. Rich's easy-going but tough personality, helped him and the rest of us to survive. Navy Air claims yet another Wooldridge.

JERRY THOMAS YOUNG

J.T.

A native of the giant metropolis of Throckmorton, Texas, Jerry came to USNA via the Corps. His classmates' visions of a staid, totally professional Marine shattered as easily as a beer mug June Week of Plebe Year. Jerry has fought a losing battle against the corrupting Navy influence and his once crisp salute has wilted considerably. Despite this Jerry's consistent performance has placed him towards the top of the company militarily. Only academics have provided J.T. with a real challenge. Jerry's pursuit of the wonders of Physical Science did not distract him from the pleasures of the female, which he charmed with his broad accent and ready wit. Aside from an occasional weekend binge Jerry has been one of the steadier members of the co., ready to help anyone with down-to-earth advice, punctuated with hilarious anecdotes of the Texas backcountry. When Jerry turns in his SDB for the flightsuit of Marine Air one can only hope he can charm a plane as well as a coed.

23

DAVID M. ANDERSON

Skip

Dave left his sheltered Woodland Hills life, pure as the driven snow only to become vice infested at USNA. Plebe summer found Skip and Kubes practicing their penmanship. Then came the snowball and the Laws of the Navy — "Take heed what you say of your seniors." Chicago and Ryz prepared Dave for the Florida extravagonzo as he kept "falling asleep". Youngster year was rough on Dave — the Octoberfest skating celebration, Beaucoup booze, and saying goodbye to Brownee. Dave had excellent luck on blind dates (he always wished he was blind) and "experienced" the pinacle of beauty at the Bat Crest Lounge. However, his candle of love for Callous never flickered as he presided angelically over the Silver Bullet club. Who can forget the 21st b-day elevator ride, the original six, the Virginia Beach duck, SDB's in the sink, the Ring Dance story, Waterford park, sing alongs at the ;Bow, road trips, Styx, or Buffalo chips, We've all shared a lot together. Skip is surely the most unselfish and generous of the Wildmen.

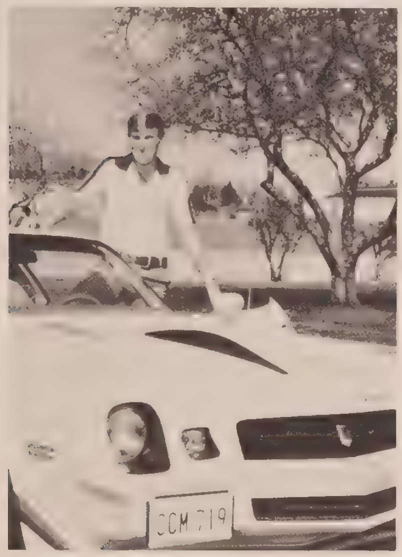
RICHARD MARTIN ATWOOD

AT Alias Wu

Roaring into the fourth wing parking lot in a flourescent orange blur, Rick Atwood returns from another weekend in his "mean pumpkin machine." The threat of another week looming ominously ahead does not faze "At"; and when Monday rolls around, he is usually clean and sobered up. Going through both the Fleet and NAPS prepared Rick well for the rigors of USNA, although early in his academic career there was some question as to whether his major was Phi Sci or wardroom management. Most of the ensuing week is spent either watching tube or planning for the coming weekend, and although his self-proclaimed proficiency in charming the opposite sex may be doubtful, he is seldom alone on Saturday night. And as the dusk finally settles on another Friday afternoon — the shadows lengthening in the hall — the tomblike silence is broken by the resounding bellow of "Wu" headed out for another weekend; "Let's get 'Faced!"

MICHAEL THOMAS DiMERCURIO

"Sweet Di" will not soon be forgotten in the halls of Mother B, especially between the hours of midnight and six a.m., the time when he could invariably be found with his prominent proboscis in a book — but how can you knock a 3.999? Even though he kept strange hours and could carry on a conversation in his sleep, he always had the situation under control; like the June Week younsger year when he had two dates watching the Blue Angels from opposite sides of the same field. Not an outstanding feat for Don Juan Demo, who changed girls as often as most of us changed clothes, and who would burst into the room almost every Saturday night proclaiming, "I'm in love!" However, contrary to rumors about academics being the backbone of his ego, Di's true loves are his Z-28 and his wives. Yet the Mechanical Engineering department will never be the same . . . Good luck, Di.



1st Row - (left to right) M. MATTHEWS, S. MILLER, R. PEREZ, M. GARZA, S. SWETLAND, G. CURTISS, D. MUTZABAUGH, D. SAWYER, J. ROGERS. 2nd Row - R. ROBERTS, M. ROUNDS, M. CONNOLLY, S. OLSON, C. RIDDLE, C. ROLL, P. JAMES, R. ROGERS. 3rd Row - T. GIEDLIN, P. REISTER, S. RING, J. HUDSON, L. SIDDALL, J. GIUDA, M. BOLEN

1st Row - (left to right) M. HOWARD, P. HARTZELL, M. MULHOLLAND, J. KANE, C. COULTER, M. VALORE, G. BROWN, M. MOOSHAGIAN, C. MURPHY 2nd Row - D. NOBLE, D. BENNETT, B. JONES, D. MACONI, T. WATSON, E. VANHOVE, T. DOUGHTY, J. GUDAHL, C. MILLER, D. GRASSETTI, B. NEVERAS, G. NEVERAS, D. MORBEN, T. WOOD 3rd Row - M. MALCOLM, D. LYNCH, C. MUSSO, S. VASINA, S. GILBERT, R. RUBIN, M. TAYLOR, D. LEE, S. MANK, J. STEELE, T. MALKASIAN

BERT M. FERGUSON

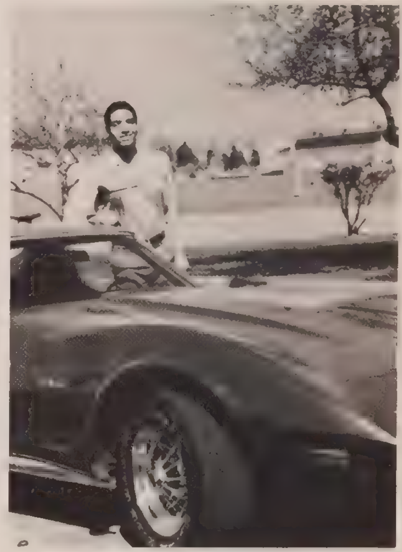
Ferg

Ferg came to us from Florida - but now claims the best of Florida or Nevada - whatever is appropriate at the time. A hell-raiser at NAPS, Ferg's habits carried over to USNA. Plebe year activities like launching dingleberries and "jogging" out to the C&C gave way to youngster year shenanigans like wild hunting trips with Polecat and abusing Disco Dahlgren. A professional at heart, Ferg fought his way to validation of one half of second class summer. Between his crazy antics at the "Vous," talking to Dr. Miller, eating glass, listening to WPOC, sweet talking Shuga's, getting thrown-in-hack, and stiffing the Columbia Tape Club, Ferg became the Son-of-Duke and the Father-of-Moons. Bert never deserved his uncouthness award despite his adventures at Pep rallies and patent hatred for foreignas. Ferg drove a Z-car - when he had car privileges - but he will always be remembered as a Cadillac Man at heart.

BRADLEY R. GEHRKE

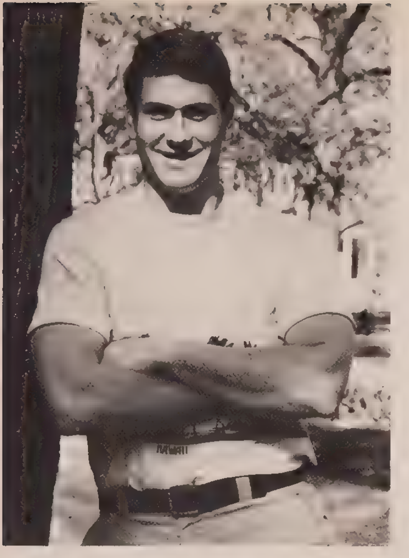
Gerk

Brad came to us from Odebolt, Iowa, the land of mountain oysters and red-headed pigs. Mornings were toughest for Brad plebe year, having to pry off those U-trow. How 'bout those syndromes, Gerk? Though Christie was soon to go off to greener pastures, Brad was able to find comfort 2/c year in a dentist's chair. It just goes to prove that Maryland is for crabs. Gerk will always be remembered as one of the original six, and the only one who leaves purer than when he came. And who can forget: Florida, Myrtle Beach, Rollin' Bolen, hoggers, Charlie, "All I want is a nice girl," 16-year old beauty queens, Styx, Weems (don't accept rides from strangers, Gerk), Chicago road trips, "All I want is a perfect '65 convertible 'stang," Gary, "should I go tanks or subs?," the nine steps, and "I'm just a poor boy from Iowa." For all of the good times we have had so far with more to come, we will not soon forget one of the wildest of the Wildmen.



BRUCE E. GROOMS

Bruce led a well-concealed life as a midshipman. Most people knew him for his four years of varsity basketball, and as team captain the last year. Contrary to popular belief, when he wasn't firing bricks on the court, he was hard at work studying aero engineering. Bruce had an unusual talent for being excused from everything. When he did have to make an inspection or a p-rade, he usually found a way to drop out it. Bruce was quite a ladies man which sometimes got him into tight situations. Consequently having him around when the seconds lights were lit was a blessing. There are many things about Bruce which can't be told here without him losing his card. The story will just have to wait. Bruce will go far if he remembers "greedy rats don't get fat."



JAMES EDWARD HICKEY

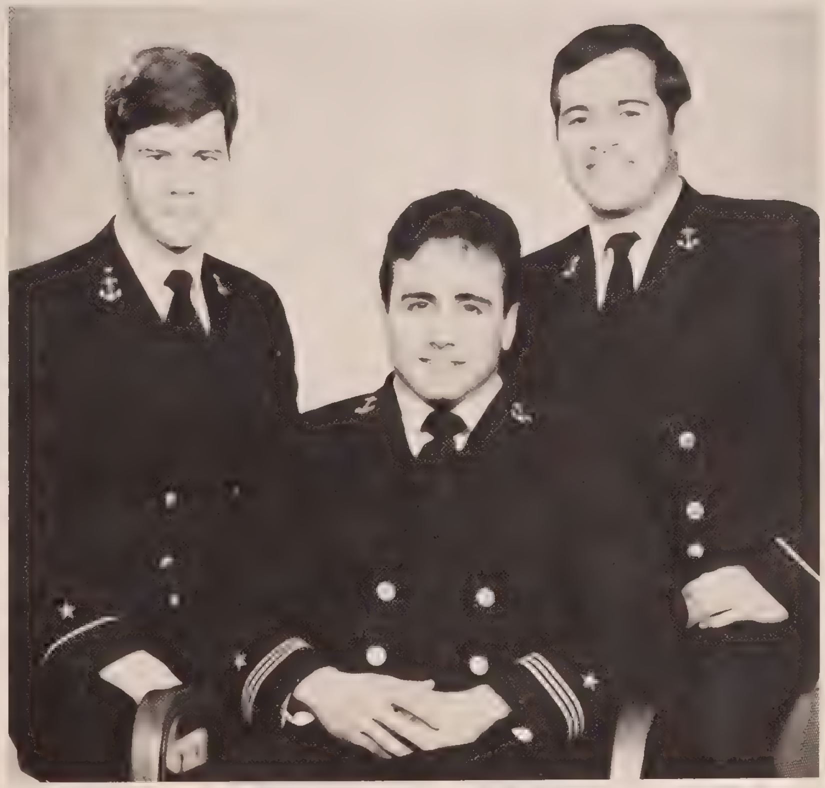
Jaybird

Although started out on the wrong foot (the other was in a cast) plebe summer, the "mouth" soon established himself in 23. Who really ate all those chow packages? Next to his voracious appetite his love life was a constant source of amusement. After all, how many of us figured out an equation for the half-life of our love affairs - EXP(-j) Did he learn that in the Mechanical Engineering department? Then there was the time that Jay literally talked his own ear off during a Rugby match. Even though Jay eyed the flight line, those eyes will see lots of sunsets from a bridge on the seven seas. Good luck to one of the best of the Wildmen of 23.

RICHARD G. HOUCK

Geoff

A master bilger, he advanced to six-foot Pennsylvania girls (in Maury Hall) to a duty Dahlgren girl who stole his cold heart forever - one of the youngest hemorrhoid sufferers ever - quite a swimmer and navigator, as long as he wore his girdle - He had trouble passing signals and never did get that sailing card, but Mary Ellen, who faithfully did his laundry, and his cheap import car, and soccer, occupied his time - Even though he was Coach Meyers' boy, it took him 4 years to get an N-star - Underneath it all, he was a true sweat and a geek - wouldn't even let us put trash in his trash can - multiple calculators - "I know I failed that test" - multiple alarm clocks - "Get me up in 5 minutes" - Had trouble holding h liquor, but Geoffie-poo could put Miller's beers to bed - His fishing stories were tall (we never saw anything) and his credibility was low, but he'll go far as a Green marine - Even though his BS degree will be in BS, we're all better off for knowing him.



CO CDR - F. STAGLIANO, seated; CO SUB-CDR - S. SULLIVAN, back row - left; CAO - R. TORRES, back row - right

JON CHRISTOPHER KUBO

Kubs

This emigrant from the Promised Land of California lent us many a laugh during his stay on the Severn. He was much like his car: dark, powerful, and low-to-the-ground. No one could comprehend his circuitry, especially first class year, when he spoke only in binary. But in spite of his black-box control system brain, he wasn't above effecting a classmate's drop trou or a bogus room inspection ("would I lie?"). Among his famous sayings: "My eyes are not red and I am not drunk — just watch me walk a straight line." — which he did, on his hands! He excelled in arguments: whether his ammunition was factual or blind prejudice. His romantic life was, sadly, a bust. Between the Hood girl who suffered omnipresent hands and the Hood girl who only wanted a Zoom-woo, there was the Hood girl who said, "he's so cute, you just want to hug him, like a little bear . . . " Jon will certainly find a girl who has all her poles in the left-hand plane. Until then, one thing is certain — none of us will forget the Kubs.

CO CDR - R. ROBINSON, seated; CO SUB-CDR - M. SNEED, back row - left; CAO - J. HICKEY, back row - right

DAVID M. LENGYEL

Hunk

Coming from the Derbytown, Hunk has been one of the wildest of the Wildmen in his four years at USNA. Dave's prowess and cunning is best exhibited by his capturing, conquering, and dumping of a Great White Buffalo. Then there's the red-headed monkey family discovered in P.I. about a year after his West Pac youngster cruise. And who can forget the time in the Palace Saloon when Hunk wanted to impose a severe vacuum on a Crystal Gayle look-alike (he always loved engineering). BOTAC, NGOH, HB Abuse Squad, and mouse hunting always kept Dave out of trouble. Other than that, getting thrown "in-hack", tearing car doors off, and breaking car windows occupied Hunk's time. Never to let himself get too romantically involved, we all thought we had lost him when he found his Bay Crest babe. Then he took advantage of the world fuel crisis by buying a Fleetwood Broughm-10 gpm. For these things and many more, we'll remember Dave. Upon retiring his green uniform look for him crusading with the Rev. Ernest Angley.

STEVEN ERO MASALIN

Maz

Steve's life story can be found in the computer - under OLD MAZ*** - LIST
10 Spent almost as much time with it as he did watching TV, or arguing
20 with intramural referees - Almost took it to the boxing ring with
30 Houck Plebe year - Known to some as John Boy's boy. Quite a reli-
40 gious radical, or was it just his love for an argument? - A master
50 of sound effects, along with his boy Woo. Carried on a torrid
60 romance with Mimi, which no one understood, including Maz. We do
70 credit him with introducing many of us to Droopy Pat, though.
80 Quite a fisherman and a 4-wheeler, to hear him talk, but his Dad
90 didn't think so when he had to pull him out of ditches. Remini-
100 scent of Howard Cosell as a sports fan, he loved to jump on the
110 bandwagon of a winner - He came, argued and argued, and his QPR
120 showed he was usually right - He'll go far in life, even though it
130 seems he's destined to marry a hybrid computer.

GEORGE T. MILLER

Most people change as the years pass. Not George. He's the same lovable Jersey boy we met four years ago, just a little crazier and a little more in debt/An academic stud from the word go, he racked his way past unsuspecting Poly-Sci profs/Had that smile they just couldn't resist/In 1977, he became a charter member of the roommates list - and abused it well/One of Sheba's boys - he spent endless time and money in the pursuit of pleasure/Upon graduation he owes 5 years to the Navy, 4 to Peerless, and Visa has him thereafter/It paid off though - he's first string All-American in the oldest sport known to man/Single handedly deteriorated relations with Mexico on cruise/"Senorita, por favor!"/will he ever settle down?/Not "lean but mean" George/Sup's boy/Supe's boy/Bass-master/Young lass master George/And we wouldn't have him any other way/What would we have done without our tailgate rep?/Sorry the truck still smells/Good luck to the wildest of wildmen/PS: stick to women - Houck couldn've been that good.

GLENN PERRY MORRIS

Cat

Glenn P. Morris, nicknamed "The Cat", was born in Huntsville, Alabama. "The Cat", in continuing family tradition, realized that the Naval Academy was the place for him. Destined to fly, Glenn sought out E.C. activities which would bring him closer to his beloved sky. For many years Glenn has taunted death by being an active member of the Sports Parachute Club. Hurtling himself towards doom with only a small pack attached to his back allowed Glenn the opportunity to seek these "cheap thrills" of self-annihilation and destruction. Never one to attempt to hurdle any academic barriers unassisted, Glenn, as an active Mechanical Engineering major, sought to use all of his available engineering skills to design a system which would decrease his difficulty in obtaining his life-sustaining gouge. However, due to a lack of the "gouge", he has been unable to complete his system. It can be truthfully stated that "the Cat" (and his TR7) will be a definite loss, and shall be missed by the Academy.

ROBERT R. OXBORROW

Ox

In the beginning our notorious Ox gained his fame by sabotaging his firstie with vermin-infested Halloween candy. In the end his spiritual presence resided constantly with a Philadelphia filly while his physical manifestation could predictably be found in the rack. In the years between his pencil couldn't be pried from his southpaw as he attempted to defeat the entire aerospace engineering department. He had more luck and more fun at the business end of a wrench while tweaking his beloved mechanical chariot. From beginning to end he was a competent fix-it man, a veritable ladies man (when he wanted to be), and a fine friend.

ROBERT MICHAEL ROBINSON

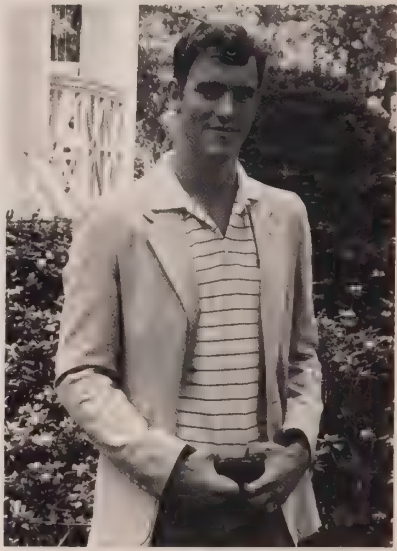
Robbie

"Robbie" hails from New Mexico — or was it Oklahoma — God's country, according to him. It must be, he's written every day for four years to someone out there. Where is Portalas, anyway? Between Russian and Rugby Rob has had his hands full. He was injured so many times the hospital finally kept a bed just for him. Maybe he should take up backgammon. Robbie never slept in on Sunday mornings, a dozen young souls in his Sunday School class kept him awake. Mike's first ambition was P-3 jock extrordinaire, but this was side-tracked when nuclear power beckoned (?) him towards a new career. But we know who wears the pants in Robbie's house.

CLAUDE LEE RUCKER

Lee-Boy

Fernandino Beach: lox and bagels- where ya from?- shoot from the hip One of those non-technical majors with lots of pictures- an Ernest Angley disciple- Large bulbous orb of Leavitt class: cicus tent doubled as cover- Short peg stifles his chances to be a contender-technically oriented: Houck's notes- No association with Laplace transforms- EE/Weaps lab whizz- Gas dispersion expert- GP and the Gap-Chi- Lites- How bout them O's (the year of the bird)- Cheese us Priest- top 100 in platoon drill-Black V-neck sweater- Army/Navy game family reunions- New Years Eve with Good Year Blimp-Mel's Princeton and Hopkins men- Discovered Sheeba the She-wolf and her large foom-foom, Droopy Groupie- Liquid assault of Iranian girl's protectorates at 'Vous- I didn't see the curb in the middle of the road to the tone of two rims-Ski trip with his boy Moons- frustrated Nuke. Lee's cynicism, wit, and good nature will long be remembered by the class of '80 in 23rd Company.



PETER A. SHANER

An enigma: a man who could not be labeled. He was the magician whose "routney" sprouted from thin air. He was the electrical engineer who overnight became a literary genius (and it was certainly not because he managed besmirch his academic perfection with a ignominious "C" in EE). As one who could glibly spit out Shakespeare, who could translate heavy Milton to sidespliting humor, Peter became Navy's hope for the Rhodes Scholarship. Yet there were doubts — many post-midnight anguished cries in the night, perhaps due to cute-as-a-button females who regarded our starry-eyed hero as merely their "bestest platonic friend." Our Dudley Dooright was a brilliant actor, an unabashed ham to whom histrionics were as natural as breathing. An ornery arguer, his art was "proving" his tiny sports car could take on any Trans Am. As to the future, is P.S. a nuke-power-kinda-guy, a backseat driver, or a hippie at Oxford? Ball's in your court, Fate.

KEITH BENNETT SIECZKOWSKI

Ski Geek

"Ski" was given to us by Garden City, Michigan. (They probably figured one out of a family of eighteen would not be missed.) Always one to throw himself head first into every job or goal post, Keith excelled athletically when he was not hurt (and this seemed like most of the time). He also dove into academics. "Skeeter" found out that studying while wearing a tie and his "geek" glasses put him in the right mood so he could study all night. (But what is an Oceanography major going to do in the Corps?) "S+10" was also very hard headed when it came to military performance and training. "Ski" was never one to flame, he only "corrected!" He was known for going on multi-correctional whirlwind tours down the shafts and around the corners; "Ski's soft-spoken voice and characteristic "strut" outfitted him perfectly for the job. So, "In your face" Marine Corps — he is all yours!

MARCUS (H.) SNEED

Cisco Kid

What can one say of someone who had Ski for a Bosom Buddy, who lives on salt and the can of M&M's kept in his drawer, has 63 pairs of shoes (all of necessity of course) and goes to green alerts dressed for Soul Train? One could say he has an ego problem but let's be realistic. He did give Donna Summer a chance, but then decided she wasn't worthy to get into his car; a well founded decision. But heck, we all know that if she did do something against his wishes, Marcus would never seek revenge. Maybe we're being too cynical about Marcus; he was always one to come forth with a kind word. At least he'll graduate with everything he wanted: his ring, car, beard, and a sword. This may sound pretty bad, but after all we're only jealous.

FRANK F. STAGLIANO

Stags

Such an innocent young man, a half-grown Sylvester Stallone, drifted into 23rd Co. from Philly in '76. Frank got off to a shaky start — never could square away his locker stowage — "Up here, Sir" — But once youngster year rolled around, he joined the roommates list and concentrated on wild night life. "Mr. International" — his list of dates resembled a U.N. convention. He was often seen taking muster of all the Dahlgren lovelies, but then came Lynne! — and then came disco, complete with plastic shoes, Khaki trou, gold chains and cheap cigars — not to mention enough musk oil to put a brothel to shame. The Academy's first male H.B. As a 2/c brought back professionalism — sing alongs and inside drill! Everyone jumped in his shorts 'cause they were so big, nice P.J.s too. We tease this man cause he means a lot to us — the cigars may be stale but the friendship was refreshing. The Javeline never worked, but he sure as hell did! Mr. Sincere, he'll be remembered for his honesty and his gorgeous cousins. Go Nuke, young wildman!

1st Row - (left to right) J. SCANLAN, P. HORINE, L. PETRONE, K. KAMMERER, T. SPIESTERBACH, D. SNEDDON, A. MANGAN, T. BONNETT, R. HERB. 2nd Row - C. RAY, S. MILLER, M. WATSON, P. BOYNE, R. HANS, M. PLOOF, R. COROLLA, R. GILES, W. ANDERSON, M. HUFFMAN, M. ARNOLD, J. HOCH, W. FARACH, K. NEWMEYER, K. COMER. 3rd Row - W. STACIA, M. WORLEY, K. TALBERT, D. JOHNSON, T. REBHORN, O. LYNCH, J. DETJEN, P. COGGINS, S. SUNDT, B. LEWIS, R. EMMONS, M. SILVA.

WILLIAM TURNOCK

Billy

Yet another fine military man from the Garden State/white works and long hair were the standard uniform/established strict study habits early in USNA career/developed into an academic stud/got side tracked by unusual cult that worshiped Jim Jones, Patti Smith and Sid Viscious, along with the world's worst rock music - how about them Talking Heads?/Turnockburg was extremely frugal/drove a low maintenance cheap British import car - when he wasn't pushing it/only Mid to have three uncashed paychecks in his lockbox at all times/became 23rd Co loan shark/finally found a woman he didn't have to spend anything on - even if she was Ray's - "ain't that nice!"/they'll have lots of fun, he never sleeps under the covers/Well William, on to the Corps!/You ought to fit right in/Too bad the knee didn't come through - NPQ, so close yet so far!/Take it all with a grain of salt - The Nock is one of the wildmen and one of the best, for we know where to go when the bucks run low.

SEAN PATRICK SULLIVAN

Sully

Sean came to us from one of the fairest cities on the East coast, Bridgeport, Conn. He proved himself early with a pistol - and almost killed Atwood. Was later acknowledged as a high roller; Mr. Nucular - the MoPo convention; Pres. Am. Nuclear Society. Also known as the Nabisco Kid (by way of the Big WU). Sean passed the time while at NA rubbernecking in bars, frequenting Rudi's and the Oxbow, missing a movement order (what happened to those Demo's?); Drunk and Disorderly (what happened to my ID card?) And who can forget Hormone's sister, those bedroom slippers, Dr. Oscar Brilliant, and 'This time it's love?" Sean could always make it to Conn. in two hours and braved the '78 blizzard on the 300 mile trip back despite emergency snow warnings/common sense in order to return on time - roommates were left behind to suffer a longer leave. Despite being a hard charger, Sean found time to be a good guy and a great friend. Go Nuke!

PETER R. TATRO

The Littlest General

Peter Tatro, the All-American boy, a mother-in-law's dream, a standard of moral character for his vile classmates - or so his NA career began/the littlest general, with nary a golden hair out of place. Soon, however, the world's briefest cross country captain hung up his Nikes in search of other endurance sports/boxing perhaps? No, he validated that thanks to Billy Wayne/Academics? Nope, his strictly enforced 2300 curfew precluded excellence in that field/Pete spent his years here in search of one thing - "Kissyface"/he was determined to dissociate himself from the Silver Bullet club/not one to rush into anything, he sampled every Academy's delights before he came back to WUBA/if she makes you happy Pete, what else matters?/Throughout it all, he has been a true friend to everyone, a man who could always stand on his two feet (excluding 2nd class June Week)/he is destined for a successful career - by the way, what is it this week?/Onward littlest general of the wildmen - still nary a hair out of place.

RAYMOND J. TORRES

Doc

California Dreamin' - nocturnal sleep/study habits - He always smiles, especially when in intense pain - In Pensacola Sheba the She-wolf convinced him that the air community was right for him - He's known as Doctor Death in his Zam car, which is destined to become a Low Rider before it's all over - What a porno collection - He fell in love some 624 times during his days at USNA - A pioneer of Droopy and her sensuous ways - He didn't mind mid-winter cookouts at Ocean City until some bad experiences and the discovery of Schnops (bottled X-mas), prompted him to play the field - Always a good bookstore customer, until we were no longer allowed to requisition - Never could say no to anybody (How else could he end up buying a Hare Krishna album in the airport?) - His extravaganzas include Army-Navy every year and the Louisville-Maryland football game and some wild nights singing at the Oxbow - and oh his scores of women - "But she's a nice girl" - Ray'll go far, fight and play hard, and'll be rmembered as one of the greatest among us - GO WILDMEN!

ALAN K. WELLESLEY

Mate, Dad

The father figure of the Wildmen, this Ozark country boy is five years older than anybody else his age. From the start he showed us how to do it right. "I'm juss startin' to git wound up." Love that Wild Turkey. "Dad" studied hard when he was sober - so much for good grades. But he progressed professionally - all the way to HMFIC plebe summer '79. Leading the troops who couldn't start the day until they saw the red in his eyes. "Mate" was a lady's man. After Mama Bean he was content with harassing girls "you look like a cow, honey." Bold talk from a baby beached whale! "Daddy Wells" will always be known for his peculiar lifestyle - hunt, fish, drink, snore, "let's go for more!" He drives better when he's drunk - just ask a Buffalo. He wasn't always as lubricated as this might imply. For he's the epitome of personal integrity, an honor man without parallel, and best friend of just about everybody. He came a nuke, he leaves a nuke, and he partied hard the whole time in between. A giant of the Wildmen, our "Dad."

24

JAMES VIRGIL ADAMS III

The Machine

Jim, or The Machine, hails from Miami, Florida, where snow exists only in fairy tales. He, like his two brothers, is a man of many talents — calculus, weapons, and physics were among his best. From day one we all knew that Jim had a fighting spirit, right Scott? Jim had many bouts with the P.E. Department too, but he always managed to escape the grips of subsquad. Leading pass rusher for 24's fighting lights, Jim could be found tossing a soccer ball, a football, or softball around in behalf of the company. Just as he kept his room in order he also kept the plebes in line, which earned him the spot of company commander. Jim ran the company store too; if we needed anything, from gouge to chow, he was the one to see. We stand amazed at the magnetic attraction that could draw him off to Bowie so much, though. Whoever she is, she most certainly "must be a SPECIAL lady . . ." With Charleston as his new home, it's no wonder that the Nuc's won over Jim. The 24th Company will miss this hard worker.

JOHN A. ANDERSON

Gunder

John, known to his classmates as "Gunder", comes to us from sunny Pensacola Florida. John spent a year of fun and frolic at NAPS where he earned his nickname and a reputation as one of the top whales-tails players on the east coast. Gunder has managed to keep low profile during his stay here at USNA. Its not that easy for a guy over six feet tall and devilishly handsome, (or so the girls say). Its probably because he moves so fast, something that shows up in his type of car, the way he handles the girls, and the way he downs the brews. Of course all of this takes alot of energy so Gunder makes sure he gets plenty of rack time, in class, out of class, and any other time that looks good. Of course who could forget our late night sing alongs with Gunder on the guitar. We shared alot with Gunder, E.D., hangovers, and stories out of Forum. After graduation John will be going back home to Pensacola for flight school where he should turn and burn. Clearly a case of the best.

STEVEN JOHN BENSON

Bens, Pumpkin-Head

Steve swam his way from Manlius, N.Y., through Peddie School, and arrived wet behind the ears at the U.S. Naval Academy. From day one he established his reign as company comedian. This third of the Triumvirate is easily identified by his quick wit, operatic voice, and "golden" hair. Steve is always seen roaming the hall, pipe in hand. Known by his teammates as the hardest worker on the Big Blue Swim team for the past three years - we ask this question. Do swimmers really sweat? In the spring, when Steve climbed out of the pool, he stepped right into a yawl and persued his love for the water with a babe in one arm, a brew in hand and black and blue marks running the length of his shins. Known as Mr. Responsible, he is always willing to lend a hand when needed, but somehow he never remembered to wear his hat or tie to formation, Steve never allows a question go unanswered, that is why he is "a Case of the Best."

ROBERT J. BLUNT

Rock

Arriving here from the land of Genny Cream and Kodak, Rob went through a number of nicknames before the "Rock" took hold. Though this could be indicative of an illusive personality, Rock is just what his name implies. The root of his nickname lies in his typical pose resembling Abe Lincoln. But Rock is not all work and no play. Though he is serious and can be counted on in all times of peril, Rock reserves himself time for girls, cars, and liquid refreshments. Italian women have always been his forte. He arrived here with one and is leaving now with another. Second class year caused a slight crisis in his life when a toga party detroyed his drinking habits. Luckily, Rock is making a speedy recovery to his former status. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, Rock always found time to help his buddies with car problems. This talent, combined with his M.E. degree should serve him well both in the Navy and out in real life. His solid foundation will prove to be an asset to the Navy and the men with whom he serves.

GEORGE SCOTT BROWN

Scottie

"Hey Scott can I borrow your van?" Scott came to the academy straight out of New England's now "daid" Norwood. Scott has always been known for his generosity and many wonder who has used his famous cross country, tailgatin' van more, he or the company. Youngster year Scott discovered the secret to academic success by rescheduling his finals for June via Bethesda and staff pneumonia. He still managed however to compete for the "Paper Mid" award with the rest of PROTRAMID group 2C. Despite the world wide cry of "DISCO" Brownie, Scott still fights it out with "The Kid" reputing, "KISS off!" It looks like Scott may be Boston's first true success . . . that is if he can make it through the fourth quarter and it is not a Monday Night game. Scott, and his van, will always be remembered as a small keg of the "CASE OF THE BEST".

JEFFREY JOHN CARLSON

Jeff left sunny Tampa Florida to join the Navy at the tender age of 17. After a year in the fleet and a year at NAPS Jeff decided a free education did not look that bad after all. Unlike most of us derelicts, however, the Navy has not given Jeff a high appreciation for liquor and he is notorious for spending very little money while getting very inebriated. Always excelling in sports, Jeff has become a two time All-American and captain of the squash team here at U.S.N.A., even though the first time he had ever held a squash racket was at NAPS. At one time during his sentence here Jeff was encouraged to go on television to argue for point counter-point because of his ability and willingness to argue any point someone might bring up. After graduation Jeff will be sailing the ocean blue, part of Surface Line. We will all miss you Jeff, and we will also miss marvelling at the way you could find anything in your locker. Good Luck!

WILLIAM MILES CAVITT

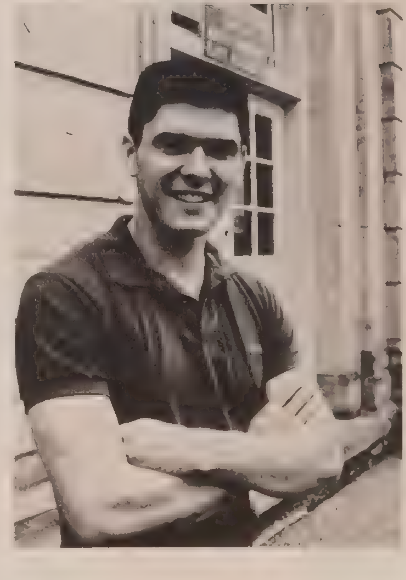
Cavitation

"All things come to he who waits . . . and waits . . . and pulls all nighters that only last two hours." Bill arrived from the renouned NAPS ready for hardwork; however, the rack monster snatched him early during the first week of plebe summer and hasn't let go yet. Abducted by the NIS (Naval Institute of Sailing), he became a primary informant disguised as an Ocean Engineer. While everyone thought he was studying cables, thermo, and fluids, Bill was deep into disco, boat design NADS Utah, and a little red book of addresses. He started here with a steady babe and is leaving with a handful. Of these "courses" which Bill intensely studied, he excelled most in boats, sailing in and winning several national events and lettering 3 years with the Dinghy Team. Bill will leave the academy heading for Pensacola, if he escapes Rickover, with a double major in Dinghies and Parties and a minor from correspondence school in Ocean Engineering. Bill will always remain a "case of the BEST".

RICHARD GORDON CLINE

Bagger

From the majestic land of the "Sonics" and "Huskies" Rick wound up here at Crabtown-on-the-Bay in July '76 as a member of the elite first squad. Dubbed with the nickname "WORMY", Rick always managed to escape trouble, except for his bout with mono. After a year of soccer, Rick switched to varsity crew youngster year and has never looked back on his decision. Rick is known for his wild and crazy stories with a certain Jacksonville lass and living life in the fast lane. He has tackled the 60-hr coast-to-coast marathons in his Z-28 with the calmness of one who takes all dares, including 180 degree scares. Originally a Nuke, Rick is now a firmly entrenched wearer of the Marine green and plans to soar high above the clouds. Making sugar cookies at BUDS was fun, but nothing compared to the thrills of his famous recon raids. With his wit, imagination, and penchant for stogies, Rick is undoubtedly headed for a successful and rewarding life. We wish him much happiness in his future endeavors.



ALAN SCOTT COLEGROVE

Dragon Dude

"Straight from Dallas atop a dragon" Climbing out of his WW2 jeep and into Whiteworks and Bancroft, Alan was looking good for a fine professional life at USNA until he was forced into rooming with degenerates. Brasso-ing "trash can lids" to bang together for the D&B wasn't enough and he spent many months of paychecks and many hours making chainmail to ward off fantasy monsters at USNA. In between Dungeons & Dragons games Alan managed to Zerox off a copy of a Marine Engineering degree with his real name, not "Dragon Dude", on it. Being realistic and very money conscientious, he bought a white Jaguar to fly around in before he could get his pilot's license although he's a voluntary nuke. Rounding out his 1st class year by being the D&B sub-cdr., Alan managed to get scuba qualified and see his certain someone every free, and sometimes not so free, second. Alan is a case of the best."

1st Row - (left to right) J. FARNETT, S. FOX, R. BURNS, D. PIONTEK, M. DZIECIOLOWSKI, D. PERRY, R. WINSLOW, D. SPANBAUER, H. ASZKLAR. 2nd Row - T. CARLSON, J. MURPHY, J. MUCCI, A. NAGAO, P. PLOTT, B. KNAPP, S. CHAMBERS, S. STECKLER, N. MOE, T. KUNTZ. 3rd Row - W. MARR, D. GUILL, J. MANCHOR, G. MACK, B. REX, J. GRAFTON, M. HAWLEY, D. DEGROFF, T. HILTZ, C. SMITH, B. LOVELESS, D. LOGAR.

STEPHEN ELLIOT HONAN

Chip, Doc, Hodad

After growing up in historic Concord, Steve enjoyed a year at NAPS before coming to hilarious Annapolis. Chip had the dear old mother image towards the maniacs in our room, and I remember many a night getting a lecture from Mom on our behavior only to be outdone by Mom the next night. Never one to show a mild demeanor Chip took to brawling with bouncers in Boston, excelled at hitting freaks with full beer cans in McLean, and loved to trade slugs with Rock and Rat. I'll never know how he managed to carry an E for six semesters. His romances ranged from Illinois to Norway and he was always able to round up a road trip to Hood or Goucher. Hodad was a staunch supporter of company sports, playing on several championship teams, and who will ever forget that intimidating nose guard on the Lt WTs. Steve, a great guy and my friend, will do well at anything he takes on. We all wish him Good Luck and if all goes well we'll be seeing him up in the blue sky.

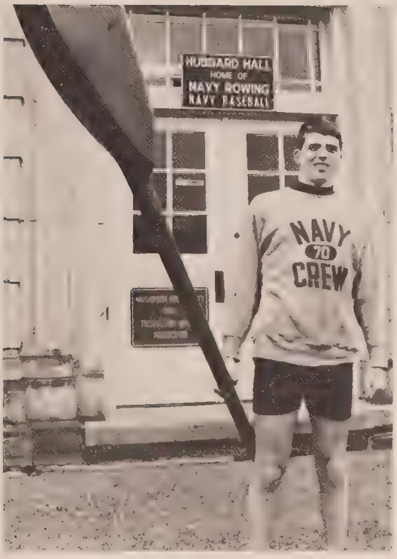
CO CDR - B. Neunaber, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. TRUEBLOOD, back row - left; CAO - C. WALLINGTON, back row - right

JEROME EDWARD CONNOLLY

Jay J.C. Jerma

Jay came to U.Va. on the Chesapeake by way of Garden City, Long Island. Most plebes were content with town libs and temperance but not Jay. He had all of the firsties baffled until Hang'Em High got him for drinking, dragging, and driving in Georgetown one evening. Jay's three interests are best summarized by the S's: studing, squash, and Sue. Always wanting to be a lax player, Jay played squash as a contact sport. Perserverance earned him that elusive N. An avid sport fan he will never be satisfied until the Giants, Rangers, and Yankees sweep. He will never forget the gonzo road trip to South Bend. Jay will always be remembered for U.A. Connolly, savage pep rallies, endless come-arounds, the library, and the prep look. Jay's honesty, courage, and professionalism will ensure his success in the fleet. Jay will be there to hear the words, "Mister Connolly, come quick and break up the fight in the boiler room, suh."

JAMES F. JAMISON



JOSHUA WORTHINGTON DORSEY

Josh

Twenty-fourth Company's notorious varsity crew "Jock." During Plebe summer, he was often the center of firstie ridicule, due to his lazy mannerisms and awkward limp. He is also infamous in his reputation as a ladies' man and drinker, always with one arm around a case and the other around a woman. There have been noted incidents where he has "made it," without missing a sip. In school, he never cracked a book, but somehow, he managed to convince his profs that he did, because his grades never showed it. It seems hard to believe that this wild, hard drinking, ladies' man wants to go CORPS. But whatever he does, your're sure to find him partying with both hands in the cookie jar. Good Luck Jock!

EDWIN JAMES GRIFFITH

Griff

Alias Griff dude. He was known for continually "wiping down" and bumming cigs during Plebe summer. He was always catching it Plebe year. He thought of "getting out" everyday. He never studied and mystified us all by his good grades. He loves to sleep. He chased many a woman and drank many a beer in his days as a midshipman. He has been UA on more than one occasion. He was caught on one occasion. He ran into a pretty local yokel and jumped into the crazy world of being engaged, which he swore he would never enter when he was a plebe. This derelict should go far in the Corps, (maybe) if he doesn't get caught! Take it easy dude!

BARBETTE BEA HENRY

Hank

Barbette came to the Naval Academy from a navy family in San Diego, California and has pursued the Oceanography Major. She came to USNA not claiming any association with music or swimming, was dragged to choir as a youngster, and ended up being the founding president of the Women's Glee Club, participating in the musicals during 1/C and 2/C years, and teaching swimming to plebes. After listening to her roommate's gouge sessions for three years, Barb was almost pursuaded to take an Aero course for an easy "A". Barb plans upon graduation to join the Corps — Supply Corps, that is!

C. MICHAEL MOONEY

Moon, Moons

Moon came to USNA from Virginia via a year in prep school. His original aspirations were to play football for the Big Blue, but an unfortunate injury altered his plans. Instead Mike turned to boxing, and weights. His generosity and desire to help others found Mike forever aiding other bull majors with his historical, and literary expertise. None of us will ever forget Moon's June Week adventures on the Severn, in a canoe. First Class Summer found MOON in Hawaii, on the Marine Option Cruise. Yet for Moon it was not all fun as he was a charter member of the infamous Hack Gang. Mike was destined for the Corps from the start, and upon graduation the men in green will be glad to know they are gaining another good man. We will miss Mike, but have no doubts about his continued success.

BRIAN SIMS NEUNABER

Neubs

This illustrious politician hails from Perry Hall, Md., from which he brought with him his bag of tricks and a lacrosse stick. Plebe year was filled with dreams of glory playing for the big blue and the "fat man". When the N* didn't arrive as expected Brian turned his attention to other important areas. His hobbies include Triumphs, girls, stereos, and Tequila, not necessarily in that order. When he wasn't out enjoying the local attractions Neubs busied himself with the company cdr position first class year. Brian will always be remembered for christening the Philadelphia Sheridon, and brand new Firebirds, along with bathtubs full of ice water. Love has caught Brian a couple of times but never seems to hold on. Pensacola's the place to be after graduation and you can bet you'll always be able to find Brian wherever the action is. Wherever he goes or what ever he does Neubs will perform in the same stellar way he always has. Good Luck.

NAVY
BOXING

LAWRENCE H. MCCAULEY

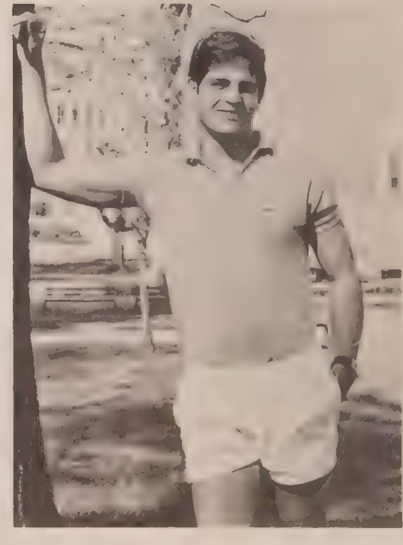
Earl

Larry, known to many as Earl, came to USNA after two years of active Naval service, one of which was spent participating in the Navy's Boost program at Mesa College in San Diego, California. After specializing in avionic electronics at "A" school, Larry decided to tackle EE here at the "Un-College." This ambition was short lived however due to conflicting interests that eventually sent him to the AC board youngster year. It seems he could not stay on Mother B's side of the wall and study. Earl had found a special interest eleven miles northeast of Hotel Bancroft which eventually led to a nice diamond ring for a pretty lass. The change from EE to Phi Sci brought Larry back over the 2.0 mark and kept him out of hot water for the rest of his stay in Bancroft Hall. Earl played intramural basketball, Lt. Wt. football, and helped bring a brigade championship trophy to 24th company in sailing his 3/c year. All of us in 24 will miss Earl and hope that some day our paths will meet again.

NELSE CHRISTIAN PETERSEN

Nels

"Not me, Nels Petersen, 805436" - Nel's tragedy began when he was kidnapped by sea-going gypsies early on in plebe summer. He never recovered, despite appearances in rugby and Co. football, continually returning to the calls of the bottle and sea (mostly the bottle.) Nels continued a good plebe year by drinking and enjoying the Gary Wright concert from a bar in town (much to the distress of some upperclass.) He managed to outwit Academic fiends, including a Systems Eng. major and the winning of the 4360 Geek Award by drowning sorrows in Scuba, skiing, and away regattas to eventually fly south to the great nesting grounds of northern Florida, blind though he was. Nels spent many hours and much petrol maintaining the electrodes and diodes of the West Va. Connection. Nels(e) perfected his taste for hopps on a grandiose scale.



GEORGE MICHAEL PETRO
Moss, Georgemon

This Western Pennsylvania coal miner hails from Winber (birthplace of Johnny Weismuller). Recruited by the Baltimore Orioles, George saw a better future thirty miles south with the Duffer and arrived at USNA with a mit in one hand and a box of "gobs" in the other. Plebe Summer, he quickly adapted and was soon honored as squad one rack commander. Being the brains of the Triumvirate, he spent many long hours tutoring his remedial roommates. George was often seen in the batting cages with outfield bud, Oscar. Although he won his "N" with two stars, he still found time for company sports. A lightweight on the football field, but certainly not one at Little Campus as he spent many a happy hour drinking two-fors, hassling St. Johnnys, and coming in the backdoor downstairs. George is known for eye-beers, rollies, 896, and chauffeuring sleepy crew dudes to practice. The master of cut-down and a straight shooter, George is a hell of a guy and he leaves the Academy as a six-pack in the case of the best.

DAVID B. PORTER

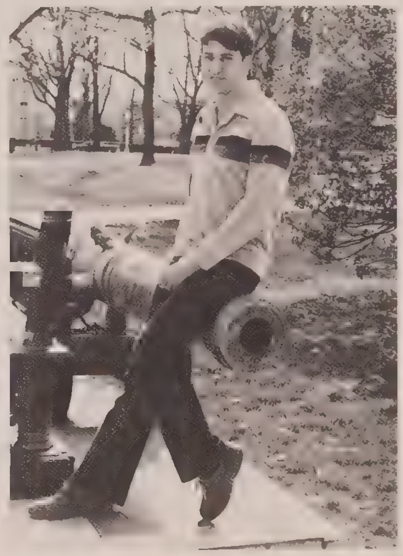
Portly

Dave, known to many as Portly D — , came to USNA from NORTH Chicago. Dave quickly impressed us with his professionalism and interest in aviation — to the extent of drumming up a relationship with a "zoomette." However, after two years of tutoring, from loyal classmates, Dave dropped his zoomette, professionalism, and virtue. When Dave learned that aerospace engineering sunk his chances to be a pilot, he quit studying to ponder future aviation with HULK and BUCK ROGERS. After one year of Varsity Crew, Dave decided weekends in his new MG were more important — although he claimed he no longer enjoyed going ass backwards down a river. Dave likes to keep things in the company, so he took advantage of a '78 grad's sister. However, we won't embarrass him. When Dave's parents moved to nearby Virginia, his house became a home for wayward mids. If Hymie doesn't snag him, Dave hopes to follow in his father's footsteps and enter the P-3 community.

JAMES PATTERSON RANSOM III

Rans, The Kid

The Kid entered USNA from Gales Ferry, Connecticut continuing the family tradition of Academy grads. Quite the wordly person Rans has lived in every corner of the globe from London to Hawaii. A fish in high school he decided after a short burst that drowning for USNA was not the way to go. He switched to the company and became one of the fiercest lineman of 24's lightweight "Blue Wave." A history buff all of his life he came here to enrich his historical knowledge. After a brief stunt in marine engineering and a square root CQPR he was able to switch to his bull major love and soon became tops in his field. From day one Jim was the confidence builder of squad one and the wildmen. This tradition continued as he became the premier Cardinal Puff champ at Little Campus, home of 24's wales-tales kings. The Master one night term paper writer will be remembered for his famous sunken eyes sunken face picture, the Strohs gang, his likable personality, and his ability to help anyone in need. Good luck in Pensacola, Jim.



VICTOR CONRAD SEE, JR

Vic, Oscar

Vic came to USNA fresh from high school and the baseball diamonds of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. We immediately decided there was something unique about him, because he was constantly being followed by a little black cloud. He came to be known as the self-proclaimed Duke of Despair. Vic spent three years on the varsity baseball team under the paternal wing of The Stiffer before he finally decided there was life beyond right field. He then became a standout for company basketball and company lightweight football (after almost killing himself to lose 20 pounds). Vic was also a standout with the Little Campus crowd youngster year, as well as being in charge of some of the best tailgaters ever as a firstie. Vic will be remembered for his Stroh's hat, that attention-grabbing bulletin board in his room (who says Bancroft rooms are unexciting?), his uncanny ability to look pale in mid-summer, and his ability to help anyone anytime with anything (except Engine Math). Good luck with Navy Air, Vic.

WILLIAM GENE SIZEMORE II

"Size"

Bill came to beautiful Crabtown after having lived in such places as California, Florida, and Virginia. Never one to maintain the status quo he pushed everything to the limit: his body, his car, his time, and the administration. He was first in the class to burn a Porsche and buy his imfamous black Z-28. More than once his classmates read about his weekend antics in Salty Sam. He skippered a bunch of misfits to the Brigade championships. He was the Vince Lombardi of the 24th Co Lt Wt's. Any man who can motivate thirteen firsties to lose fifteen pounds apiece has leadership potential. When not being restricted by the vigors of Navy life, Size was rarely found on Navy grounds. Size is best remembered for tackling the seawall vandals, a cockeyed cover, wild parties, running for the bell, and driving down the Ocean City Boardwalk. Rickover willing, Navy Air is getting one of our fearless best.

JOHN PATRICK SPENCER

Spence

Spence came to the Boat School from a speck in the Lincoln state called Metamora. Times were tough that first year as John's inquisitive mind often brought on more problems than it solved. Persistence, however, prevailed and John successfully conquered Plebe Year. Dreams of seeing the "Fleet" were dashed when he was chosen to drive YP's with the girls on Youngster Cruise. Heartbroken at first, John made the best of a tough situation, managing to learn a little about the Navy and at the same time discovered that women midshipmen weren't all that bad. Majoring in math not only allowed Spence to get good grades but it also gave him plenty of time to indulge in scuba, tea parties, wars in wild dungeons, and jam with the D&B in exotic places like Broadway and Bourbon Street. John knew how to pick his women too, but a classmate named Sue hooked him and they'll be facing the altar in June. John's greatest feat had to be putting up with a hardheaded crew jock all four years, for which that roommate will be forever grateful.

CAROL ANN THOMPSON

Brother Rat

Carol came to the Naval Academy from Spartanburg, South Carolina with high hopes of studying aerospace engineering. She gave so many late-night EI sessions that she almost "convinced" her unwilling roommate to take Aero courses. Upon graduation, Carol will furthur pursue Aero at MIT as an EDO. While at USNA, Carol was best known for her voice; antiphonal choir, musicals, and the National Anthem (upon request.) The only other major talent Carol has not coordinated with the Navy so far is her love of horses, which she'll probably manage someday with Brother Rat's help!

1st Row - (left to right) A. SALINDONG, M. HUNTER, R. SIMON, B. PROKOP, T. PADDEN, B. ROWE, V. CASADA, F. LOPEZ, F. KELLY 2nd Row - J. MOSSBRUKER, T. ROWDEN, D. STULTZ, J. SAKAI, K. WHITE, K. BROWNE, J. KRAFTY, M. FORD, R. KAPCIO, J. SOMPLASKY, R. JAMISON 3rd Row - M. QUILLIN, M. SHIELDS, S. NEGUS, G. EISMAN, G. SHERRILL, A. PALOWITCH, R. WATSON, C. COLLINS, W. WILKE, G. DRYHURST

CO CDR - J. ADAMS, seated; CO SUB-CDR - J. RANSOM, back row-left; CAO - R. CLINE, back row-right

RONALD NEIL THOMPSON

Rat

Rat came cross country to the naval academy from Oak Harbor, Wash. Getting his nickname early, because his initials were RNT, Rat saw a major turnaround while at Navy. He managed to struggle through plebe year as a leader in demerits and a loser in academics. Seeing the light soon after though, he became a giver of the gouge and wore stars his remaining three years. Despite his brains, Rat always found time to take life easy. Many an afternoon was spent dozing on the red beach or out at Little Campus slugging down a beer or ten with the boys. His only big weakness was not saving money. After buying new wheels as a youngster, he ended up taking out loans to get himself out of debt. But what the hell? You only live once. Those of us lucky enough to know Rat will never forget him, and Navy Air is getting an excellent man.

JAMES WILLIAM TRUEBLOOD

Truebs

Jim comes from a long line of Naval men. Though he has a Marine brother, Jim was not fit for the Cor plebe summer. As a matter of fact, Jim acquired his talents for drill at several of those early morning E.D. sessions on Dewey. Academically Jim has had many questions, mostly . . . Just what the hell is a Systems major? Light academics helped Jim to get quite an education at some of the areas' other centers for higher learning: Hood, M. Wash, N. Dame, and Goucher. Never has he received any complaints from his "instructor". Jim's love life is rated "G"; just keep him away from the beach. Although a change is possible, Jim has preferred to stay single and unattached. His first love, of course, is his car Margret, but his quest for "old reliable" still continues. It is not a search without pain and Pensacola may prove to the battleground.

A typical Trueblood warrior, thank God that Jim is on our side. Truely a hard working and dedicated man, best wishes always.

CLIFFORD BRUCE VAUGHT

Mumbles, Elton

Cliff trades in his plebe-year temper for aport oar in a crew shell. When he wasn't rowing, Cliff was either studying for his own classes or helping someone else study for theirs. People came from all parts of Bancroft to get Cliff's help. But he only had to go down the hall youngster year to get his E.I. from a plebe fox. It's too bad that he didn't pick up girls as easily as he did diffraction, relativity and perturbation theory. Maybe it was his choice in music. He went from Beethoven to Kiss to Yes to Styx to Genesis and finally about the time he was listening to Dan Fogelberg he found another reason to like Illinois. She was about 5-foot-4 and was his roomie's sister. Finally he came to his senses and decided not to go green and he had already lost too much hair to go Nuke so N.F.O. became his choice. He can fly in my backseat anytime because he is as loyal a friend as I have ever come across. Good Luck Cliff!

CRAIG WALLINGTON

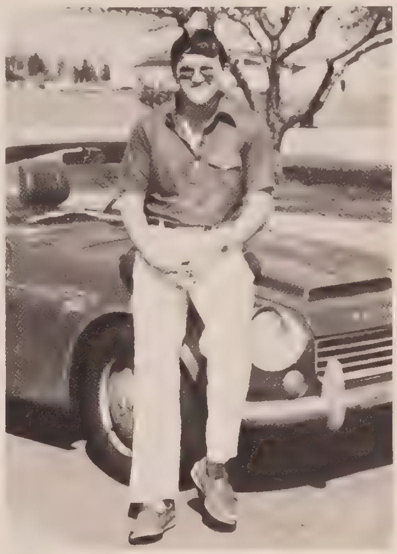
Craig Dude

When Craig left the wilds of Media, Pa. four years ago, he though his stop in Annapolis would just be a short layover on his way to NAS Pensacola. The fun of Plebe Summer quickly killed that notion, but Craig took it all in stride, and soon the 'Man of 1000 Faces', found himself skating through youngster year. Craig's infamous partying ability was tested to the limit that Easter in Cocoa Beach, but he recovered just in time for Protramid. The horros of Second Class year might have been made up for during the Blizzard of '79, but Craig's anticipated long weekend in Georgia ended up a lonely snow bound week right here at the Academy. The great life returned with the summer sun of 1/c summer, and Craig managed to end his 2 months in Hawaii just in time to catch the Pac Norwest road cruise. As he begins to lay plans for Pensacola at last, one thing is certain, Craig and his free-wheeling lifestyle will be sorely missed.

MICHAEL G WEDGE

Wedgie

A backwoodsman from western Mass. Mike ventured out on his own as a young man and finally ended up on the banks of the Severn. Not really knowing what he was getting into, he took on everything with a full head of steam and with stubborness that would become his trademark. Although every adept at not playing a sport season after season, Wedgie managed to stay in shape by chasing a certain blonde friend. Yes, love finally caught up with the "Iron Sledge" in the spring of our youngster year and he'll never be the same again. With the discover of the opposite sex and the aquisition of the "Fire Truck" Wedgie set off to conquer the world and get something that USNA couldn't give him; an education. After graduation, who knows? Possibly NFO or maybe even the Corps. Whatever it is, Mike will put everything he has into it and come out on top.



1st Row - (left to right) G. BERGMAN, R. FAIRCHILD, R. GROSS, D. SMITH, V. MCANENY, R. BIANCHI, V. VILLANUEVA, B. KULICK, M. RACHALL. 2nd Row - A. READEN, J. RUBIN, D. OGRAM, A. MARAOUI, E. SCHENDELL, M. LAVOIE, J. NELSON, D. EVANS, K. HALE, R. WOODS, D. BRADY, M. QUARTIERE, S. SMOLA, D. BARNHURST. 3rd Row - C. SEN, W. MICKLE, M. ALEVIZOS, S. BUCK, J. KORN, L. WILLIAMS, T. BOSTOCK, M. STAPLETON, R. HERZOG, T. CRIGER, W. WEIR.

25

MILTON J. BOUVIER

Mike

Mike Bouvier . . . Mike . . . Bouvs . . . Red Jeep . . . Bouvs is the strong silent type . . . until he gets behind the wheel of his CJ-5. Then this suicidal grin appears on his face, his eyes take on a glassy expression, and 4-wheelin' he goes. Slaloming between trees spending 100 bucks getting unstuck on a Florida scuba trip, achieving two car violations - and 4-wheelin' he goes, usually with his two favorite friends by the name of Jack- Yukon and J.D.- a 4-wheelin' he goes. As honor rep and Scuba President he kept busy. As a friend, he's the best. Just don't waste your time trying to wake him up- The Best Mike Bouvier.

BRIAN EDWARD BURLINGAME

Burls

You could say Burls has done it all during his stay at Navy. From being the best 13th man in the country for the basketball team to being doorman at Fran O'Briens during the summer. Burls never was one to blend in with the crowd, but at 6-7 with red hair it's hard to do. He spent his weekends in a usually successful search for big ears and flat heads. When the weekend ended burl settled down to the rigorous life of the Phy Sci major. Being an L.T.M. man he knew all the strategic yard mail drop locations. Armed with the mail and his programmable calculator, he could ace any test. During his four years at the academy, Burls won the friendship of everyone he met and will always continue to do so. All of his friends wish him good luck in anything and everything he wants to accomplish.

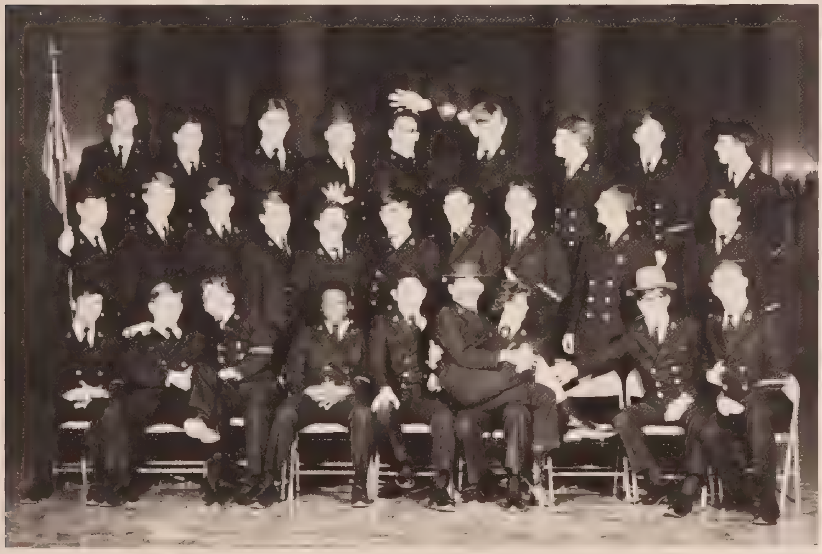
RICHARD SEMMES CARLQUIST

Quisty

This bad boy came to U.S.N.A. just for kicks. However, after a mediocre year on the soccer team, Quist decided rugby was more to his liking. Although his voice was not good enough for the choir, he was often seen singing in the rain at the rugby parties.

"Quistdick", as he is more affectionately called, accumulated a total of 20 demerits while serving his time at the Academy. This is attributed to his uncanny ability to slip out of tight situations. He also learned a few tricks from the Doctor and Papa J., the latter opting to take the early route out donning his dungarees. Although this threesome was together in and out of many escapades, the other two members tallied 75 times as many demos as this soon to be flyboy.

Quist loved and still loves many girls, and women too. This love was enhanced by the fact that his home was closer to the Academy than B.W.I. If he continues to draw the good cards and play them well, his seven year visit to the fleet with be a success.



1st Row - (left to right) N. LITTAUA, J. VESS, R. ELLIOTT, D. RICKS, G. IMAI, N. TAYLOR, P. LASELL, D. HARRISON, K. ROHLFING 2nd Row - J. JONES, B. JETT, J. HAFEY, T. DOYLE, R. GARCIA, J. NAULT, J. GREENE, T. YAVORSKI, R. ALMETER, G. BASIL 3rd Row - P. WEHR, W. ARMSTRONG, D. WOODS, K. LEWKO, G. DOUGHERTY, F. REITZEL, G. DENKLER, M. RODGERS, J. KELLY

MARK L CROOK

The Doctor

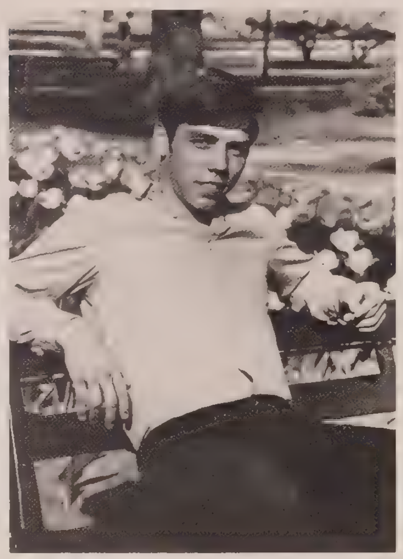
"THE DOCTOR" - a free wheelin', free spirited dealer from Springfield VA . . . Mark's a man who likes to live by his own rules even though it sometimes cost him his "A" in conduct. He came to the Academy as a cross country runner and although he no longer runs for Navy we still cheered him on as he wins and loses races with jimmy legs and O.D.'s.

If you had the Shnook watch during the day you might find Mark catching up on some sleep in class or telling a story about last weekend - "Hey, it was the Greatest!" But once the sun goes down look out, Frisky heads for the nearest party or starts one himself. Don't forget to stop off at W.C.D.E. on the way back and put a new high on the Space invaders. Mark enjoys being at the Academy so much he decided to spend a whole summer here as a member of the Bad Boys Club. Road trips to see H.B.T. or out to the Sandbar for some detening rock and roll parties helped to break up the monotony. Crookster is a one of a kind and has helped to keep us sane while living at Bancroft.

CHARLES R. GILBERT

Gibby

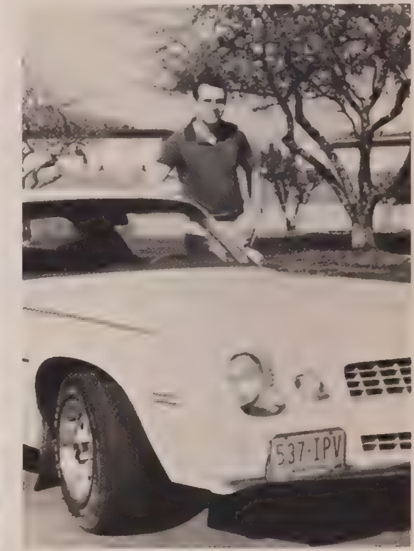
With a lacrosse stick in hand, Chuck came to the four year U.S.N.A. summer camp to improve his game. However, little did he realize that meager hindrances such as academics would impede his progress. Often known as a pragmatic man, "Gibby" chose and completed his major in history by a process of elimination. A stalwart in the art of partying, Chuck was never known to let academics get in the way of his education. His uncanny flair for living life in the fast lane can be seen from his sporty MG, his black "N", and his yearn for flying. Chuck will always be remembered as a well-mannered and engaging man who has earned the respect and friendship of all those around him.



DALE RICHARD GORDINEER

Gordy

Dale came to the USNA after being a B.T. aboard the USS Kennedy and spending a year at NAPS. His antics as one of the boys, his overly-sensitive nature, and his keen good looks soon earned him the affectionate nickname of the Road Runner's best friend. Gordy is always in there swinging. A white Camaro and a girl at Hood are all that is required to keep our boy happy. Dale, a physics major and a natural candidate for the draft, fooled everybody by volunteering to be one of Hymie's boys. His reason? There is no place to run the mile on a submarine. Fondest wishes Gordy and God bless.



JAY A. GUTZLER

Gutz

Jay came to us from the Lone Star State of Texas, which mothered the prettiest girls in the Union, the best football teams in the country, and the best beer brewed, but then he always was good at slinging it. Though Jay was an academic genius, he, unlike most of his breed, was never one to be drifting in the upper stratosphere (right "paperboy"?). Almost everyone thought of Jay as the quiet, shy type, except for those who knew him. Never one to be outdone at a mess night or Army, he earned the dubious title "Set 'Em Up Gutz". Gutz had no drawbacks about helping someone blind to mathematics, helping someone in financial distress or helping himself to your last "Q". Jay, we wish you the best of luck as a back-seater, but more luck to the poor guy in the front seat.

DEREK HANS HESSE

Dirk, D-Man, Doctor

Coming to us from sunny Florida, Derek brought with him a sharp mind and a strong drive for academic excellence. It is not every plebe who has firsties pleading with him for help with their math. An unbelievable "neck" plebe year, Dirk found a certain brown-eyed girl the following year, effectively putting an end to his weekends with Hilbert and Descartes. A man of varied interests, Dirk enjoys research work, 2 AM trips to Mister Donut, and four-wheeling cornfields in what everyone else considers a street machine. We hope Uncle Hymie realizes what a good deal he's getting, as "D" will be sorely missed by all of us who know him as a true friend and source of the Living Gouge.

DONALD EDWARD JONES, JR.

Jonesy

Don found himself in Annapolis after a wild year at NAPS. He came here searching for he didn't know what and leaves with much more than he ever expected to find. An attractive local kindergarten teacher and an omniscient, personal God both gained his love and both will remain with him after graduation. Jonesy dedicated his time to Navy by being a big blue football dummy his plebe year, blocking punches with his face in battalion boxing, and studying the insides of his eyelids more than his books. Always the different one, Don went for an interservice transfer into the Air Force. He never did get over his aversion to boats and swimming. Good luck and best wishes to him.

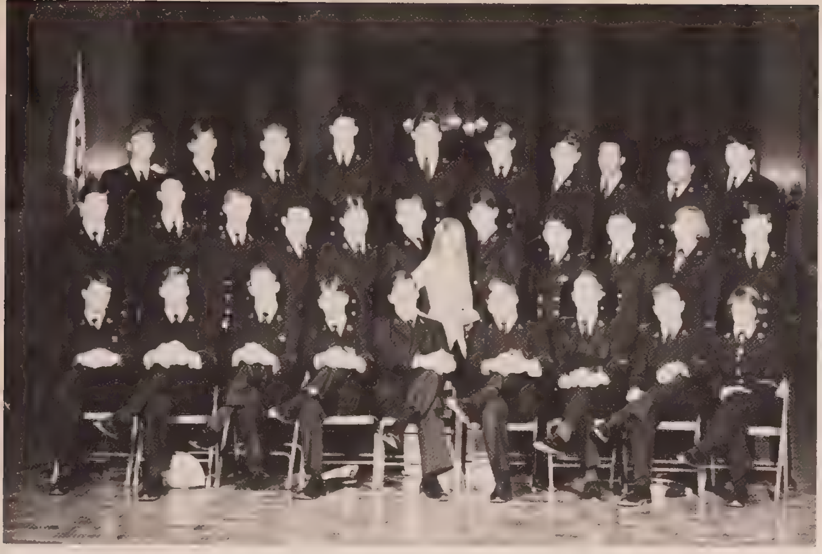
JANET FLORENCE KOTOVSKY

After arriving from Las Cruces, N.M. and finding that USNA was not UNM, Janet found her niche in a sailboat. She stayed there for two years and then decided that there was a finer thing in life: running. And run she did! Second class year even found her in a marathon. Unfortunately, being a non-sailor also found her on the parade field, but Janet learned like the rest of us to grin and bear it. Summer cruises were always fun for Janet. Youngster cruise pretty solidly convinced her that surface line wasn't all that fine. She did, however, gain a good appreciation of the British Navy and its members that summer. First class cruise and the "Lady Lex" nearly changed her mind with the thrill and excitement of air ops and being underway. Unfortunately for the surface community, Janet is going to put her management major knowledge to use and become a member of the Supply Corps. May she have fair winds and following seas wherever the future will lead her!

DAVID K. MILLER

Deke

To know Deke when he arrived at the Naval Academy and then meet him again at graduation was to know two different people. Deke packed up for the Academy from Oklahoma City, stopping for a year pit stop in Newport R.I. Naps was for Deke though a great year because it was there he met his "dream girl". The picture of D.K. Miller as a plebe then was a mellow, quiet, one woman man who chose Systems Engineering as his academic challenge. But then came the metamorphisis. By the time youngster year was half over, the dream girl had faded and Deke the "lady's man" emerged. As for being a mellow person if you walked into a crowded party and D.K. was there, you could find him by following the loud voice coming from near the keg and always with a beer in one hand and a girl in the other. Yes, it will be hard to forget about the mellow boy from Oklahoma. I wish him good luck in his Aviation Career though I know if he treats his plane like his women, he can't help but be a success.



1st Row - (left to right) P. PATCH, R. ROUNTREE, J. WEBB, M. STUART, J. CARSON, W. DAWSON, B. LINDSEY, K. KEARNES, J. REEVES 2nd Row - D. CROTHERS, F. FRANKLIN, J. CAMPBELL, B. KYLLO, M. OVERBY, E. DACHOWSKI, C. GAIL, W. COGAN, G. TRACY, W. SAMOLUK, J. POWELL, R. GREENE 3rd Row - F. BYERS, R. IVES, F. BOURASSA, B. OFRIEL, K. BORING, S. JUNG, K. KUNKEL, V. MALONE, V. HAYES, W. MEIER

CO CDR - J. O'HARA, seated; CO SUB-CDR - D. MILLER, back row - left; CAO - M. BOUVIER, back row - right

GREGORY ROBERT MONSON

Greg

Greg came to USNA fresh out of Ephrata High School and showed us how they play football in Washington by his outstanding playing on the brigade champion team for three years. In the academic field Greg was known for his amazing second wind at finals. Greg holds the record for putting more mileage on his car before he bought it than he did in the following five months. As a partier, Greg was known to enjoy his drinks, so much so that on occasion he saw the same drink twice.

JEFFREY JOHN MUNSON

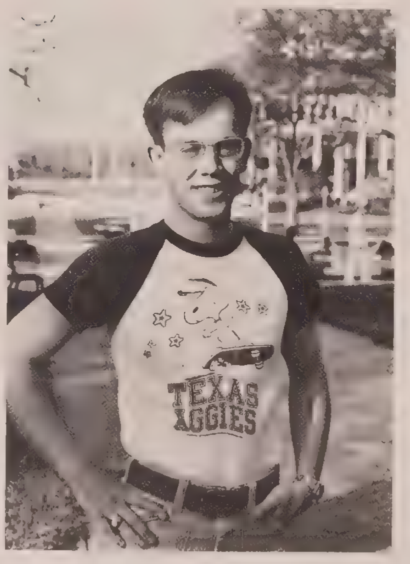
J.J.

J.J. comes to us at the Lucky Duck School as one of the few people who are really from Newport. As a Navy Junior, J.J. caught on quickly and soon learned never let academics get in the way of having a good time. An ex-E.E. major, he saw the light during Youngster year and soon joined the space warp of a Physics major. In addition, music was his first love, which explains his membership in the Pep Band and Trident Brass. Foremost of all was WRNV, where he became Chief Engineer Youngster year, and took no time in moving the command post to EZ25. He spent many sleepless nights and countless hours rebuilding the station, and has provided the bulk of the wit for the wild, madcap comedy of the zany "Studio C" series that has thrilled us mids and horrified the Administration. Spending First Class cruise on a Boomer convinced him Nuke Power was the only way to go, and Surface Line the only way to do it. Fair Winds and Following Seas to an old and dear friend. God Bless You, Jeff.

JAMES CLIFTON NANCE

Jimbo

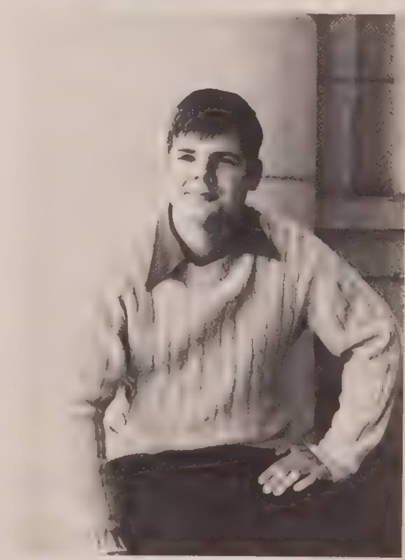
Jimbo came to Canoe U. from a little town known as College Station Texas. He left his mark on the company. A man of strict moral convictions he was a saint among his swearing more decadent classmates. Stuck with the most unpopular billet of the set, he none-the-less retained his reputation for generosity, treating his classmates to any good deal at his disposal. A hard fight through NUKE school is next for this one. But, with Jimbo we have no doubt of the outcome.



JOHN FRANCIS O'HARA, JR.

Jasper

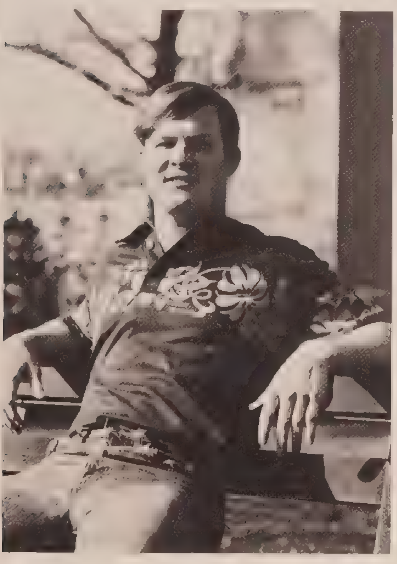
"Racksimus maximus" was John's motto at Canoe U. His philosophy toward studies was "well rested, well tested", evidently it worked. On the field ball field John gave his all as team captain, especially his shoulder, his finger, etc. John was highly respected for how clean he kept his room, but gained even more respect when he introduced his five lovely sisters to his "friends". As an oceanographer, John studied many strange creatures, however Esmerelda's Hipponocerus intrigued John the most. John organized many social gatherings, from "geek" softball to tail-gaters, even "come-around with a friend, forever" parties. John found new freedom when he joined the 25th company RX-7 club. Now this "fun-lovin' " guy is headed for the skies, and the sky is the limit for John. We all wish him good-luck.



JAMES S. ROBERTS

Jim

Jim came to the Academy from sunny Anaheim California. He was a typical Californian, mellow and kicked back. As a bright spot for Coach Peery, Jim logged two years with the Varsity Wrestling team. However, he thought eating and studying were more important so He gave up Varsity Wrestling to join the Varsity Rack team. Mellowed out one night at the Academy golf course, Jim found out why the Marines are known for their aggressive land attacks. An Econ Major He figured the most economical car would be no car at all. This however never stopped Jim from taking road trips to Hood or U.V.A. where His presence will not soon be forgotten. With hopes for Navy Air dancing in his mind the best place to look for him will be up, which if He continues to be the way He is, is the direction He will always have in life.



KATHY J. SHANEBROOK

Kathy

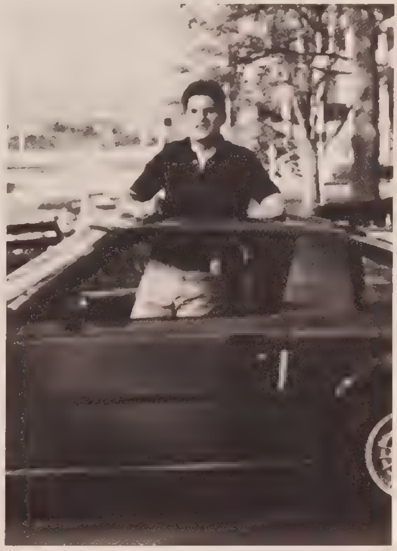
Shaney, originally from the corn fields of Illinois, had already "experienced" the Navy Prior to July 6, 1976. After enjoying two years of California party life, she was not about to let USNA cramp her lifestyle in her never-ending pursuit for a good time. The Drum & Bugle Corps will never be the same, nor will the D & B parties! Second class year found Kathy the proud owner of some shiny new metal — tin for her teeth and a Fiat Spyder convertible to take her to even more parties.

Originally convinced that Surface Line was indeed mighty fine, she is now having some second thoughts as to her future as a boat driver and is contemplating a career in geophysics. A good friend to all, we wish Kathy the best of luck in whatever she chooses.

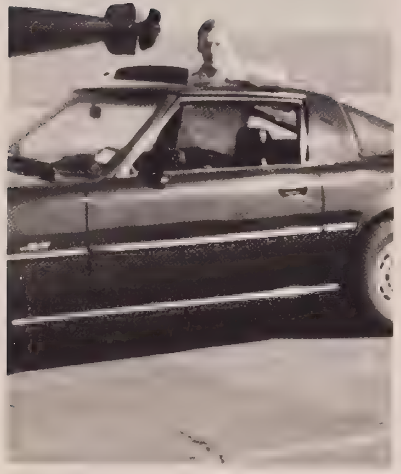
VINCENT JOSEPH ANTHONY SODD JR.

VJ

VJ showed up from Cincinnati a devout Catholic, and he's been staggering up to the choir loft at an ungodly hour every Sunday since. A terror on the intramural field, he played rugby, but first and foremost, 5th Batt Football — eventually coaching the team. Even though his feet left the ground on occasion, we all knew the drift could be counted on to help organize company activities, or play tunes for us over WRNV. Finally first class year he had the Sodd Squad, with its infamous 'Joke-Day', and even got so tired of borrowing his roommate's car that he became the Vice-Pres. of the EASY TWO-FIVE RX-7 Club where he was placed in charge of the brake-pumping department. Although originally a straight surface liner type, it looks like this Naval Architect studied hard so he could be caught by the nuclear glow first, . . . and the sun in Orlando.



1st Row - (left to right) - M. BEALL, J. SOUTH, D. WALTER, L. MOLLOY, M. EDDY, R. RUBIN, M. DAVIS, T. SEIBERT, J. ROWLAND. 2nd Row - J. KING, C. BROWN, D. BARTHOLOMEW, B. VOIGT, K. JONES, J. EBERT, S. WU, P. PROTACIO, D. BROOKS, K. McCARTHY, C. CONNERS, P. KIRWAN, K. PETERSON, D. PEARSON, M. LESTER. 3rd Row - W. STEVENS, W. HICKS, J. GIESSNER, G. REEVES, J. BUTLER, D. HAHNE, C. KELLY, A. DUNN, D. SMITH, J. MILLER, M. EDMONDSON, T. CARRIGAN, K. HEIMERL.



KEVIN PATRICK SULLIVAN

Sully

Sully has been a real so and so from way back. A Texan by birth Kev did alot of traveling around before coming to call Hyde Park, NY home. Sully's flaming red hair and quick, if not perverse wit have been his trademarks. As an aero major, Kev has spent many a hour deep in the caverns of Rickover and also battling our friend the computer. Despite this, Sully has found time to be a real dynamo in company sports, the bowling team, and to arrange First Class bowling on Tuesday nights. First Class year also found Kev wanting to trade in his trusty Toyota for a real car. His search found the right dealer, some like thinking classmates, and the 25 Co. RX-7 club was born. Battling good grades, Sully beat the draft and will soon be with his first love, flying. Fair winds and following seas to the craziest redhead ever to grace the hallowed muster boards of Easy Two-Five.

BYRON PAUL TROP

Fish missed his turn off I-85 to Duke and ended up dazed and confused at USNA. As soon as he found the pool life began to straighten out and Byron commenced to skate through Plebe Year earning an n-star a school record and a 3.8 sqpr. Freshman year was not all roses though as Fish jumped one too many times and cost the Banana River Boys their only loss. He made up for it though by giving all he had (hair included) in the Boy's swamping of Army. Youngster year found the fish trying to flip turn back to Duke, but he got DQed on the way, so he settled down to spend his remaining time at Norman Scott Natatorium.

If it weren't for T-tables and the Grateful Dead Byron probably wouldn't have made it through.

Some times the lights are all shining on me other times I can barely see. Lately it occurs to me what a long strange trip its been.

ANTHONY VANARIA IV

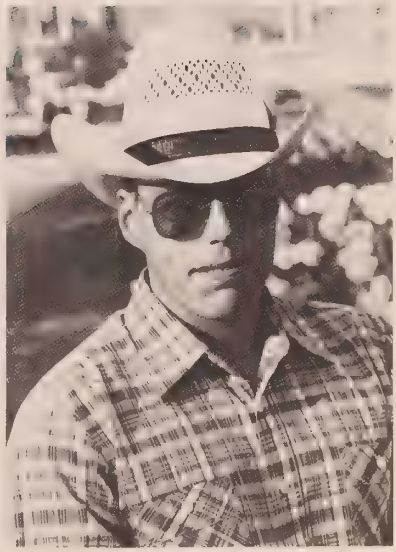
Tony

Tony, a Napster's Napster, who came here to become the heart and soul of Easy-Two-Five, could always be counted on to be organizing the Christmas parties, Mess nights, picnics, and Friday night T&T runs for the entire company, when he wasn't tooting away on the 'Bone for Trident Brass. The Plebes will remember him as "Uncle Tony," but we'll remember this Boston Mafioso for either checking up on the Bosox, or for studying at his desk. With his "Cah" (car) he showed his classmates the light on the RX-7. Now he's screaming "F-4's Forever," and we wish him luck!

RICHARD LEE WADDEL

Rich, Waddle, Wads

Rich came to USNA from somewhere in Idaho (oh yeah, Boise) Waddle (as in duck) had no trouble with plebe summer, learning the meaning of the word bilge the first day. Ac Year, Rich chose Poly Sci and began a four year love affair with Nimitz Library. Poly Sci gave Rich good grades and time to run and run ad nauseum, sometimes literally. He took his running seriously enough to enter, and do well in, several marathons, some the day after the Army-Navy game. Something about going back to nature through pain. Navy didn't have an outdoors masochism club, so Rich joined Orienteering. Academically, Rich was a 3.4 student (who couldn't spell, pronounce, or remember meanings of words. Poly Sci, QPR high!) Socially, he was another story. After a Hood girl, a Midette, and a Woopette, he's looking for a Zoomette to complete the set. Fly high as a Navy NFO Rich.



STANLEY HUGH WATKINS

Stan

Stan (The Man) Watkins came to Navy straight from the heart of the South - the land of pickup trucks with shotgun racks, John Deere hats, and of course, gentlemen with a flair for living. His talents were many; his four year sentence did little to sway his search for the essences of life. As his ambitions were to own a Texas ranch and a tavern, he soon realized that floating on a boat was a bit out of style, and so joined the boys in green. Stan had few troubles with Canoe U; many a night he could be seen mellowed out with tunes in the air and Car&Driver in hand. As a firm believer in law and order, "The Enforcer" felt that most problems could best be solved with both barrels of a 12 - gauge. Known to his friends as the Crazy Man, Stan came alive on weekends by leaving rubber tracks out Gate 8 in his fire-red Trans Am decked out in Stetson and boots, T-tops down. If you should hear him off in the distance someday, red-lined, give him a tip of your hat - he's a rare individual that keeps us all going.

26

LEANDER DALE BARNHILL

Lovin Lee

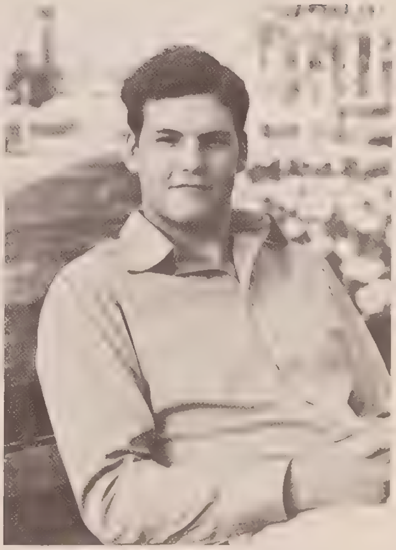
Lee came to USNA a high school superstar after a two week career in the Air Force as a Dooley. He attacked plebe year with mixed emotions, but got off to a fine start. Apprehensive about an engineering major, Lee chose poly-sci and a true "bull" major he became. With the coming of youngster year libs, Lee went wild, and there was no stopping him. He earned the nickname "lovin Lee" by going through dozens of girls each year. His ladies continuously kept the Main-O switchboard busy receiving calls from every city Lee had ventured to in his travels with Glee Club, Airborne, and away sporting events. Lee's excellent voice saw action with the choir, Glee Club, and the "Deviations", (Variations). We seldom saw him in the evening he was always singing (but in D.C.??). with the coming of first class year Lee slowed a bit. Was he out of gas, or had one lady trapped this wild tiger. Lee has decided the Corps is for him, and "Lovin Lee" is sure to make it big wherever he goes.

CHRISTOPHER CHARLES BAYACK

Chris came to USNA from a small town in Kansas. Not one to let anything like that hold him back he dove into life here with full vigor. He became an avid defender of the midwest and Big 8 football. Not big enough to make the football team himself, he did the next best thing, he starved himself down to the 150's weight and played there for 2 years. As a hard working M.E. major Chris could always be found in the library during study hour. Never one to let the profs get the better of him, he always somehow pulled his grades out over finals. In company, he is best known for being the company's biggest beater. He never beat us over the head with his bible, but was always there, strong in his faith, when he was needed. In his 1/C year he led the company fellowship. He finally got himself a girlfriend and even though he says no, we expect to see him walking down the aisle sooner or later. Not knowing what he wants to do for service selection we wish him fair seas and following winds wherever he goes.

JORDAN W. CASSELL

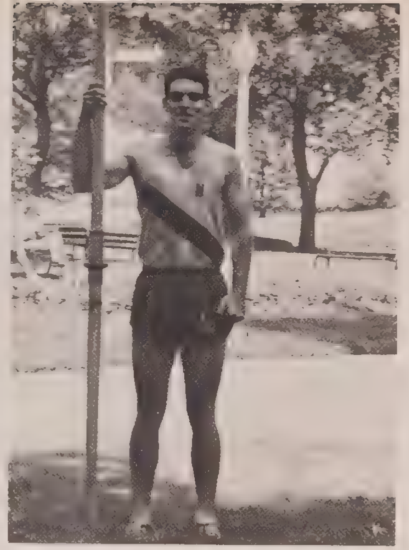
We don't know why anyone would leave his California lifestyle for gray USNA, but that Jordan did. Second class year we saw Jordan as the XO of a yawl, helping turn a rabble of inexperienced landlubbers into a crew of winning sailors. First class year we saw him as the skipper of the fastest yawl the academy could put on the water. His appreciation of fine lines and the sea led him to Naval Architecture. More than once we saw Jordan coming back from Ward Hall, hands raised above his head, clutching a stack of printouts and shouting: "It floats!" Long after his roomates turned in, one could pop his head into the room and find Jordan designing the future ships of our Navy. Jordan has found the living Jesus Christ to be the answer to life's seemingly unanswerable questions. After graduation, he will continue to serve God and country never forgetting the Commissions he has received from both. To this you were called, because Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his footsteps. I Peter 2:21.



EDWARD L. DEMPSEY

Demps

He was known as Dward, Berg, Demps, Ed, and to our favorite fun-loving firsties of '77-Fat Eddy. All the way from California, to Jersey (birthplace of his decadent vocabulary) and finally to Manassas, Virginia, Demps rolled in for Plebe Summer with an easy going, happy-go-lucky attitude, a trait that was to remain throughout his four year stay. During the night, if you're looking for Second Set's Company Commander, just look in the wardroom, where he can be found glued to the boob tube. This really set the example for all those other struggling mechanical engineers. But then everybody knows how much Rickover discourages his students from studying. On the weekends Demps won't be found. For as soon as classes end, Ed is flying down 301 to Williamsburg to stay with the "wife". Poor Demps, the only lucky (?) guy in the company to find himself hooked when time came for leaving the Boat School. From the staff of Hotel 4152 and the workers of the Mello Bordello, Good Luck and Best Wishes!



FREDERICK RAYMOND GRIGGS III

Moose

Ray is the amazing Renaissance man. In search of leadership and knowledge Ray migrated east from the mountains of Colorado to roost on the banks of the Severn for a few years. Being slightly larger than a bull "moose" he found it impossible to keep a low profile and so set out to make a name for himself. Plebe year saw him rowing and running, rowing and running — as did Youngster year, Second class year, and First class year. Between manning the sliding seat of Navy's first eight, writing to women pen pals behind the Iron Curtain and below the equator in their native tongues, and subscribing to half a dozen "Mother Earth" magazines which he never paid for, he made his presence felt. Oh yes, he traveled on three continents and left nothing to hide on top of the Sugar Loaf. He majored in Marine Engineering and thus plans to go Marines. In whatever clime, this antlered youth shall always find time to smell life's roses.

PEYTON THOMAS GASKILL

Pete

He's been called Sandblower, P. T. Bimbo, Bo, Drant, Rod, Raskill, sometimes Pete, but rarely Peyton. He's a jack-of-all trades/vices: hockey, swimming, hang-gliding, scuba, karate, skiing (slopes, plains, and water), painting Tecumseh, printing posters, decorating cakes (he was the President of the Brigade Art and Printing Club), and partying, and partying, and . . . Peyton has remained constant in two important aspects, however: 1) his pride in that wasteland called Montana and 2) his desire to be one of the few and the proud in the Marine Corps.

PETER S. JEROME

Pete

Pete was born with an obsession for wings and a profound belief that Patuxent River was the garden of eden. Although the partying was good at Boston College, Pete packed up his bags after one year and entered the fantasy world of mother "B" to fulfill his lifetime dream. Pete learned alot about wine, women, and song in that one year at B.C. and put it to good use when he wasn't trying to pass cables. Weekends always found Pete flying high in his TR6 (acquired youngster year), flying low in the flying club's planes (acquired second class year), or flying very low at Weems Creek tavern (every year). A down to earth rock 'n roller and bad boy, Pete will be a damn good wing man (especially if he can find an F-14 with a cassette deck and Bruce Springsteen). Navy Air may never be the same.

MARK STEPHEN KACZMAREK

Kaz, Ru

Ru, Ears, Kaz, Polock, and Mark; all the same person who came to USNA from nearby Fairfax, Virginia. When we first saw him we said to one another, "what the hell is that?" We soon found out and everyone became good friends. Having selected Systems Engineering as a major Mark did not have much free time. When he did, you could often find him printing posters or painting Tecumseh for the Brigade Art & Printing Club or playing company sports. Mark often thought his rack a comfortable place to study - sometimes (many times) it got to be too comfortable and he studied by osmosis. He has recently been screened for post graduation radiation treatment and should be spending his career in a sewer pipe. In all seriousness though, Mark has been a hard worker and doesn't give up until the task is completed. He was once one of the company "dirtballs" but later became one of its leaders while others fell by the wayside. Mark has always remained constant to his ideals.

MICHAEL JOHN KANE

Capt. 40

Mike spent his entire four years at the Academy proving that sweating and geekdom were not prerequisites for stripes, the Supe's List, and the Dant's List. Tagged "Capt. 40" after three consecutive 4.0's, Mike did his best to destroy that image by dropping to 3.8's and investing in hydroplaning automobiles. Many owe their SAT QPR's to Mike's hours of tutoring and blackboard gouge sessions. First Class year found him leading the herd of Marching Moose in the P-rades, Tailgaters, and Mess Night. Never one to pass up a good time, he could always be found learning four weeks of material between lunch and the bell for a fifth period test. After long "Sandbar" nights and many stacks of cups, Mike was always available for individual observation and to lead the "Yahooey" cheers.

Mike takes his good humor, quick wit, and ability to find everything intuitively obvious to Navy Air for what looks to be a glorious career in the friendly skies.

DOUGLAS ERIC LEIVONEN

Levinmoose

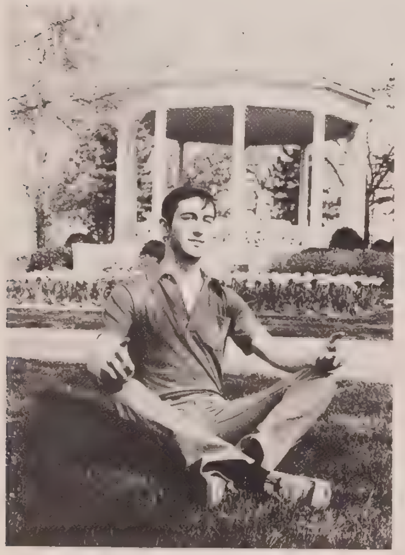
Doug came to Crabtown from the sun and surf of Southern California . . . a few times he almost went back. Doug carried on and often gave his advisor, profs, and company officer academic heart failure, only to pull it out by semester's end. "Where's Rip?" - "Rip Van Leivoneen, torn between a relaxed nature and a desire to pass, claims to have logged the most rack hours AND pulled the most all niters at the Hybrid Lab in the same semester. Doug never really gave the regs much thought - he obeyed most out of habit and self control - but who in 26 will ever forget the gate crashing adventures of midshipman 3/c "Steve McQueen Leivoneen?" Seriously, Doug's easy going style won him the friendship of many here at the Academy. Although often thought to exist somewhere between the stratosphere & ionosphere, those who knew him well knew he had his feet planted firmly on the ground. We all wish him the best as he straps on a hot Navy jet along with the best, those hot Naval Aviators.

GREG MILLER

At last count Greg came to Annapolis from sunny Satellite Beach, FA With a blonde under one arm and a basketball under the other, he was all set for AERO. Never one to let academics get him down he could always be found at Weems. It didn't take long for his blue eyes to win over the local girls and Greg was never very particular in who he used and abused, Hey, why should they be spared from being "MILLERED". Weekends, in fact weeknights, this BAD BOY can be found cruising at the speed of light in his red ZX. If you see him though you had better watch out for those Miller ponies flying out of his sunroof. Never one to lose a bet, he will soon meet his demise when he hands over $50! Good luck Greg, hope to see you up in the wild blue yonder!!!!!!!!

1st Row - (left to right) M. BRIGDEN, C. CHURCH, A. HUBAL, P. SEIDEL, K. HARNESS, S. JAWORSKI, D. BRUCE, S. BROWN, M. MULLIGAN 2nd Row - D. WESSING, J. BURKE, D. JACKSON, L. GOFF, J. BRANDT, S. COLON, C. JONES, E. MENGER, J. CLAY, G. EIDE, V. MAGUIRE, V. SMARJESSE 3rd Row - D. FISH, K. SPIRO, D. MANSKI, R. WHITE, MAA JONES, O. NIEMAN, B. SALMON, M. STANKUS, M. SCHULTZ, J. GONZALES

1st Row - (left to right) S. LAZUN, T. ALLIS, R. ARMKNECHT, G. COOK, D. SLOWIKOWSKI, M. SNYDER, C. SEGURA, R. DELOACH, R. UNGARO 2nd Row - J. McCLAIN, C. WHALLEY, S. DAHLQUIST, L. D'AUENIA, R. DELONG, J. GALLO, D. DITTMER, J. BELL, B. DAVIS, S. BROWN, C. SCHULZ 3rd Row - T. McGRAW, D. BAUDHUIN, J. COATNEY, D. PARROTT, H. WYKOFF, D. KOWAISKI, J. SANDERS, M. JACKSON, J. RICHAROSON



ROBERT KING MORRIS

Bert

"Give me a condor's quill. Give me Vesuvius's crater for an ink stand" Nightly one could hear such exclamations from Bob's room as he prepared to write. "To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme." Bob's themes varied widely, from lost loves in South America to newly discovered enemies in the Middle East. Bob has truly proved himself to be a disciple of Kissinger. He has successfully managed to balance himself between a Macedonian princess and a Goteburg coed while keeping his hands warm in internal affairs at a local women's college. Whatever Bob does he likes to make it international in scope. Not being one to dwell on past mistakes Bob managed to visit Europe and South America while here at USNA, all at the Navy's expense. Bob has made a name for himself as our resident expert in foreign affairs. Bob has decided to view the world from a deeper perspective for the next five years but one day we can expect to see him traveling the Autobahn in his Mercedes towards the Frankfurt Bourse.

ROBERT JAMES MULLARKEY, JR.

Bob

Bob came to the Academy from Dallas, Texas. As a plebe, he had aspirations of stardom on Navy's football team but decided after one year that he was tired of it all and put down the ball for his books. As a retired jock, Bob had his hands full trying to kill the old stereotype of all brawn and no brains. After a close call with the Axe Board, He buckled down and eventually ended up on the 'Dant's and Supe's lists. Bob had only one problem while he was here and it was that man in the trench coat who would sneak into his room everyday with a hurricane. His moral character was tested early as he was the sweetheart of a Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader. Bob, not being one to make hasty decisions, decided to check out other cities to see what they had to offer . . . he is now the USNA resident expert on the N.Y. Jets and Baltimore Colts Cheerleaders. Highly regarded and well liked by all, Bob saw the glow of Nuclear Power and decided that Surface Line would suit him just fine.

MICHAEL W. MUNDAY

Mike

Mike came to USNA hard working and ambitious; however, he eventually came to his senses and learned how to maximize output while minimizing input academically. Weekends usually found Mike getting wet with the Scuba Club, qual diving in the quarry, or doing something equally aquatic. When he wasn't sleeping or diving, (which was hardly ever) Mike could be found working on his van. After getting into a real "Holocaust" Second class year Mike realized how much he loved electrical engineering. So much in fact, that he decided to take the course over again. Mike's ambition is to become a Navy diver and if the Nuke's don't get him, he soon will be swimming with the big boys.

DANIEL IRA NYLEN

Regardless what you thought of Dan you had to admire him for the stands he took. This workaholic of 26th company came to us from nearby D.C. and it was soon evident that he was a true-blue competitor. Never one to waver in the face of opposition, Dan could manage a smile even when being carried out, taken water-skiing, or a victim of a terrorist mob, namely, each respective year's plebes. Loyalty of USNA was a virtue of Dan and it was characterized by the fact that he had the MHP memorized — completely! His mental prowess carried over into other areas. Breezing through physics with a 3.5, Dan could often be found in somebody else's room giving EI, defending Adm. Rickover, or shooting the breeze. This man takes with him many things. Besides stripes, grades, and whatever, Dan developed a strong personal faith which should be one of his more valuable assets. Dan leaves only to get married as soon as his hat comes down and then to Orlando where pride runs deep.

SEAN FRANCIS O'BRANSKI

Mophead

Sean, alias Mophead, came to us with a year of college partying experience at Cortland State, N.Y.. He soon came to the realization however, that he required a more serious institution of learning so Sean packed up his lax stick and spikes and strolled in the gates of Canoe U. During his second freshman year, Sean drank and drove himself right into restriction, marching, and the wrath of his dear squad leader Jim Bo. Youngster year saw the crazy one terrorizing the local female colleges with his one and only true love - that gorgeous blue Z. Shoving Sean's second love on his finger (his class ring) the following year, convinced our Mophead that he could endure anything - even the Summer of 79 (it was the worst of times, it was the best of times). Swimming in the harbor in November is nothing for our quarters champ, by the way, how was that shower? Sean is heading for the blue bad boy skies (and less $50) and we all wish him the very best! Yo Sean, do you like the Cars???

CO CDR - E. DEMPSEY, seated; CO SUB-CDR - C. TINDAL, back row - left; CAO - M. MUNDAY, back row - right

JEROME THOMAS RANDALL

Jerry

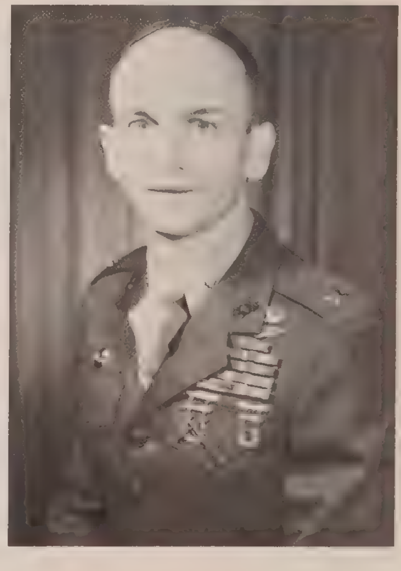
You know him as Renegade, J.T., Sworm, Wasto, Jerome, and occasionally Jerry. After a year at prep school he made the long trip to USNA from beautiful downtown Colestrip; Montana. He brought with him stories from sheep to kangarooes, Montana to Australia, and a few in between. His career started in the Hog squad and he has just recently followed the example of the head Hog right into the Corps, where he is going to fly green. He can be found any time, day or night either at the fieldhouse pushing around the weights or asleep in "the gym." His awards include, flamer of the summer (1st set), most feared segundo, charter member of "the gym" and acting president. If you ever see him cruising in his baby blue mustang (the bomb) be sure to give him my best always.

CALVIN MUNRO SHINTANI

Cal came to us from West Texas and never let us forget it. As soon as he arrived, he began asserting himself both academically and musically. An English major who wanted to be one of Rickover's boys, Cal applied himself not only to English, but to those hideous engineering courses too. Grades weren't the only area in which he excelled, Cal took to the Drum and Bugle Corp and became its commander his First class year. He was also involved in pep band and Trident Brass. Cal Shintani epitomized the word Midshipman; he had everything, brains, talent, and above all the desire to be the best person he could be. After all is said and done, Cal was more: he was a friend.

BURNEY ENTZMINGER SMITH JR.

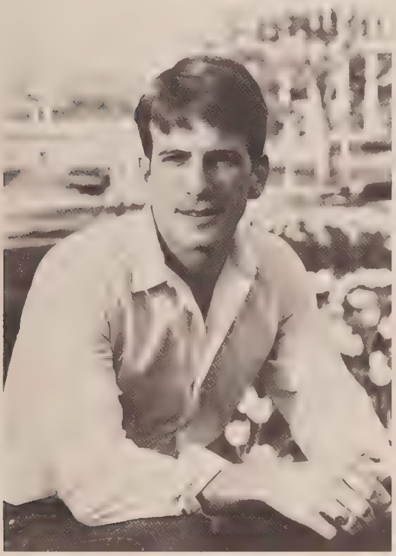
Burney E. from D.C., the die hard 'skins fan, was a master at the art of all nighters and term papers. With an incredible knack for computers and fast talking, he managed to schedule an entire year of complete youngster afternoons. In P.E. Burney was captain of sub-squad swimming and champion of the o'course. This salty ex-nuke's prior enlisted training and experience aided the company to excel in marching and saved countless numbers of mids from glowing in the dark. Burney is also honored to have been the first in the company to letter - at the cost of two months restriction. This silver tongued devil could charm the phone number out of any woman. If financial assistance was necessary for a date, there was always some young student nearby to learn a lesson in the art of bowling or pool - which Burney is expert. Overall, Burney's easy going style and determination will be welcomed in the flying community. Yes Burney chose to be as far away from the water as possible. To the NFO - fair winds and clear skies!



HAROLD CLINTON STODDARD

Hal

This is the only firstie that I know of that has to call home before every leave period to see where home is. His parents have been transferred more times than he has changed squads. Presently living in Memphis, he's lived in some all time favorites as, Charleston, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Taiwan. He's got more albums than the nukes can draft. This navy brat has nearly been excommunicated from home for deciding on the Corps and hopes to be in Pensacola a week before the Devil knows he's done with TBS. If you ever see him blow by in his Z-28 wave for me and remind him that he'll always have a friend in the world.



CHRISTOPHER HERBERT TINDAL

Christopherbertindal

Whether you knew him as Muster, Pherb, Herbert, or Christopherbertindal, Chris has been a friend to all. Coming from Mobile, Alabama, Chris knew next to nothing about the Navy, except that the U.S.S. Alabama is tied up in Mobile, and that Admiral Farragut said something famous there once (Damn the mosquitoes . . . Full speed ahead!). It didn't take long for him to adjust as a member of the famous "Hog Squad" during Plebe Summer. Chris became well known for his spirit and spirit-related activities. He probably sent more plebes to the Mahan Hall bell tower through the steam tunnels than anyone else. Herbert worked hard (sometimes too hard) and played hard. We'll really moose you ("miss you" in layman's terms) as we go to our different communities. Surface Line will benefit greatly. Good Luck BENO, and Best Wishes!!!! "Thanks, Mama. I did it all for you."

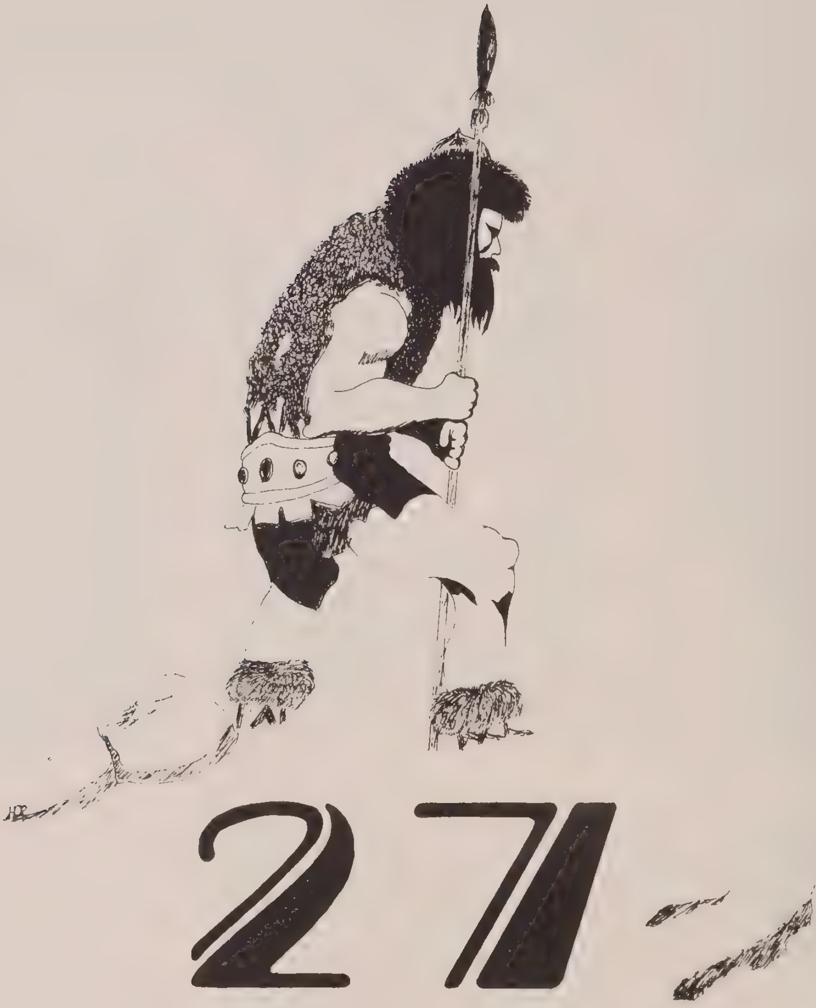
DOUGLAS LINDEN WILLIAMS

Errrr

Doug came to the academy after a fun filled stay at NAPS. He had only two things on his mind, flying Harriers for the Corps and his high school sweetheart in Indiana. As time passed Doug being the "Wild and Crazy Guy", he has proved how multi-faceted he could be. Many a spring morning at 0400 he filled the yard with Airborne chants while on runs. Once upon a time Doug did worry about academics but he soon moved to more interesting things like Vettes, motorcycles, scuba, karate, and skydiving. Doug was best known for the daring feats he pulled off. Like the time while running he dove off the bridge for a freezing cold swim in the Severn. Also rumor has it that one night while on one of his many "Seal type missions", he used one of his many weapons to quickly and quietly mimic killing 130 men, (an entire company). "Err" has been busy at USNA and since he received a "Dear John" the local girls have kept him busier. The Navy's losing a fine "Seal", as he's off to fly jets with the Corps.

1st Row - (left to right) R. RODRIGUEZ, G. CEREZO, J. McQUADE, P. COOPER, K. MULVANEY, M. GREGORICH, T. CONNALLY, M. THEBERGE, B. BELL 2nd Row - L. SMITH, J. PUSCH, D. KUHLMAN, J. YATES, M. MAURO, M. MUNDT, J. DEPP, G. ZINGLER, T. MITCHELL, F. MARTIN, P. AMOE, J. McPHERSON, D. O'HARA, J. MONTGOMERY 3rd Row - C. JONES, L. GIANOTTI, B. JONES, E. BURNETTE, A. McKEE, P. PIERSON, M. CLARK, R. SAVACOOL, A. VAZQUEZ, J. REILLY, E. JONES, R. BINGHAM, D. YEATMAN

27



JEFFREY R. ABEL

Jeffrey Abel has been conditioned towards popcorn . . . the mere odor of it eminating from the Company's wardroom was enough to send Jeff sprawling towards the bowl. Following the sprawl always came the groping hands and gaping mouth . . . thus guaranteeing a quickly devastated bowl. Upon first sighting the bottom of the bowl, however, Jeff was expeditiously on his way to the door — successfully avoiding the clean-up. At meals it was not uncommon to hear Jeff requesting: "Pass dah, dah tator-tots!" Perhaps our most memorable incident with Jeff was when his parents moved to Okinowa, but neglected to tell Jeff . . .

LARRY E. ARKLEY

Kley

Larry "Kley" Arkley provided useful work in preparation for formal room inspections Plebe year . . . his garbage can and dust pan were brassoed, blackened and pledged. He provided a daily obstacle during Plebe summer for Sab, whose job was to level Kley's cover. After two years of frustration and anticipation, Kley's dreams were realized when, as a second class, he brought . . . the mean machine to school. His tumultuous ecstasy; however, was toppled by J. Lucy's rejection (not once, but twice!).

ANGELO J. ARTUSO

Indian

Angelo "Indian" Artuso was the most professional plebe in the Brigade. After conforming to the system plebe year, he buckled under peer pressure and became 'one of the boys.' After careful consideration, Angelo decided to major in the comsumption of alcohol (and subsequent expulsion thereof). For example: the hat at Army, Sab's car, Rea's car, himself, etc. This caused him to make a bet, which he called, "The Bet." As a result he was hairless if he did and hairless if he didn't. He is now known as the Mexican-Chihuahua.

JAMES P. BRASTAUSKAS

J.P.

Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Gail
Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Chris
Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Susan
Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Genevieve
Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Jenny
Hi, my name is James P. Brastauskus. I'm a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. What's your name? Becky

LEONARD J. BROWN

Nose

Len "Nose" Brown was a fine ENGLISH gentleman from New York who lost his heart to Texas. Not to say he was married, but in attempts to woo a young AGGIE, he fashioned a jewelry box of warped wood as a symbol of their relationship. This lad was a multi-talented athlete, who TALKED an Olympic-Gold-Medal wrestling match. In academics, Len proved he was capable of being a second-rate lumberjack for IBM.

BRIAN D. CARMICHAEL

Brian "B.C." Carmichael was our company's contribution to the seventh Batt. staff. Brian was fortunate to have two fellow Systems majors in the company since it usually took all three of them to finish an assignment. Systems was useful to Brian in simulating his high jump. He did, however, have to include a constant which insured that he never cleared seven feet. His choice of cars was an irony . . . since his gangly frame seemed hardly suited for a TR-7. Although it was difficult to get him to party with the company, there is one time everyone remembers during Youngster year when he mistook his room for the head.

THOMAS M CASEY

Space-dog

Tom "Space-dog" Casey was launched into space in THE CRASH and hasn't touch the ground since. He has been officially classified by NASA as a satellite. As a plebe, he was caught "flinging his FOXTROTS" by Squatty, but was later led down the straight and narrow by Bob Sweatslinger. He stayed on that path until he discovered the MYSTERY OF THE IRON RINGS. Space-dog was often visited by fellow crew jock P 2 whose favorite expression was "Hi Case, how ya doin?" As a firstie, Tom became the first mid to commute between USNA and Bryn Mawr.

BRANNAN CHISOLM

Chiz

Brannan "Chiz" Chisolm (*) had a wider beam than a "plebette" and made extra money doing TV commercials for the Michelin Tire Company. On Thursday night, he could be seen drooling and heard repeating, "Head to Hood for Stef!" Brannon contributed to the company intramural sports teams by not playing on them . . .

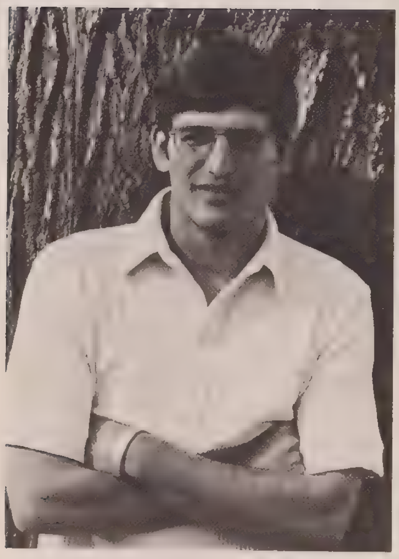
*Wardrobe supplied by Peerless Clothing, "It's all free!"

WILLIAM L. ELDER

Hick

Bill "Hick" Elder was the owner of the largest thighs in the first class. Hick was an avid confederate although his hair line was moving north to better display his single ZIT depository. (Don't look at the picture, it has been retouched!) He had many "interesting" experiences while under the influence such as: MR. BILL's wild ride and "I'm going home NOW!" Batt staff was a relief since it legalized MR. MORNING's infrequent appearances at morning quarters. As a firstie, he spent Haloween Weekend exploring Bootlip-Caverns. He'll always be remembered with a pinch of dirt between his cheek and gum "because it felt so relaxin' in there."

1st Row - (left to right) K. HOLT, R. SANDOVAL, T. HOFFMAN, B. DOUGLAS, D. REESE, P. POLEAVI, O. NANYES, D. KROUPA, B. BYNG 2nd Row - J. SKELLENGER, J. MAGUIRE, B. BELLIS, J. MARQUET, J. FISHER, F. LEE, T. JARMAN, T. PRINCE 3rd Row - J. BARNHILL, D. OTT, K. TAYLOR, S. MORAN, L. BURT, D. DEWISPELAERE, R. VANGUTEN



SCOTT A. GARRETT

Mr. Mellow

Scott, commonly known as Scott by his friends, was in the company two years before anyone knew his name. Not to say that Scott was mellow, but he had all the excitement of a room full of qualudes. At the height of his anger, he was heard to mutter such phrases as, "Goodness," or "Oh, Gosh, Darn." In keeping with the proud tradition of the EE major, Scott marched like a sine wave and drifted like a weak FM radio station. He went to the AC BOARD every semester . . . in his dreams.

REA HEATHERINGTON

Iron Wimp

Rea "Iron Wimp" Heatherington was best known for his parents' ability to party. After 20-plus years of attempting to be an athlete, he had to settle for drooling over his sister's "N" sweater. After the unforgetable "Speech" was totaled by a truck tire, Rea was often seen talking about his new car, "LeRoy", with the MOC's and barbers. Markie-parkie-poo-poo's short stature was a great advantage at E.I.

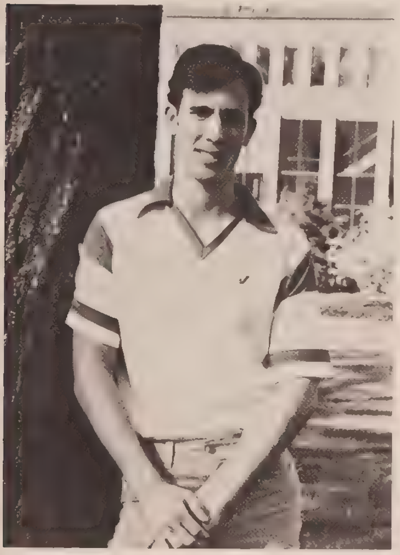
KEVIN D. HOLWELL

Plank

Kevin "Plank" Holwell (alias Keveen Ismail Kimmelwich, alias Girder, alias Bridge, alias Tag-along-Tilley) was known as WEJ because he:

1.) scraped soap from shower for reuse,
2.) split open tooth paste tubes for efficient use,
3.) used coat hanger to check for change under soda machine,
4.) used Plebe issued spiffy and underwear for 4 years.

"Warning, warning, solar winds approaching!!" Went to parties for the sole purpose of cleaning-up afterwards. Objected to the truth of this biography . . .



MARK A. HUETTEMAN

Grinch

Hutt "the Grinch" Huetteman did not like people. He would not submit a biography; however, he grudgingly donated his space to Greg Mislick. For further information, write to:

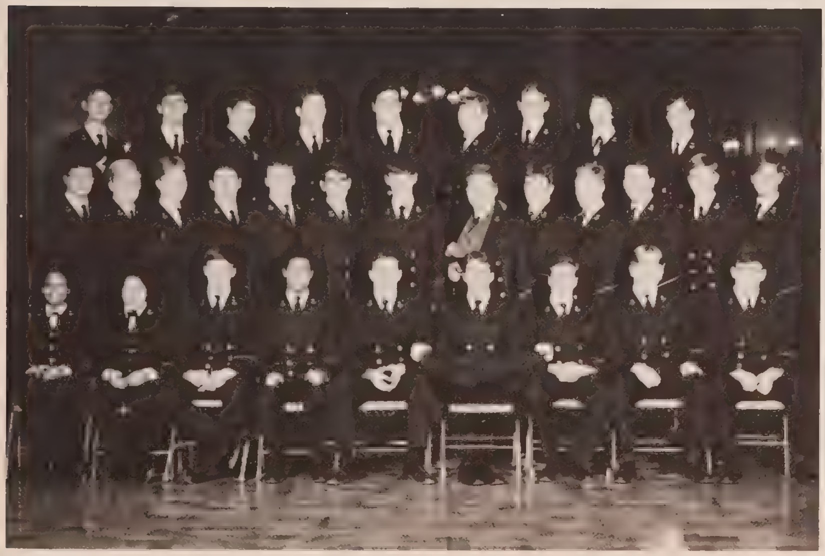
Mark "the Hermit"
Wilderness, Wyoming

You will NOT get a reply!

JOHN REEVES IGEL

Bat

John "Bat" Igel dated a beer keg with arms known as TWO-TON-TINA, but broke up with her upon finding his glasses. With so much in common (physics major, same Batt staff, Trident Scholar), his next pursuit was destined to be Queen Elizabeth III. His ECA's include acting as interpretor for Pug-h, OLD MAN'S Running Club, honorary ERIC and WARDROOM RAT'S Anonymous. In his sleep he was heard to say "up periscope . . . ooh . . . down periscope . . . ooooh . . . up periscope . . . ooooooooooooh . . . !"

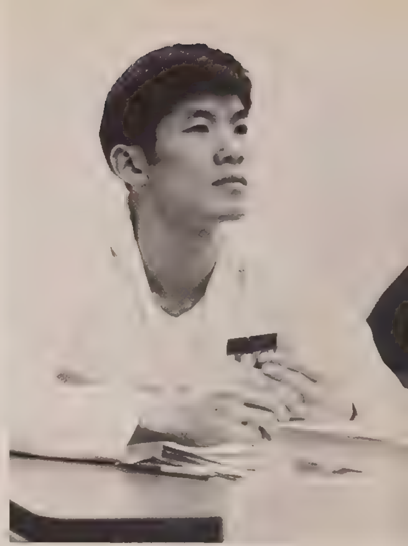


1st Row - (left to right) D. HAZZARD, J. LEISCH, D. LAROCHELLE, M. JOHNSTON, G. SOUSER, M. CRISWELL, B. PEDLEY, C. VAUGHN, J. VANHOUTEN 2nd Row - F. PERSEL, L. MOKAN, M. STAHL, D. RINGEL, N. GRAHAM, A. RUIZ, P. GAMBLE, J. BELL, M. GUENTHER, L. McKENNEY, K. VARNUM, J. BYRD, J. MAHON 3rd Row - J. VANDENBERGHE, K. AYRES, L. BURLEY, D. FITZGERALD, C. HAGAN, K. HARVEY, F. LOWERY, B. NESTER, S. JOHNSON

MARK W MARCINKOWSKI

Ski

Mark "Ski" Marcinkowski was first made known to us by the nightly "Marcinkowski HO's" during our Plebe Summer. Ski was so squared away that even his gym gear was color coordinated during study hour. Due to a oversight, Mark was never told that mandatory Chapel Services were stopped early in the decade. Due to his intense professionalism it was a relief to the whole company when he was given Brigade stripes. These stripes gave him the chance to be the only member of our company to live outside the company area and finally be amongst his own kind, the Brigade Megastripers. Brigade business never prevented his getting a work out, though. While acting as MOOW, he practiced his football open-field tackling while in hot pursuit of a fleeing 2/c.



JAMES M KERN

Rex

Jim "Rex" Kern had his nickname changed to "WREX" after his rendezvous with a sign on US-70 West. Contrary to his Beering hair style, Mr. and Mrs. Rex out partied him on a regular basis. Jill, his high school aged bimbo, dropped him when she discovered he wore elevator shoes. This led to his promotion to Vice-President of the Lonely Hearts Club (27th Co. Chapter). He was happy and proud of his appointment to CAO and provided entertainment at every P-rade with his comical scan show.

MIKE LOPEZ-ALEGRIA

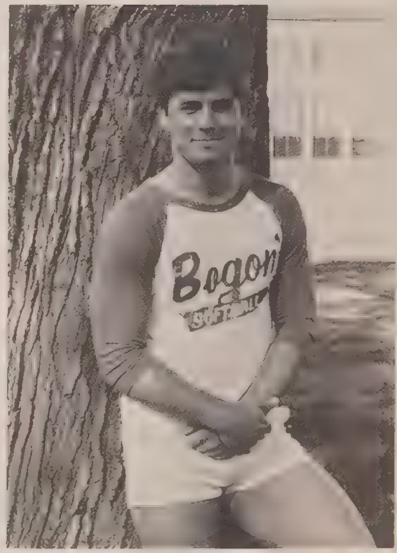
L-A

L-A, or, Michael Eladio Lopez-Alegria De Paulo Alvarez, as he is commonly called, started his Naval career with a bang, and a crash, and a hospital, and a hundred (100). True to his Latin (i.e. Spic) descent, he had a sweetheart at school, a fiance in town, and a girl back home.

. . . JULIE . . .

Mike was ALWAYS unfashionably late and invariably had a stupid excuse to explain it. He fancied himself an athlete, but played volleyball instead.

. . . JULIE . . . JULIE . . .



MIKE LORETANGELI

Sab

Mike "Sab" Loretangeli had a very sweet tooth and just loved to eat candy. He was a great partier and always helped out by going to get THE CUPS. Although his life long goal was to play football for Navy he reached his level of incompetence on the meat squad. He subsequently quit football, lost twenty pounds, joined company soccer, and still claimed to be in shape. To compensate for his own atrophied muscles, he bought a muscle machine which he flexed in rememberance of "Life in the Fast Lane."

CHARLES MCCAWLEY

Milkbottle

Andy "Milkbottle" McCawley brought a new language to the 27th Company. This young BOY, with his "disco do" and his non-existent sideburns, had a cubical head and ears that protruded at right angles. On the weekend, "Stain" always packed his goose baggage and wore his flack jacket for the bullets he always received. His only score in four years was with an unclassified beast called "Betty Lee". This encounter of the "cellulose" kind led to his vow of abstenance.

STEVEN L. MCSHANE

Chuckles

Steve "Chuckles" McShane, who showed his full support for the Navy with his battleship-gray teeth, was elected the 1980 American Dental Society posterchild. WHITEY . . . Why can't we be friends? Sharon, don't mind me, I'm sleeping. Body work by US-50. Claimed the purity of Stevie Nicks. Baffled by the American way of life. Looked like a BUM TUCKing his poopey-suit. Outscored by "Chiz" in soccer. Stood eight straight hours of the guppie watch. Was last seen being self-righteous with "Hick".

GREGORY K. MISLICK

Slick

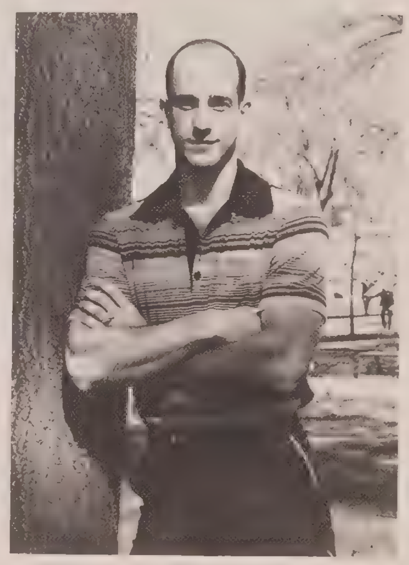
Greg Mislick, also known as "Slick," from Cherry Hill, N.J., cannot be told about by a mere 15 lines of the printed word. It is not sufficient to describe all his magnificance; just ask him . . . or ask Tina, she's heard it enough! Actually, Greg is quite a guy. From competing in a 72-mile tri-athelon to running in the Boston Marathon, Greg has always attempted to do his best. That's one of the reasons he is going Marine Air (the Barn Stable County, #1 "T" in the Cosmos, did not even convince him to go Navy!). He loves to dance, play guitar, run, spen d time with his family, and be the center of attention . . . a girl's attention that is! Someday he will settle down - but don't rush it Slick. You've got a lot going for you and you'll go far - just keep doing what you have been . . . your best. GOOD LUCK!

1st Row - (left to right) S. YOUNG, S. MILLS, H. ATIENZA, D. HALLING, M. PORCELLO, M. SCHOONMAKER, J. KENNEY, R. PAISLEY, A. GIBSON 2nd Row - J. GRZESKIEWICZ, M. YOUNG, G. ANDERSON, M. BLASIK, R. ROBINSON, E. McNAMARA, R. WOODSON, D. HEIKEN, D. REIS, J. EDGERLY, W. BISSENAS, P. RAIMONDO, M. BELTON, R. BEEKMAN, D. McGUIRE, M. CHROMCZAK 3rd Row - W. SCHULZ, T. PREBLE, E. SOLAR, B. SEITZ, C. MALLOY, A. McCOY, D. JOHNSON, D. SELLERS, R. HARTMAN, S. KRAMER, P. ADAMS, J. LELAND

ANDRES H. OTANO

Tonto

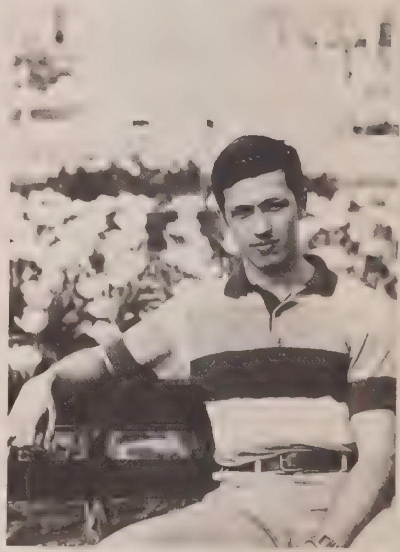
Andy "Tonto" Otano, although a candidate for anchor man, has already had his first command on the maiden voyage of the U.S.S. Marblehead. The Math Department used Andy as a test subject to document a three semester experiment in Differential Equations. The Navigation Department later used him for a similar study of all the versions of the Rules of the Road test. Andy was the company clown. His crude form of humor was completely devoid of wit. It is hard to believe that such a deviant could come from such a nice family. He is, however, a considerate sibling, as he showed his little brother how to climb a tree . . . a bigger tree . . . faster . . . faster . . .



DAVID A. RIEDEL

Baldy

Dave "Baldy" Riedel was the founder and lifetime President of the Lonely Hearts Club, 27th Co. Chapter. After three tries, he carried an engagement ring with an adjustable band for immediate use on blind dates. He was also the inventor of the boom-a-rang engagement ring (it always came back!). On his twenty-second birthday, he met Ralph at his Company Officer's house . . . again in his Len's car . . . and finally in the head. When Dave came to the Academy from the farm, he thought asphalt was a rectal disease.



ROBERT D. SCHLESINGER

Renob

Bob "Renob" Schlesinger:
President, OLD MAN'S RUNNING CLUB 1-2-3-4
Beer Belly without beer 1-2-3-4
Denise makes more money 3-4
Systems Major gouge man 3-4
Denise is #1 1-2-3-4-5-6-7- . . . . . .
Is a lightweight despite beer belly
Long FORMATIONS . . . ZZZZZZZZZ . . .
Company Commander - The "GLUTES" wants to see you - AGAIN!! 4
Favorite clothes:
Yellow shirt with goat,
Green double-knit pants,
Corfams.
Goes to finance's apartment to sleep on couch and do homework in above attire.

STEPHEN L. SPEHN

Warden

Steve "Warden" Spehn tried for four years to reverse his initial impression, but he will always be remembered as a sniffling 94 pound wimp saying, "Pivot, Pivot, . . . Nice surge Holwell . . . " Soon after buying his muscle machine, he customized it with a pole at Rudy's. His car was later the scene of a 14 hour marathon with a plebette (driving her home). Steve was known to get rowdy while listening to Barry Manilow and simultaneously consuming 2 (not 1 but 2) six packs . . . of Dew. He had enough nose to make up for his lack of personality . . . and then some! He was also a potential member of the Lonely Hearts Club.

RADENKO STEFANOVIC

Denko

Randy "Denko" Stefanovic was the heart-throb of 27 Company. He could always be found in the company of a woman; preferably married. This animal attraction was a result of both his intoxicating Fragrances and his studly physique — built by several weeks of High School weight lifting. Randy has had an affinity for the Navy and ships ever since he came to America on the banana boat. Here are his major accomplishments while at the Academy:

1.) memorized the first two lines of Laws of the Navy,
2.) found the gouge equation of diodes,
3.) single-handedly supported the highlighter pen company,
4.) received more E.I. than the rest of the company combined.

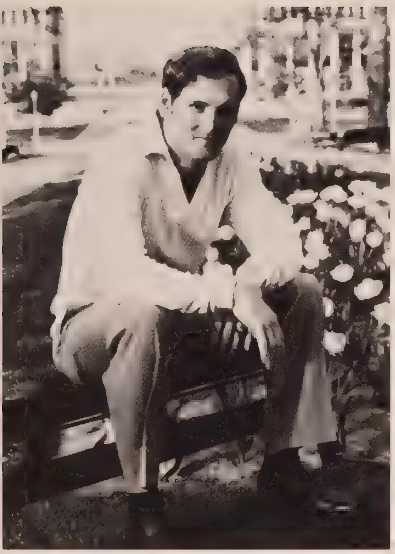
CO CDR - S. SPEHN, seated; CO SUB-CDR - D. RIEDEL, seated right; CO ADJ - T. CASEY, seated left

28

REX HAMILTON ALEXANDER

Rack

Everyone knows that Ohioans are great animal lovers. Rex's fondness of zebras has earned him the sacred nickname of Rack, the perfect sleeping machine. Now it's true all mids are very skilled in this ability, but to Rex it was more a religion than a hobby. Very seldom could one enter his room without finding him upon the altar of slumber. When he was conscious, Rex was a very adventuresome individual. Looking upon the academic week as a mere time to recover between weekends, his escapades gained him entrance into many elite groups, including the Black N club and the Stall Stallion Society. Aside from having achieved all these honors, Rex was quite a person. The kind of guy you could always depend on when you were in a bind, but most of all, the kind anyone would be proud to call their friend. Rex's future includes Naval Air and most importantly, Lynde, who has been with Rex since eighth grade, believe it or not. Here's wishing them the best of luck in all things.



RAYMOND EDWARD ALTENBURGER JR.

Mr. Professional

He came from California, never having worked a day in his life, and is still allergic to the thought. A lifer from the day he was born, Ray kept himself busy being professional while exerting minimal effort in academics. As a matter of fact, when his CQPR passed 2.15, he went to sleep for a semester and lived off the gravy. But all kidding aside, Alternator has a few outstanding characteristics. For one, he's cheap entertainment. How many guys are there who set their alarm for 0500 just so they can wake up long enough to relish the idea of 2 more hours of sleep, or that get dressed for quarters at 0326 because they dreamt the alarm went off. Coming here with aspirations of becoming an astronaut, Ray has proved himself as a real "space case." But as the space program fizzled out and Ray settled back down to earth, he occupied himself by jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. Trying to decide between pilots and seals, Ray has made one point certain: he will do what they will let him do for as long as they will let him.

DOUGLASS TODD BIESEL

Beese

Doug came to us from the sleepy town of Newton, Ct. A slight detour to NAPS provided him with a neat bankroll and nearly enough knowledge to validate plebe year. Academia was never a problem area for Doug. During his short stay here his QPR was high enough to make his classmates require oxygen. He was luckier than most, finding his OAO in the form of his sponsor's daughter. A wild impulse youngster year resulted in a new TR-7, no beat-up VWs for this mid. Unfortunately Doug was addicted to the bone breaking sport of lacrosse, and break his bones it did. His roommate had to tie his shoelaces more than a few times. As for what the future holds for Doug, only ADM. Rickover's boys know for sure.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BIZZARO

Buz

Mikey came to the USNA from the quasi-town of Union N.J., after the most brutal year of his life at Air Force Prep. Having no real desire for going through plebe year, Mike found himself envious of his brother Bob at Villanova. However, Mike has blessed us with his cool wit and quasi-humor through the years. Having roomed with a five-striper for two years, Mikey had had all the professionalism he could stomach. He resorted to throwing J's and contemplating life after his calculator chip burned up. His calculator died from the flood of perspiration and Mikey decided to try life again. Several brutal nights at Disco D were enough, though, and Mike began to work on fixing his calculator. Between being chained to his desk, or the nearest pan of parsley-buttered potatoes, Mike became the most loved engineer in the company. We're going to miss Mike, but some of us will be blessed by his presence in their service selection - depending on how he rolls the die. Here's to a glorious career!

RICHARD S. CAMPBELL

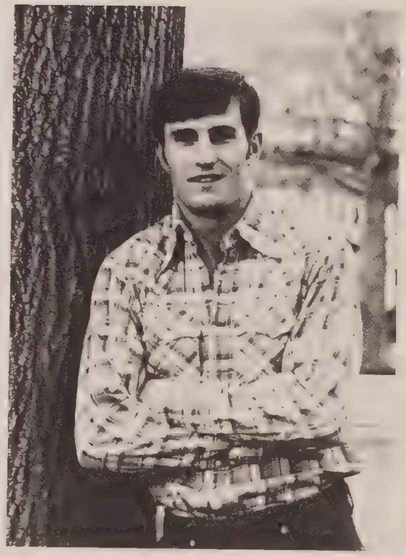
Neck

This Northern California boy "necked" his way into Annapolis via NAPS. Rich blew away academia plebe year, but then he traded away his future pilot's seat for a wires book and spent half his waking hours plugging in circuits in Micholsan's basement. You could always find him "sweating the load" whether he was in the library or bopp'in around his room listening to one of his hundred's of albums (if they were not borrowed). Far from having a diode of a personality, Rich was never one to miss a tailgater until that fateful MCMO watch when he met Margo. Rich leaves the academy with more that a 3.0 double "E" degree and a wife, he goes having the satisfaction that he looked good, felt good, and did a good job.

DEREK ALVIN CHARACTER

D.C.

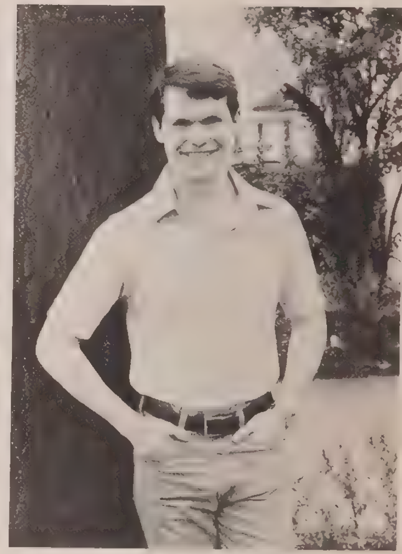
Derek Alvin Character, also known as D.C. by all of his friends, hails from Cleveland, Ohio. After a successful high school career there, he reported on board the good ship U.S.N.A. With his reputation preceeding him, he successfully validated plebe summer. This was accomplished by a freak basketball accident, which left him with the official title of Midn. Numbnuts. This accident thwarted all the zany antics of the irate Firsties, by excusing him from all the events of the summer. D.C. superior success in athletics also overlapped into his academic endeavors, where he decided to challenge the tenacious MECH. E. curriculum. He survived three "unsat" semesters in row without the comforts of an AC. BOARD. He was also trying to keep his head above water in his "drowning class". He once aspired to be a NUKE, but after his brain was scrambled by MECH. E. he decided to opt for NAVY AIR.



GREGORY SCOTT DAVIS

Davi

Davi arrived at Canoe U. via NAPS from a place he called Oyster Bay N.Y. (where that is no one exactly knows). From the day of his arrival, Greg was famous for his ability to meet important people. His acquaintances include the likes of the Dean's daughter, Dant's niece, Mayor's wife, and various other gorgeous women. Academically, Sarge struggled through the academy, but his efforts were not surpassed by anyone. Davi's real love though is masochism, when crew practice failed to offer a challenge, Greg took 2/C 4th of July weekend to run to Long Island. But the Jimmy Legs finally caught him and dragged him back to Mother "B." Greg would try anything once and to listen to him talk he did try just about everything once. Sarge leaves the academy with a long record of close (academic) calls and a green uniform. The only question is, is the marine corp gungy enough for Davi?



OLIVER RUTLEDGE EDWARDS

Rutledge

Oliver Rutledge Edwards - is that any name for a human being, let alone a Naval Officer? Big Ol is a product of humble beginnings having survived knob year at the Citadel before tackling the Academy. Olly, already famous for his economic genius, was also known for being the most "rumblin'" guy around - the Citadel really does build wild men after all! The object of constant abuse from all six directions Ol always managed to play off the "opposition" and somehow come out on top. Although he may not have known it at the time, Olly had struck the perfect balance of hard work and fun times. Quick with a smile and always willing to listen to your problems, it is no wonder that Olly enjoyed the tremendous popularity he did. With his heart set on Navy Air, Olly is sure to find that all of his hard work finally paid off! Whichever way you look at Olly, you can't fail to see a guy who is every molecule a leader.

MAUREEN PATRICIA FOLEY

Mo

Let's keep this short and sweet, because that's the best way to describe Maureen. She came to USNA 30 years after her father, obviously a publicity stunt, but decided that a Naval officer wasn't such a bad aspiration after all. One of Mo's favorite pastimes was sleeping, which she never seemed to get enough of. In fact she would take time out during the day to work on her technique — in classes, during lectures, youngsters and between chow calls. In her waking hours Maureen was a varsity fencer and spent many winter weekends in the loft. When she fenced you knew by her control that she was on top of her sport and sometimes her foil. After 4 years Maureen has yet to realize why the time between 2000 and 2300 is called study hour. If not asleep she could be found watching TV, playing backgammon, or just visiting. As Mo leaves us we know she'll be in good hands — those of a tall, dark, and handsome football player with . . . shoulders.

CARL DUANE HENDERSHOT

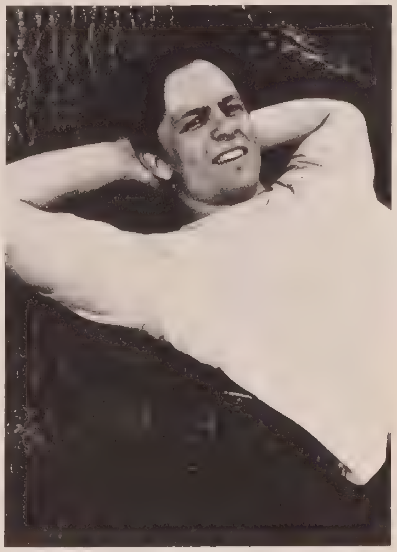
Hendy, Shot, Henway

Carl is one of those golden boy freaks that came to the Academy from Petaluma, Calif. When he finally got big enough, he became a starter for the Big Blue offense. His memories from football will include a fantastic time at UConn, his junior year, and many a torn limb to remind him of how he spent his Saturday afternoons. When he wasn't destroying defensive ends on the gridiron, Hendy and his cohort in mischief, the Smit-tie, were wreaking havoc in the classroom. Never ones to pay attention, they spent many hours amusing their minds throwing chalk, playing hangman, and giving the SAS an ulcer. To this day their ears still ring with many sayings such as "Hendy you dumb jock brain!" and countless others that were committed to memory before any formulas or equations. Hendy will leave behind many friends and fond memories, but he takes with him something of greater value — his wife. Just remember Carl, if your marriage starts to go amuck — Hendershot, suck it up!

JOHN SLABE HUCKENPOEHLER

"Huck," etc.

John hails all the way from somewhere out in town. To say the least, Huck's start at USNA was atypical. Plebe year? He didn't have one. Unless you can say that visiting your girlfriend on Captain's Row was reflective of the trials and tribulations of a plebe summer. Ac Year proved to be an even better time, save for the Admin Conduct System. With an astute mind for all things mechanical and scientific, Huck chose History as a major. Somewhere between Sea Power and Art Appreciation, Huck found a sport he could play that was satisfying to himself and several other admittedly crazed loonies. John plays rugby for Navy. Huck has been described as shiftless, but too many know he is too generous to label him with such an absurdity. John has invited mids into his home for a long time, be it a room for a drag or the sharing of a Thanksgiving dinner. Huck's service selection is Surface Line. Fair winds and following seas to John, if he ever makes it out of Baltimore Harbor.



1st Row - (left to right) W. HLOPAK, R. PORTOCARRERO, C. LARREW, D. KRUSE, R. MILLER, M. HANNEMAN, M. GREEN, R. PERRY, S. PLAISANCE. 2nd Row - J. BRUSOSKI, K. WALKER, J. DRISCOLL, J. CRONAUER, C. COUGHLIN, B. STANDLEY, W. DRAKE, T. BEST, I. PILLOT-OLIVE. 3rd Row - J. TERLIZZESE, G. ROGERS, R. KOERBER, M. HEIN, L. PHILPOT, S. KOMLO, W. McGUINNESS.

RONALD CLAYTON MAULDIN

Legs

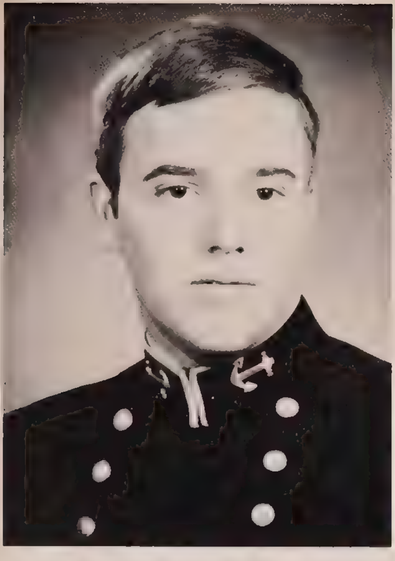
Legs, for a lack thereof, was almost beyond hope when he arrived at USNA. Mailed from Gayle's reluctant arms in Decatur, Georgia and forwarded to a sub somewhere, Ron didn't have much time at the Academy, stopping just long enough to pick up an outrageous grade point average in an outrageous major — Ocean Engineering. Ron has been able to get the grades because he already has a wife so slagging did not become the great obstacle it is to so many mids. Ron did however curb his righteous ways for enough time to wear out three seats at Timmy's youngster year and win a coveted Black N for going o'er the wall one winter's night. But weren't those donuts good, Legs? Ron's hard work did not just channel into the academic world, however. Many hours of burning energy were spent studying abstract forms on the Company's cathode ray tube set-up. They get HBO on submarines don't they??? It must be all that radiation. Anyways, here's wishing Ron and Gayle the best of luck.

CO CDR - J. ROGERS, seated; CO SUB-CDR - R. MAULDIN, back row - right; CO ADJ - R. ALEXANDER, back row - left

TIMOTHY STEVEN KOBOSKO

Kobo

Kobo came to us via a one year vacation at NAPS. The men from ten were greeted by Scoop and Ralph and things were never quite the same. Plebe year went by quickly with Zing and Mikey. With Youngster year came the late great hassle eight. Members included Jerry, Vin, Chet, Wilbur, Kleiner, Mikey and Zing. There were a lot of good times, all of which led to a change of scenery for Tim. So, after the infamous run-in with a certain LCDR, Kobo packed his bags and moved to 28. The new kid on the block swiftly established himself as the understudy of his mustacioed company officer. "Hey Tim 'Larry Bird' Kobosko, want some cheese?" "No thanks, sir, I'll be on Christmas leave!" Tim will be flying if HGR doesn't grab him. Remember Tim, have fun, just don't bend it! Friendships were made that will never be broken - he will miss the people but not the place.



GAVIN G. MCCRARY

Gav

Knowing he could never afford the expense on the outside, Gav came to the USNA with but one objective in mind - becoming the 147 lb World Chow Hound. Never one to be out eaten by his football playing roommate, Gav could be heard in the Wardroom between breaths - "more of everything!" Gav began his academic career with much less flare proving to the Academic Departments that it is not wise to take Computer Calculus if you've never used the computer; or high track Chemistry when you think the Periodic Chart is a new invention for Female Midshipmen. Very active in the Christian organizations, Gav is a model Christian if there ever was one - just don't bother him while he's eating. This 'boy' from Houston slowly transformed himself into a real Cowboy. However, his one dream of flying jets at P-cola will require that he takes off his Cowboy hat, boots, and overalls. This may come as quite a shock to him, but he'll still become a high flying jet jock. A great roommate and a super friend.

THOMAS PIERCE LOVIZA

Weez

After 18 years of escaping destiny, Tom met his calling and made his home here in the bosom of Ma "B". It was through no fault of his own that Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, New York and West Virginia would not keep him as a resident but that "Fatal Southern Charm" of his made it hard for concerned parents to keep their daughters away from this Southern Gentleman. Everyone knows that no matter how smooth he was with the women of the evening, his #1 desire was only to be under the spell of a sweet and innocent young lady. Well, this tobacco-chewing, scuba diving, hunting Airborne Marine found happiness. After the endless "all nighters" and "Guamo" jokes, a sheltered, naive, good Catholic girl whipped him into submission. Ironically enough, it all began for this redneck at a square dance youngster year. But after an extensive reformation it can truly be said that Tom was one of the few good men.

MICHAEL THOMAS MALINIAK

No Neck

Mal arrived at "Canoe U." from that beautiful place known as the Garden State (why it is called this he never said). From the time of his arrival, Mal made it known that someday he was going to be an admiral. His classmates would watch in amazement at his diligence and hard work, but nothing would ever deter him. There was not a facet of academy life that Mal did not have his sticky fingers in. From army projects, to athletics, to academics, to professional development, Mal did it all. His reward was a shot at second regimental cdr. and marginal grades. Mal leaves the academy with a plus 3.3 grade point average and an OA degree. Until Mal makes admiral, you will find "The No Neck" boring holes beneath the surface of the ocean. The only question is, is Rickover ready for him?

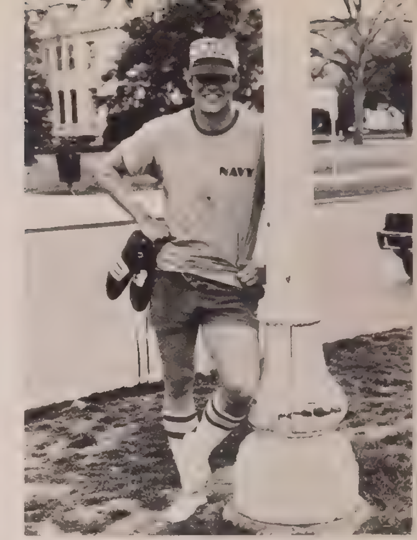
EDWIN NMN MANNS

E-Man

Edwin NMN Manns came to the Naval Academy from East Orange, New Jersey ready to tackle the world. He joined the Glee Club, Pep Band, and Basketball team plebe year to reduce his plebe responsibilities. Being a native of New Jersey, he was not accustomed to the rules of discipline enforced by the Academy and proceeded to break everyone of them. After plebe year he chose Resource Management as a major and Netty Parker as a lady. His next three years were spent in pursuit of getting a degree and keeping Netty happy. He stayed in the Glee Club and Pep Band and managed to stay out of trouble and first class year he found himself with two stripes. The E-MAN looked for somewhere to spend the next five years after charm school and chose the Marine Corps. They are looking for a few good men and they have found one in Manns.

JAMES MICHAEL MERRILL

Ziggy came to us from the Buckeye State with visions of becoming the next Chet Moeller. However, two years of George was enough for Jim and he left the gridiron for more gratifying and varied pursuits. James quickly became known for flamboyance. His choice of girls, cars, and clothes ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. At various times he could be found sweet talking the beautiful girls, expounding his unbounded (albeit confused) philosophy to anyone who could be forced to listen, or exposing his body after physically abusing others on the Rugby pitch. We will all miss Jim's ready smile and easygoing attitude as he journeys to Pensacola to try and find a cockpit that will close over his nose.



CHARLES SCOTT PRESTON

No Butt

Chuck came to Annapolis as a civilian from Danbury, Connecticut and that was the way he remained. During Plebe year after being told by his infamous 2/c, "That this place isn't big enough for the both of us" he quickly put his evil eye on his tormentor and got him kicked out. He then turned his attention to cars and girls his youngster year. In November he bought a Fiat X-19 which was the first 3/c car kept less than two miles away. However he was not as successful with the girls because 14 blind--dates takes the record. If that wasn't bad enough, he wrecked his X-19 while going to see a girl that can be only described as "Amazing". Also after having a near malfunction skydiving he decided to keep his feet on the ground by buying a Ferrari. Although he was determined to stay a civilian, he was DEEP selected to command a YP 1/c summer and ended up going to see Rickover because of his eyes. Chuck will end up doing research for NASA because this Aero major doesn't like being underwater.

MARK STEPHEN RIDDLE

"Dids"

Mark was forced to relocate his Alcohol Advisory Office to the wetter climate of Annapolis, but the transition from New England's charm to USNA's regimen was met with the enthusiasm of a professional. Since the memorable dry summer of '76, Mark has sampled all the whiskey, wine, and waitresses within the town liberty limits — and beyond. It has not been all revelry, however. Mark has worn the laurels of a conscientious oceanography major for a least one semester, gathering enough momentum that youngster year to propel him to 3.00 grades. It was then that Mark found his true calling as a naval officer. Totally dedicated to earning his Bow Waves, Mark aced Boats without opening a book. Some of Mark's favorite pastimes have included doughnuts after taps, Chivas before noon, and since second class year, Rosemary at any time at all. That young lady has had more influence on Mark than USNA it seems — since falling a willing victim to her charms, Mark has even gone so far as to shave on weekends. I wonder why. !-LAGNAF, DIDS-!

1st Row - (left to right) V. DROUILLARD, B. DERR, P. BINGHAM, B. FELL, R. ALDERSON, D. O'MEARA, R. JOHNSON, A. LOGSDON, R. RUSSELL 2nd Row - M. WILLIAMS, M. HARPER, P. EWING, P. JOHNSON, W. BLANDING, P. MORRISSETTE, T. HARRINGTON, M. GORDON, J. DALY, D. MURRAY, K. BOREEN, D. GNEISER 3rd Row - T. REINERT, G. BENSINGER, S. ANTONELLI, B. MOYLAN, A. WILLIAMS, C. CECHAK, M. CWICK, B. KISER, M. TEATE, D. MARTIN, R. GIDEON, K. CARKHUFF

CO CDR - R. RIVERA, seated; CO SUCDR - O. EDWARDS, back row - right; CO ADJ - M. FOLEY, back row - left

RICHARD THOMAS RIVERA

Rican

Dangerous Dick that fearless pursuer of good and niceness has the unparalled knack for creating confusion in the midst of order. In his favorite role of God during finals he made a mockery of what all good midshipmen respect and revere - study hour. Yes folks, this compassionate and considerate individual has the ability to laugh at anyone. Affectionately known as the company Rican, he is an avid lover of burritos and refried beans. He someday hopes to ride his nuclear powered submarine to Tijuana for a glorious fun filled weekend. An interesting sidelight on Dicky is that he is the head USNA Queerleader . . . uh, I mean cheerleader. Not only can he get an entire brigade of midshipmen cheering but he has no trouble getting into gay bars in D.C. So ladies and gentlemen how could a Puerto Rican, nukepuke, cheerleader ever hope to, succeed in today's world? How? Because he is one of the finest individuals to ever toss a hat at USNA and is success in everything he does.

JOSEPH NORMAN ROGERS

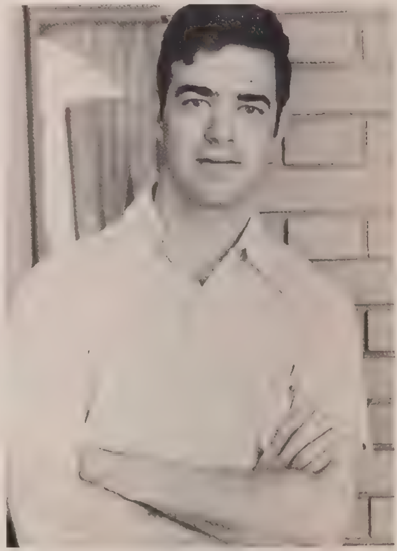
Joe-Mama

Joe-mama, a noted expert in balancing social excursions against the trivialities of academics, realized that a successful Naval career is the product of a good social foundation - something that Joe seemed to have well in hand, ahem. Standing by the head, his favorite pasttime was snaking Dollies at Dahlgren on their first bladder run. His aggressive study habits included an intense studying program of almost five hours a week - devastating to the common midshipman. The rest of the time was reserved for sleep and planning who to do on the weekends. After four years of confusion and debate, our fearless leader chose to glow in the dark, compliments of Uncle Hymie. So when you see Joe in his computerized Formula with Sassy Sue at his side, take a close look - because you'll never see a better man in your life!

DAVID JOHN STAHL, JR.

"D.J."

Dave came to USNA from Pottstown, Pennsylvania. Without much doubt, and without much time wasted, D.J. established himself as one of Mom B's brighter sons. Much to the chagrin of a few Rickover Hall people, Dave shunned engineering and decided on mathematics as his major. One of about four such majors in the company, D.J. became a focal point for timely tutoring and legitimate gouge. He didn't study all the time though. His other nuances were young ladies, writing, and one or more bars in Historic Annapolis. That was all before second class year. That year found him as a member of a most distinct club in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. The year also found him in the company of a certain young lady, who looks like she'll be around awhile. At first an aspiring F-14 pilot, Dave received an addictive dose of roentgens during second class summer. He's now one of Hymie's boys. HOWBOUTCHA BOY?



DONALD JOHN ROBERTS

Rowdy

Don came to USNA from Michigan with a mild dispositon and an easygoing manner. This quickly changed though, as the ways of NAVY transformed him into the much feared 28th Company Rowdy. Majoring in mechanical engineering and procrastination, Donnie succeeded in his studies by utilizing his own special study formula - two hours of rack for every hour of class. When not sleeping, Don usually could be found participating in one of his three favorite sports: running, fourth quarter (I'll play later) fieldball, and individual workouts. If he can escape the Rickover boys, graduation will find him heading for Navy Skies.

JOSE MESA TOVES

Guamo

He came from the Coconut Palms of the Pacific speaking in strange tongues decipherable only by those few who were clad in "Green." Eventually, the code was broken and we realized that we were in the midst of a Guamanian Grunt, and with his arrival was born a newgeneration of Ethnic Jokes. The sheltered life "Toejam" had led resulted in an innocent ignorance that was always good for a laugh. But after two years of sticking his foot in his mouth, in the name of professionalism, Jose grew tired of the taste and began to live. Tied to the whipping post 2/C year by a foxy photographer, Guamo enjoyed newfound resolve and rallied the Company to two award winning "Death Mobiles" (Guam Bombs for short). Now Jose bides his time admiring the ring in his nose and cooking "Exotic" meals for his last of a long line of lovers. Unfortunately, he may not be with us much longer since his Suburban Trust VISA wasn't accepted by the Emigration Department.

PAMELA JILL WACEK

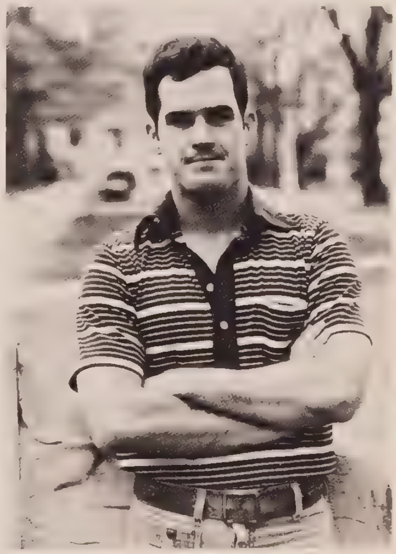
P. J.

P. J., like many of us, contemplated civilian line throughout plebe year, but finally reasoned things had to get better and decided to stick it out. Having made the decision to give up a life of good times in Illinois, Pam found consolation with the appearance of a certain first class pilot-to-be. A free spirit at heart, she finally resigned herself to the inevitable and Scott moved in as her permanent "wing man." While not limiting herself to any one activity, she dabbled in cheerleading, gymnastics, sailing and running during her stay at USNA. Surface Line never stood a chance with Pam and Youngster cruise will long be remembered by never ending hours in the engineroom mixed with sunny beaches and boardwalks. 1/c cruises brought another experience at sea aboard the "Lady Lex", but this was not enough to sway her toward a career at sea and current plans include a 5 year hitch in the 1100 nonwarfare community. A good friend always willing to lend a hand, we wish Pam the best.

JEFFREY DUANE WINTER

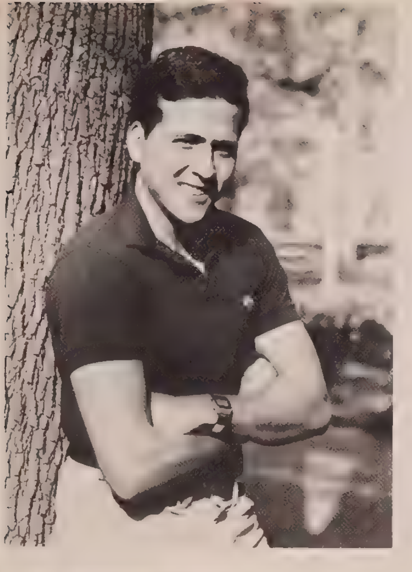
J.D.

Jeff came to the USNA via the Newport, R.I. tour from the sunny shores of California. Never one to clutch in the face of adversity, J.D. found consolation in that melancholy state of unconsciousness. Surviving a four year hardship tour at USNA, J.D. became the friend of everyone, even the ducks in town. Never one to waste time partying, J.D. could be found drowning his sorrows in the next best thing - a can of Mountain Dew. Quickly establishing himself as an expert in Chinese and Political Science, Jeff almost became involved in the notorious scandal - Horrible Hyman's 250. This Naval Aviator will set the world on fire if he finds getting onboard a carrier as easy as getting in a financial trap. Although J.D. is the only person who can combine nonsensicals with eloquence, and kindness with a superb wit, we will all laugh when J.D. realizes that he slept through his three striper position at USNA - Brigade Rack Officer.



1st Row - (left to right) C. CANBY, C. BOWLING, L. TARR, K. D'AURIZIO, R. SHAWHAN, D. NOBLES, E. HARKCOM, K. BEDELL, F. HENDERSON 2nd Row - H. FRANK, J. HALL, K. JOHNSON, R. POWELL, C. HENKEL, M. GUBOSH, J. RECTOR, R. WILEMAN, J. DAVIS, D. EMERSON, J. WOOD, J. BLACKWELL, B. LOYOLA, A. GRAY, A. SMITH 3rd Row - W. LISTON, C. RICE, S. BURT, K. HAUER, G. MOLLER, R. WHELAN, G. CARTER, A. GRIFFITH, D. BROGAN, K. BYRON

29



TRAVIS MILAM ALLEN

"T", Hop-Sing

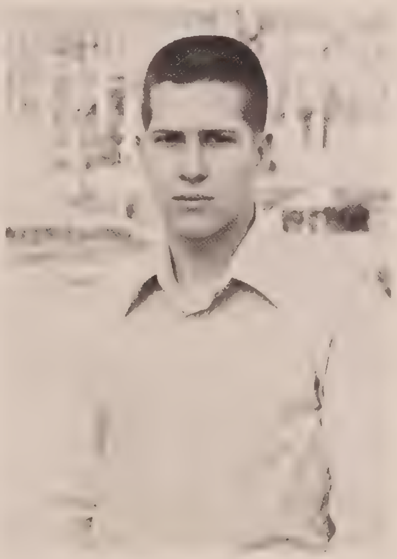
"(GOOD FRIENDS)+(GOOD BEER)=(MORE FUN THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE)" A playmate of the year and Travis Allen seem to be Lumberton Texas' major contributions to the Naval Academy in recent memory. Coming to yankee-land with his slightly redneck tastes in cars and women (fast and loose), "T" set out to enjoy his stay at the boat school. Seventeen years as a Marine junior adaquately prepared Trav for the military life, and whether he was managing good grades (with no apparent effort whatsoever) or partaking of a night of beer and Hood girls Travis obviously had the system "wired". Travis' athletic efforts usually ended with an excuse squad chit and a pair of crutches, the price of "going for it", or so he claimed. As he frequently told us, green is the only way for this good-old boy to go, and he looks forward to maintaining the family tradition with a career in the Corps (air of course). No matter what he's doing, you can be sure, "Good times were had by all".

JAMES LEE ALLISON

Alli, Allis, Jim

Jim originally came from the thriving metropolis of Seminole, Florida. From the beginning it could be seen that Jim was a real performer, peaking out at the end of youngster year by being ranked 29 of 28 in the company. Jim was never a slouch when it camestudying either, in fact he could always be seen far into the night studying the plots and schemes of "The Zone", "Rockford Files", or "McMillen and Wife". His dilligence was well rewarded wtih a score of 9 on his reactors final second class year.

Among his awards are the coveted "Mr. Descrepency" award of thursday noon fame and the "Body Beautiful" award from the semi-annual beerball game. All in all Jim has brought much to Navy and when he finally does hit the fleet, well . . . . . . let's just hope it can handle him.



RONALD F. BACZKOWSKI

Ski

Ski had tremendous difficulties while adjusting to military life, it was too slack. If he ran out of buckles to brasso, shoes to polish or floors to wax, he could always sit down with a good book, the MHP. Along with his hobbies of hockey and kayaking, Ron was also a connoisseur of intriguing delicacies, mainly soap, bugs, stick deodorant, vitalis and could occasionally be seen nursing a glue bottle. For Ron, there was no window in Bancroft high enough to repel from, no rafter in the natatorium high enough to dive from, no shirt strong enough to withstand his wrath . . . . . . in essence, Ron has and always will be . . . . . . a Marine.

FRANK ANTHONY CASSIANO

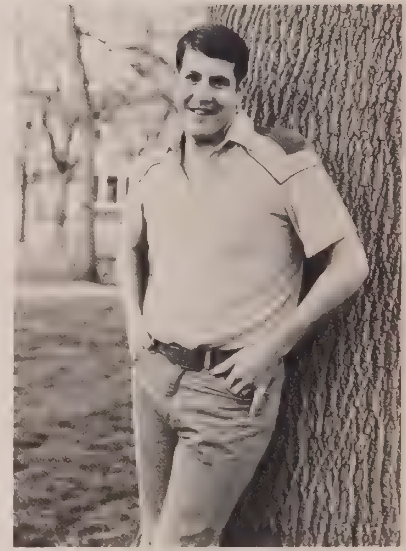
Cass

After a memorable plebe year in which Frank found himself the object of attention of many upperclass, Cass was happy to settle down to the obscurity of youngsterdom. Unfortunately he found it difficult to find someone to room with for the long cold winter months after having frozen his former roommates out by sleeping with the window wide open; but after all who could blame him, with a hairy coat like his he was bound to be warm. Being very even tempered and sportsman-like Frank remained unnoticed on the intramural field until the agony of defeat drove him to breaking . . . the referee's nose. During second class year Frank, wanting to increase his social status, had the chandelier in Memorial Hall mounted on his class ring. Upon graduation we'll all miss Frank but not as much as the female population of Annapolis and the surrounding states.

JOHN LAWSON CLONINGER, JR.

Duke

John, known by his friends as Duke due to his slight resemblance to John Wayne, came to our abode from the rocky hills of Fort Smith, Arkansas. His reputation grew quickly in plebe year for going out of his way to avoid being a smack. If not for the humor of his personnel situations practicing drill on Saturday nights would have become a ritual. Weekdays found Duke burning late lights with ocean engineering and weekends showed him pursuing little girls. Hyman was Dukes first love and marine corp was his first selection. Duke will always be remembered by his classmates as a friendly easy going guy who would do anything for a friend.



WILLIAM WAYNE CROW

Crowdaddy; Chief

Crowdaddy, unknown to many, was too fast to play varsity football and settled down to a quiet life of eating and drinking. One thing we all knew about the "Chief" was that he was competitive - could he eat more or drink more? This he sought to find out every weekend. Always one to shake every hand in the Brigade, he became known as the "Senator" - and like a senator he always made promises that he couldn't keep. He never decided who was his favorite girl - Meg or Wendy's. Singing, especially into ketchup bottles at the Oxbow, was always one of Bill's strongpoints - all the tunes were the same and he never knew the words (Was it too many V.C.'s?). How did this man become Honor Chairman? Do you know, Craig? Our fondest memories of Bill are of him driving off from the tailgaters in "Bessy" with the keg still tapped in his backseat and the tapper in his mouth calling to one and all - "Just put it on my Visa card."

DONALD S. CRUMP

Don

Don entered the Government Sponsored Gymnastics Camp on the Severn from his hometown of Lake Oswego, Oregon. His parents reacted to this opportunity and fled to DeRidder, Louisiana.

Unlike the average mid, Don was accustomed to seeing the Academy from a different perspective — upside down.

Second Class Year saw Don peak out in insanity. The "yellow mosquito" made as many trips down 50 to Frederick as it could and a few that it couldn't. While Don had few academic problems, he, along with his partner in crime, found refuge from the "Hogman" in the late night academic deficient club.

Don plans to join Ricky's Reactors and spend five years catching rays.

1st Row - (left to right) A. SOTO, C. HARDY, R. CRAFT, B. GAWBOY, M. RASCONA, J. PIERSE, M. STOLZENBERG, J. LOVE, R. HASEGAWA 2nd Row - M. GALLEGOS, C. PRUDEN, J. BEATTIE, R. CUMMINGS, J. HUBBARD, C. VAGTS, N. HOGG, K. COTHERMAN, J. LAWRENCE, K. JOHNSON 3rd Row - J. GALLAGHER, R. GRABEREK, J. ARANGO, J. ASHER, J. MURRAY, P. KANEWSKE, M. SHANUEL

WILLIAM PATRICK ESCHBACH

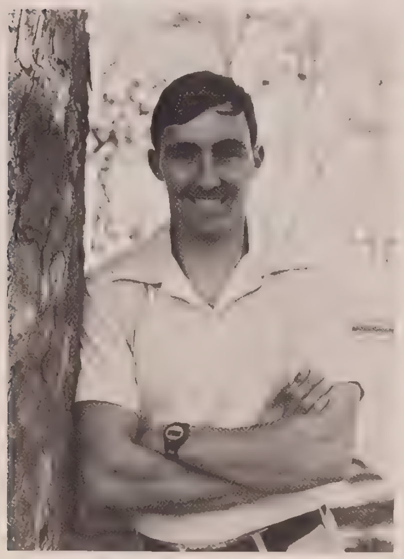
Bill, Esch-Rock

A good-ole boy from Atlanta, Ga., Bill left the hot climate, cars and women of the south, to ramble north to the gridiron of Navy. An early knee injury ended any chance for the Heisman trophy so Bill redirected all that pent up energy in other directions, not the greatest of which was academics. After receiving his vator quals plebe year, Will finally ditched his crutches, donned the one diagonal stripe and headed over to Dahlgren. Finding very little to suit his fancy, Bill picked up a hot Z28 a year earlier than most and quadrupled his range overnight. Hood, Mary Washington, and other neighboring women's colleges were weekend delights. Under the tutelage of Uncle Coch and the influence of Doc Beam, nothing seemed impossible on a Saturday night. With an eye to the distant future, Bill majored in Resources Management to augument his innate business savvy (and to protect him from Uncle Hymie) but for at least the next few years he hopes to fly high the Navy way.

RICHARD TYLER ETEM

Rick

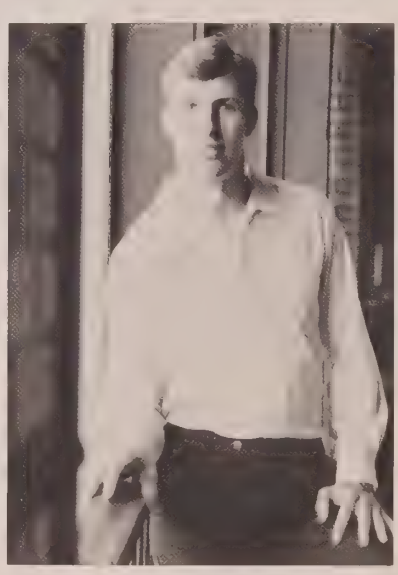
From the frigid northland of suburban Minneapolis, Rick arrived at U.S.N.A. with goals to play tennis for Navy and to become a physicist. By youngster year he was parachuting from flying machines, but never did recover from the trauma of having a set of gold jump wings semi-permanently affixed to his person. By the time he was a second class this brilliant PHY-SCIentist had traded his racket for an oar and rowed the mighty Severn. It did not take long for his roommates to tire of living in a makeshift locker room or for famine to afflict southern Asia. Rick is living proof that some guys will try anything. He even applied for a job in H.G.R.'s Nuclear Navy. Rick will always be remembered by his classmates as a good man who never let them down.



MICHAEL RICHARD FEDOR

Bubba-loo

Why anyone would transfer from a swinging resort college like Penn State to the austere life of the Naval Academy is beyond all comprehension but sure enough Bubba-loo did. Seeing the challenge before him, Mike rose to the occasion by speeding up to slow motion. Bubs studied on a not to interfere with sleep basis — in fact Mike did everything on a not to interfere with sleep basis. At the end of Youngster year Mike contemplated leaving the hallowed halls of Bancroft except that keeping his 280z depended on his 2/c car loan. After graduation Bubs looks forward to the fast paced lifestyle of a naval aviator and copious quantities of his new wife's home cooking.



DAVID JOSEPH FLORES

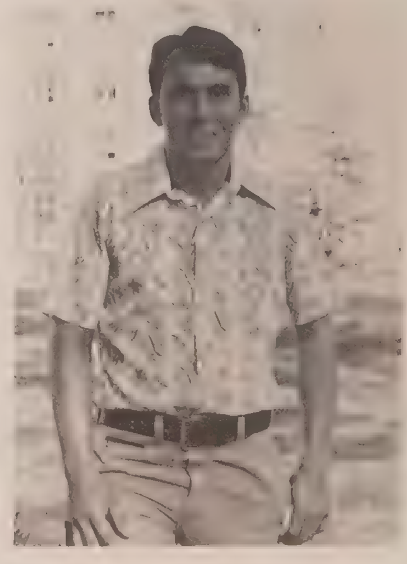
D.J.

When D.J. left his home in Sparks Nevada, he found that he had traded in his skis for a wires book. Many nights found him up to all hours, with a cup of "go juice" in his hand and circuits running through his brain. He still managed to have a wild time on weekends, and went skiing a few times too. His real priorities showed themselves, however, when he doubled the value of his car by installing a $250 stereo in it. Dave leaves the academy with a degree in electrical engineering and the ability to go far in whatever undertaking he chooses.

JAMES RALPH FENTON

"J.R."

Jim, more affectionately known as J.R. by his friends, came to U.S.N.A. from the Bluegrass state of Kentucky. The land of fast horses and beautiful women, just ask him he'll tell you anytime. At U.S.N.A. Jim did okay during plebe year with Skjei and Favilla, but had a difficult time of it with Zingorilla. When he became a chemistry major youngster year, he started spending more time in lab and explaining the periodic chart to plebes than in the rack. Second class year came after a great summer, and proved to be filled with late night academics and a lot of craziness. Rooming with a woop was a really wild time, especially since the woop was K.C. First class year started with a great cruise to Palma de Mallorca. Wow, sure beat Juneau, Alaska on youngster cruise. We find J.R. currently undecided for service selection, but driving a Mustang with a Fly Navy NFO sticker on it. One thing is for sure, he'll be wearing Navy blue unlike the "Duke", his roomate in green . . .



THOMAS JOHN GOEBEL

Tom

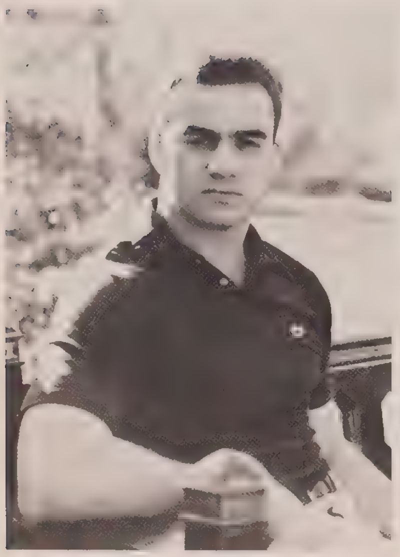
Tom came to USNA from a full ride basketball scholarship at Marquette to play for the company team. Always an enigma, he seemed to study less than everyone else, sleep more than everyone else, and still have better grades than all of us (put together). His success with the women - just ask the girls at Hood - was matched only by his success with the varsity 150-lb. football team. Tom was famous throughout the Brigade from Plebe year on because of a female classmate with the same last name. One notable thing about Tom is his ability to hold his liquor - ask Joe who slept below him June Week of Plebe year. Tom got to know everybody in the company very well as he roomed with all of us at one time or another. The car he treated himself to 1/c year was really nice. Too bad it was a four-speed and all he could drive was an automatic. Tom spent the first half of 1/c year on 6-0, commanding the Batt., and came to know the "O" very well. Tom will be heading to Pensacola after graduation to put his aero major to work.

1st Row - (left to right) M. JOHNSON, W. LANG, K. BUSTLE, P. OWEN, C. ROWE, J. HORNICK, M. COTTER, T. TAYLOR, B. BAKER 2nd Row - K. JOHNSON, E. EKOVICH, J. RATTER, J. HARDISON, T. HOLLAND, G. SUHRER, C. SEITZ, J. EVINS, S. BARTA, E. KULES, W. DOUGHERTY, M. LAMBLE 3rd Row - N. WINBUSH, G. PAPAIOANOU, B. MOOD, D. BURNES, L. BISHOP, M. ABRASHOFF, G. CHAMBERLAIN, J. MEYERS, K. BAUGH, P. HUNTER

MICHAEL DOUGLAS MAXWELL

Max

Looking back a few short years
When we made our plans and played the cards the way they fell;
Clinging to our confidence
We stood on the threshold of the goal that we knew, dear.
And though we had our fights, had our short tempered nights,
It couldn't pull our dreams apart - all our needs and all our wants
Drawn together in our heart, we felt it from the very start.
It's all happened recently.
Now we're living in that dream we had not long ago.
Everything is going fine, and now we just have to keep in mind:
We must set brand new goals - we must not lose control
Of the possibility of the discovery
That would let everybody see "ALMA MATER"
That we were just meant to be. TERRY KATH



RONALD C. JONES

Rocko, Ape-Man

Ron, better known as "Rocko" for his talents in the ring, came to us from New Jersey. If Rocko wasn't knocking the heavy bags off the hooks in MacDonough, he could usually be found "lying" around the halls late Saturday night. Rocko's two favorite things could be described as Wine and Wuba. Rocko's off to the Marines and all we can say is, look out Green, your gaining a great drinker, a hell of a body puncher, and a damn fine officer.

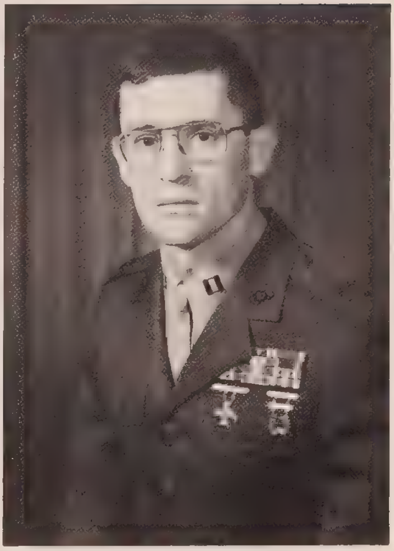
STEVEN D. KORNATZ

Steve came to the Academy from Clinton, CT and was well prepared to meet the challenges he faced. He decided, however, to sleep through most of those challenges. One might even wonder if he was alive during some of his marathons. During his early years at the Academy, he was known to go to College Creek with his friends Lawrence, Bill and Jack Daniels to relax. He may even have sipped a V.C. curing those years. That all ended 2/c year when he met Linda. Who cut your hair all 1/c year anyway, Steve? Was your hair ever cut 1/c year? Steve's stereo is unique in that it only plays one station, WPGC, even though they don't play "That's Life" like the DJ in Winston's. As a 2/c Steve was so tough that he once remarked "What's my plebe's name again?" Graduation should place Steve in a fighter if Hymie doesn't place him in a submarine.

BETH LEADBETTER

Little One

Beth visited old ladies and worked with the Brownies
She lived in the hills, W.Va., Marshall County
She did so much needlework — a homemaker at heart
She'd finish one project; and another she'd start
She read books and wrote papers 'til they came out her ears
She ran and took SCUBA and lead a few cheers
She had trouble sleeping even if it was quiet
She cooked and bought clothes and worked on her diet
She liked perfume and make-up, and electrical things
Church, boots, Hondas, watches, and rings
She drank coffee, chewed gum, and since she was short
She slept in a comforter, curled up like a dwarf
She had hopes to travel to some far off land
And was always in search of her number one man.



MARJORIE LANE MORLEY

Moose

She had a great many friends she liked to see
She was daring, impulsive, and lived dangerously
She like to fly airplanes - never got scared
She got phone calls and letters from people who cared.
She had piles of belongings she kept in the room
In boxes and bags she said she'd clean soon
She liked apples, dried flowers, and sugarless pop
Baked potatoes, rock music, and boyfriends, non-stop.
She had a collection of dolls on her bed
And numerous hats she wore on her head
She was a sunshine girl from California State
Who kept irregular hours and stayed up late
She was physically active and a lady you bet
Marj was a character I will never forget.

CO CDR - J. SAN AGUSTIN; CO SUB-CDR J. ALLISON; CO ADJ - B. LEADBETTER

GEORGE MARK NORMAN

Bullet

Hailing from the bustling metropolis of Keokuk, Iowa, Mark decided to follow in his father's footsteps by travelling from the plains of middle America to the shores of the Chesapeake in search of knowledge, women, beer, Jack Daniels, and fast cars, but not necessarily in that order. A particularly distinctive hairstyle earned him the title of "Bullet" during his first month at Canoe U. A multi-talented individual, Bullet could repair cars, build wardrooms, and fix anything mechanical, but lacked a certain something when it came to driving that cute little TR-6. Tailgating parked cars never was much of an idea. Being a big fan of the tube and also a General Engineering major, studies never seemed much of a conflict, but then neither was getting back to USNA from Iowa after getting snowed in. Whatever Mark decides to do with himself, a good time is sure to follow. We hope he will be successful in any and all future endeavors.
Much later, Bull

REBECCA C OLDS

Studying late at night was one of her habits
She like little sailboats and small furry rabbits.
She was quiet, intelligent; a reliable roommate
With a funny VW held together by tape
Raised in Utah, she was a National sailor
She collected old juice jugs to use for her bailers.
She liked Jas and PU and Kahlua with milk
Sugarless gum, soft music, and strong wind to tilt
She swept out each morning - our resident moke
Her inability to spell was always a joke.
She had big eyes, small frame, and dark wavy hair
That she matched up with Sue whenever she dared.
She majored in Econ and worked like a trooper
Bec was a gal who was no less than super.

HEVR
J 33192

DAVID RAY OLSEN

Oly

Coming from the jet set life of NAPS Oly found academy life very boring and decided to put a little spark into it by majoring in Wires. When his grades dropped 3 dB he was forced to lead the dismal existence of a Phi Sci major. When his savings dropped as fast as his grades he had to resort to having his father transferred to Japan so that he could afford a stereo. As if his economic affairs were not bad enough, Oly had to go out and buy a flashy green sports car ('67 Biscayne). Fortunately his taste in women was not as bad but this only added to his grade problem; who could study anyway when surrounded by 10 voluptuous pictures of your wife to be. To keep in shape for the rigorous life of a married NFO, Oly instigated post study hour wrestling matches with any and all innocent bystanders. We really hate to see Oly leave because of his melodious voice, but then again we really would hate to see him stay.

THOMAS M. PAUIK

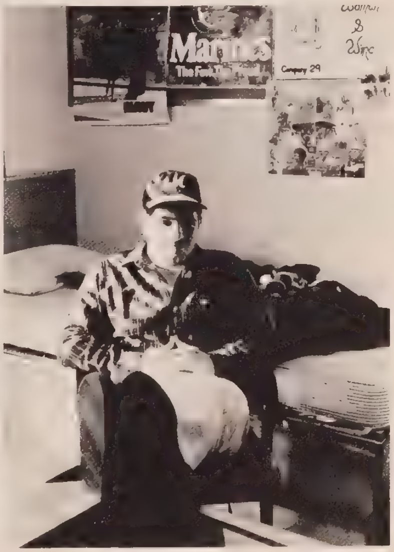
"T.P."

T.P. came to us from Sarasota Florida which is the only town in the country where people are born over 40. Tom quickly established himself as a great competitor on and off the football field. In his four years he has managed to accomplish three great personal goals, 1) play great football, 2) eat, and 3) sleep. Hollywood Tom never cared too much for academics, being that he was on an athletic scholarship, it was just something to do between dinner and rack. Tom's idea of an intellectual evening is watching an episode of "Buck Rogers" and reading his Playboys. Tom always seemed to have more girlfriends than West Point had scandals. Tom became the captain of the Big Blue his first class year and he soon began to screw-up his press interviews. Oh well everyone alway's knew George couldn't take a joke. Tom has been a close friend over the past four years and I know his wit and intelligence will be welcomed by the boys in Pensacola.

RANDOLPH F. PIZZI

Piz

This tough little Italian kid came to U.S.N.A. from Jersey with one motive - to have fun. When Piz wasn't spending study hour writing letters to his OAO, he could be found in the corner of the wardroom paging through is TV guide. High on his priorities was a good time, and Piz could do this with the best of them. A real sincere individual, Piz was a friend to everybody. He did not always see eye to eye with everyone, but his personality was 10 feet tall. Always there when you needed him, Piz took fun and friendship with him wherever he went.



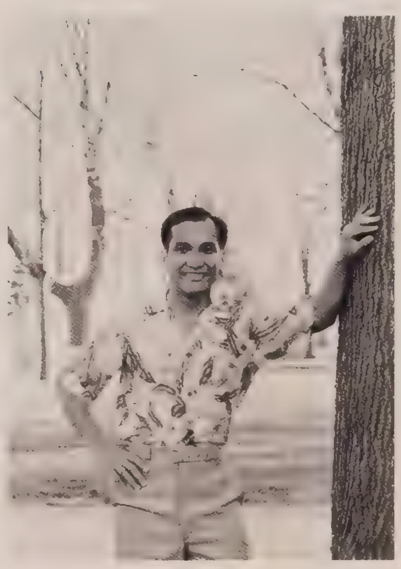
1st Row - (left to right) C. COON, C. BANIEWICZ, T. LOOKE, P. CORWIN, B. LALSON, N. YANG, J. CADE, J. HUGHES, T. VEGAL 2nd Row - I. BRESSLER, M. DOWD, R. BARTLETT, Y. HOFFNER, C. YOUNGBLOOD, M. KEATING, H. MIRANDA, M. LAFRENIERE, R. MORAN, L. BUMBACA, D. BARSWELL, H. DORMAN, J. LEARY, J. JORDON, L. DIBLER 3rd Row - J. HART, S. CULPEPPER, C. LUCAS, C. MUELLER, A. STEPHENSON, W. FREITAG, J. COLES, D. DONATELLI, A. PLEWNIAK, N. DOERRY, M. HAMILTON, W. SMITH

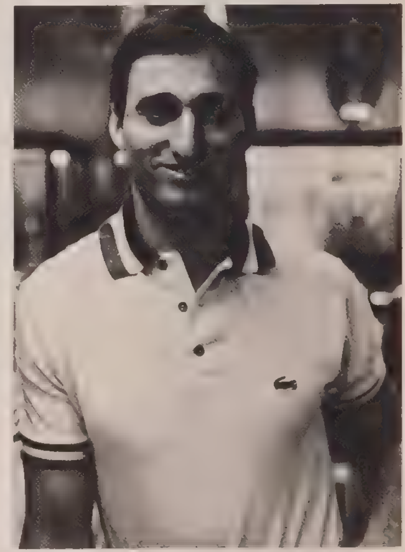
JOSEPH ANTHONY CRUZ SAN AGUSTIN
Guamer-Bomber

The Guamer-Bomber is our resident islander, and arrived squared away from NAPS after paddling his canoe across the Pacific. After nearly being run out of USNA by BUBBALEW, our very excitable boy experimented in a wide variety of sports, finally settling for the one seemingly least suited for him; volleyball. If Joe's not around just hike down to 6-0 where he and his "cousins" can usually be found cooking up some evil Guamanian brew. Joe loves to go to D.C., but when questioned, he never tells anyone exactly where. The poor mighty mite lives alone even though he has a roommate. Joe continually amazes people at the ease and rapidity within which he falls asleep, but if late in the nite one hears mumbling guamanian talk and the sound of Karate Chops coming from a room, let this be a hint! The prognosis is smooth flying for this grrreen man.

KURT THOMAS SCHMIDT
Kurt

Kurty-boy came to us by way of Niles (Nowheresville, a suburb of Chicago, via the University of Illinois. Since then, our resident Chem-major has unilaterally declared himself scholar, athlete, poet, politician, scientist, comedian, actor seal, pilot, director, while maintaining his incredible cool. "King of the Discoes", as he likes to be known, Kurt's BSing ability is unquestioned, yet his biased approach to all topics is revered Company-wide. Kurt's one of Johns boys, and hopes he'll never be one of Hymie's boys, lest he fall in Johnny Zeroe's footsteps. Kurt's cash supply lasts as long as one of Navy's drives — 3 days and a punt! Ol' slick has latched onto a fine yard engine and it's going to be full steam ahead for this determined lad, and success for him shall pose no obstacle.





ROBERT EUGENE POTTBERG
Pockets

Having been born a potatoe eat'in country-boy in Colorado, Bob thought an ocean was just a big lake with king-sized trout in it, and he'd never even heard of CANOE-U. Well, as Bob grew, his parents realized that they could no longer afford to feed him so naturally they let UNCLE SAM do it; "Welcome to NAPS men!" A year of beer, SALVE girls, and a little studying saw Bob thru to the gates of the famed CANOE-U. POCKETS, as he's now called, will be most remembered for; His guitar playing, wild times with the MARYLAND gang, running the JFK 50 MILER, his love of RACK, being a GIMP 1/c year, and for being the first in RAMBL'IN 29 to get married. So, POCKETS flies off into history as proof that even a good ole' country-boy can make good at NAVY, with some studying, some luck, and lots of gouge!!

WILLIAM T. WEBBER
Webs

Descending from the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania, Bill bade goodbye to Trevorton, Catholic girls and keg parties to head south to the shores of the Severn and Canoe U. After spending plebe year with his nose in the books, Webs saw the light and set out to impress the girls of Dahlgren. Realizing the need for an N sweater in this endeavor he commenced his three year starting career with Navy's 150 lb. football team. Second class year saw Bill and "Dad" Cochran exploring the dorms of Hood College and earning a membership in the Loser's Club. Segundo year also brought a growing disinterest in academics, a Fiat Spyder (a.k.a. the boxmobile) and a chance to introduce the men of 29 to the pleasures of Gennesee Cream Ale, hence the beginnings of the GCA Club. Webs' home became a weekend haven for friends who learned to enjoy Pa. and his Mom's cooking. At the completion of his stay at Navy Bill hopes to apply his hard-earned ocean engineering degree to a career in diving.

MICHELSON HALL

JAMES M. WILSON

Born to run, Jim came to USNA instead of Berkley, because he thought he could be more radical here. Due to his undying love for good rock and roll music, Jim quickly earned the nickname guitar-Wils, and he was ready to play at a moment's notice. He has often been noted to substitute a crutch for a microphone. Jim also had a unique attraction for female mids, in fact if you ever wanted to find a girl mid, chances are she was down in "slick's" room. Jim is very eager to abide by any directive or regulation promulgated. Jim has had excellent grease, culminated by his position as MPO. These two aspects will most certainly follow Jim to the Fleet. Having taken two poly-sci courses, Jim is ready to take the Weem's Creek bar exam. Jim is always quiet at parties, content with sipping a very weak "'rita". James was last seen driving off in his beige Toyota with Sally "Sixpack" Miller by his side, who was also his date for the Ring Dance.

30

DAVID CRAIG ARNOLD

Dave

"A sandblower is a person of low altitude and extremely high intelligence." With that quote, and newspaper article reports that were long, detailed, and sounding like he knew what he was talking about, Dave amazed his Plebe Summer squad leader. One day he'll let the Trandy light his cigars! He picked up an obscure nick name also; but it has since died out. Not one to let academia bog him down, Dave had a lot of free time to express how he loved this institution. That time ended quickly 3/c year, though, as Dave, Walk, and Hubber spent more time as RV critics than most 2/c do! Never withholding his insights on issues, Dave argued on everything from TV's to Iran — and most of the time we found him right!

First class year found a new side to Dave, especially as a hardliner on Plebe detail; and, along with a select few, he ruled the wardroom like a tyrant. Counting the days until he gets out, we're sure Dave will do one helluva job when he hits the fleet!

PAUL D. BARTHOLOMAY

Bart, Mule, Cap'n

Mule came to us from Ellington, Conn. Expecting the worse from plebe year, Mule wasn't disappointed. Maryland wasn't quite as nice as New England, but Mule was willing to give it all up for aerospace engineering. Just as he quickly learned how to be a plebe, he learned even faster what hard work was. But sleepless nights and coffee mug mornings were not to discourage our fearless Mule. Fortunately for Mule, he had a 1973 Ford Pickup to help vent his frustrations. Mule could frequently be seen taking off for a pizza or, on occasion, a drive in Virginia. Fortunately for motorcycle drivers, Mule's Virginia excursions were limited. Mule: a truly diligent worker, the true Cap'n Kirk of Star Trek, and the friend of many will remain in our hearts for at least as long as he owes us that $30.

ELIZABETH A. BELZER

Biz

She started as a sailor . . . switched to singing . . . learned how to succeed in business without really trying . . . smiles when she suits up for a run . . . loves to swing on the dance floor . . . gives her sponsor nothing but sass . . . always knows what to say! That's Liz. Westminster Md. sent us a very versatile midshipman. She began on the sailing team, helping the NADS to place 6th in their first Women's Intercollegiate Nationals. After the 1st year, she left the team, but always remains an honorary party member! Athletically, running is her true love. She was on the women's track and cross country teams, and likes to do it for fun in between all her other activities. Some of them are acting, singing, talking, going dancing, eating chocolate chip ice cream, talking, working on her Trident project, talking . . . Well, it's not all that bad, and her friends wouldn't trade a minute of their listening time! After graduation, Liz won't be Ensign Belzer for long, as she'll soon be married to a pilot from '78.

PITTSBURGH
Steelers

1st Row - (left to right) M. GIANCATARINO, G. SNYDER, D. JOHNSTON, P. GUMMATAOTAO, M. KRONZER, V. VLASHO, F. TETTELBACH, P. MORGAN C. FEDYSCHYN 2nd Row - M. ANDERSON, R. KORP, M. ADAMSHICK, N. SCHACHT, S. THOMAS, M. OLMSTEAD, P. HANKINS, B. TURMAN, J. DICKMAN, J. OHARA, M. NIXON, M. MIDDLETON 3rd Row - M. PAULATIS, R. VRANICAR, M. GALLET, M. CARR, V. COLE, J. THEISS, T. GURNEE, D. BURTON, J. BRAUN

GERALD R. CHANDLER, JR.
Chan

"Chan" comes straight off his surf board from the sunny sands and land of a beautiful blonde of Daytona Beach, Fla. after spending one freezing and partying time at NAPS. Using his most famous alias "The Son of Gouge", Chan always swindled the necessary information in order to prevent his appearance in front of the Ac-Board. After running cross country, indoor and outdoor track his first two years, Chan "D" as known by all wanted some more excitment and adventure in his life. He joined the rugby team where he got what he wanted and a little more. Never at a loss for words, Mr. Cool riding on his skateboard in his life-guard shades, was always ready to take the BOYS down to Mammy and Pappy Chan's for endless hours of good time partying during "Spring Break". Taking the USNACC course this summer, Chan commuted to "work" daily. Chan plans to get married to his beautiful fiancee Marylyn after graduation. We wish the very best to the both of you in the future.

STANLEY L. COOPER
"Coop"

Stan comes from the roaring metropolis of Kingstree, S.C. by way of NAPS. Known by all as "Coop", he got through the Academy on the doctrine that if the minimun was not good enough, it would not be the minumun. Always found in his rack or at the pool, Coop was never one to be out done; he gave both an equal amount of time. Coop will always be remembered for his pajamas, hair packing, long sideburns, and his G.Q. magazine (which kept Pierre Cardin in business). In addition to those items, Coop's FLOAT-a-LOAN program enabled him to receive his honorary degree in accounting. Giving up fast women for his O.A.O. (Linda), Coop preferred to just drive his CORVETTE and dream of ways of getting to S.C. to see Linda. Always breaking the hearts of the A.L.'s and Howard women by use of his never-ending wit and diplomatic charm, Coop kept true to his O.A.O. Navy Air will be getting the best Kingstree and USNA has to offer. We wish him all the luck in the future.

MARYLAND
J CHAN2

WILLIAM H. BOWEN, JR.
Bo

Bill came to the Academy from Fallston, Maryland. His cheery face always brightened days for others even when times were rough for him. Bill's hidden musical talent came through to us when he played his golden guitar on "free" evenings. Demonstrating his "love of the sea," he helped take the company sailing team all the way to Brigade Championships in '78. As a Systems Engineer, he spent many an all-nighter in the wardroom scrambling to finish those labs that were due yesterday. Bill was never seen on weekends, due to a certain young lady from Baltimore. Both have plans for a wedding in the near future . . . Those two are sure to have many happy days ahead. Joining the Masons was also an important event for him while at the Academy. Pensacola(!) or Orlando(?), Bill's future is sure to be bright.

MARK W. CZARZASTY

Czar

After a year of prep school at the Marine Military Academy and ten SAT's later, Czar was finally accepted into USNA. Plebe year proved to be a trying one for Czar who ended up with two 2.0 semesters and free trip to summer school for computers. Youngster year was an entirely different story for Czar, both academically and athletically. Early registration helped him get some "academic" coaches and while only playing in two games with the 150's, he earned an N-star. He also saw the light and switched from General Engineering to Physical Science. Second Class year was, as he would say, "a rare treat" with Wires, Weapons, and Steam to contend with. What's left for this New Jerseyite in the future? Well, with all the unlimited NFO billets to be taken, need more be said? As Czar would say, "Whose boy are you???!!" '

DONALD WILSON EISENHERT, JR.

Eisey

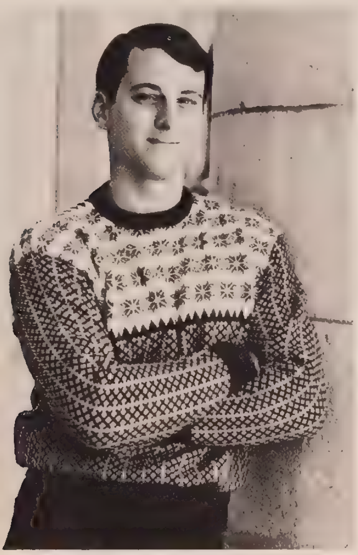
Eisey came to us from the bustling metropolis of Milledgeville, GA. As a three year member of the 19th hole golf club, Don quit the team when he heard they were going to give him a varsity letter. He tried the ice capades, but didn't like the hours. As the Aero-head of 30, Don really appreciates how rough bull majors have it. He went into business with "E&H Enterprises, a 'chedda' subsidiary" but had to pull out when his partners left with the cheese. Traveling in his TR7 — Myrtle Beach, Wildwood, Ocean City and Middleton's have seen Southern style as only Don could show it. A shy person, he might become the interior decorator at Denny's for a night, but would only wear briefs and a smile to the Hallowe'en party at Taber's Tavern.

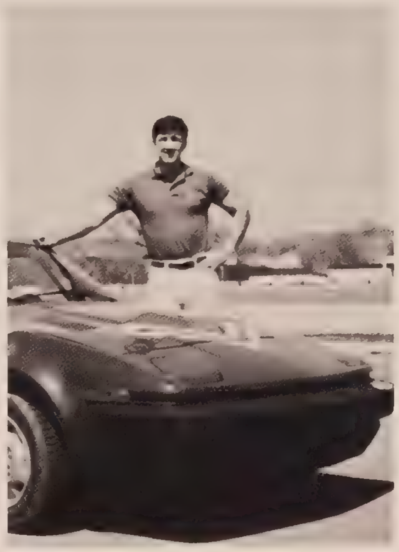
Eisey was one of the famous boys in Protum and the Senicites, Xmas 2/c year, and had fireworks to liven up dull evenings. Don's always wanted to fly, so we're sure he will fit in well at Pensacola and do a fine job in the fleet.

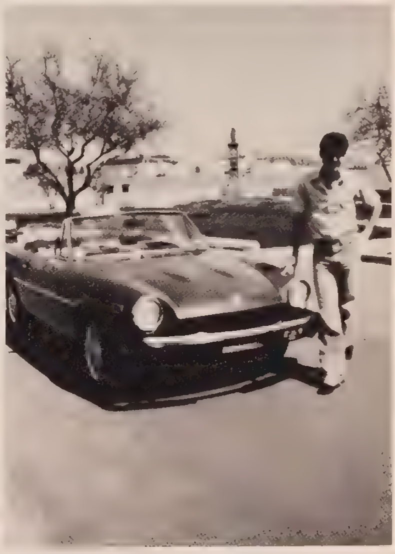
RUSSELL JAMES GRANIER

Ping

Emerging from the depths and Bayous of Vacherie, La., Russ slithered forth to the Academy four years ago. A mere innocent then, Russ has now evolved into something of an enigma. His talents have been quite apparent and have earned him a Nat'l award for one night stands. The girls undoubtedly love his freckles and Elvis Presley haircut, and even a few find something adorable in his constant tendency to bump into ceilings with his head. Gran, Ping, Cruiser, Russ, whatever you call him, can usually be found between the cannons at the Mexican monument or by looking up, or at the car repair shop, or in bed . . . with your sister. If you need a clue as to where he's been, look for his hat. Ping's personality earned him a prominent place among "The Boys." He was a member of Scroto and the P-Sites, Taber's Not-Quite-Dressed Raiding Party, the Ice Follies, and most other activities which tend to raise eyebrows but made the boys what they are. His good looks, energy, and wit made every outing an experience.







1st Row - (left to right) R. BRITT, P. FRIEL, J. FIRANZI, S. EPSTEIN, G. VOIGT, R. REIMER, E. THOMPSON, S. CORLEY, L. COHEN 2nd Row - S. BURRIS, S. DIETZ, S. PARKS, D. RYAN, W. HAMMOND, R. RADCLIFFE, R. COX, B. OYDNA, J. FERRER, S. GULLETTE, R. CHEONG, D. DEJARNETTE, P. YORIO, C. RATTE 3rd Row - M. SCASSERO, P. SHULERT, W. TERRELL, C. PAUL, R. ZIMMERMANN, P. WARKER, W. KLANSEK, J. HUGHES, R. STOFFA, K. MURPHY, M. WRALSTAD, M. FISHER, J. VENA

JAMES DAVID HOGSETT

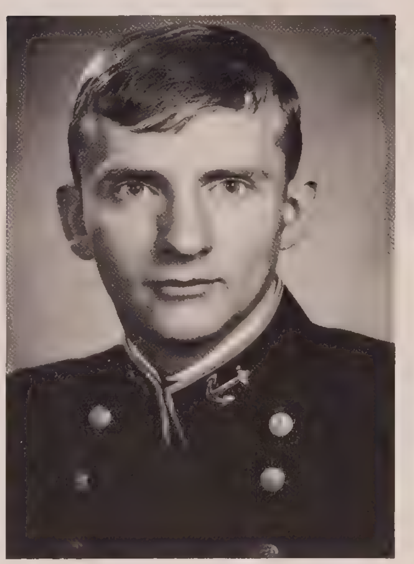
J.D.

Hailing from Macon Missouri Jim wasn't interested in taking the easy way out. So in order to graduate from U.S.N.A. he decided he would try the long way around. After giving enlisted life a run Jim went off to naps before finding a home at Annapolis with Dirty Thirty. Jim is sometimes mistaken as Ted Nuggent when he plays his squash racket with the stereo blasting, listening to what else but 98 ROCK. Jim will do well no matter where he goes so long as the music's hard the women fast and the beer cold. Good luck always J.D.

STEPHEN MARTIN JOHNSON

Dr. J.

The infamous Dr J, 30th company's own version of Hawkeye, who's unceasing sense of humor and playful mischevious nature make him a shipmate none of us will soon forget. A chemistry major, Dr J wasted no time delving into and supplying chemicals to us all, being the major consumer himself. His caffine loaded body only caught up with him twice, the "Bat Alert" during youngster finals and the "Caffine Snorting" experiment. They say that caffine expands your memory, this may or may not be true, but when it came to studying Steve's middle name was "4.0". There is no doubt that he worked harder then any of us at academics, locking himself away in the "Catacombes" or the Squash Courts for whole semesters at a time. Steve still found time to partake in the "Ice Follies of 78", the Great Sting, Halloween at Tabers, the trip to Creedmore, and ALL of the Recon Raids. The only thing he didn't do was sleep!! Steve is giving up his Gorilla for a girl from philly and a handshake from Hymie (get a sub, get a check). Dr J is OK fo'sure Boshan!!



GREGORY HIGHTAIAN

"DOC"

The Doctor comes to us from Worcester, Mass. After a brief stint at NAPS he rolled into CLUB 30 ready to jam. For 4 years he has combed the East Coast hitting all the action and partying with the best of them. Greg has traveled under a myriad of aliases, herewith are a select group of his favorites: Octane, "O", maintain, Doctor of Love, Fondler Aquaman, Highball, Buck. The list continues forever but we must move to other areas of interest such as the social arena where Greg has been very active. His repeated trips to local girls colleges earned him the "GROSS TONNAGE" award for the class of 80. When he wasn't snaking the local ladies he was cruising the strip at Daytona or Myrtle in his dazzling Camaro. Rest assured that no matter where the location he was undoubtedly without briefs. Greg has provided us many laughs and memorable occasions. Wherever he goes The Doctor is sure to meet a friend or make one. Here's to a man with a style of his own.

KATHRYN L KARLSON

Krash

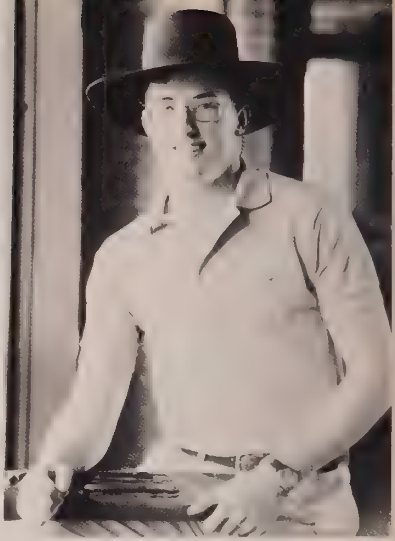
Kathy's greatest love since the day she arrived here has been sailing. Nicknamed "Krash" by the NADS, she quickly became known as the best woman sailor on the Navy Dinghy team, qualifying for the Women's World Sailing Championships during her plebe year! Her love for the water could only be complimented by her major in Oceanography. Kathy wins everyone's heart with her ready-smile and ever-present dimples. Her spirits are almost always high and she snaps back when the chips are down with brightness to spare for those around her. Kathy's sailing party memories are unbeatable and she is, more often than not "the life of the party." Starting during plebe year as "Hebe" in the musical "H.M.S. Pinafore", she's made a name for herself in the music department here as well. Dancing, skiing, running, piano playing, and chocolate chip ice cream rank among her favorite pastimes. No matter where she goes, Kathy is sure to bring a ray of sunshine into the lives of those she meets.

MARK JEFFERY MARSHFIELD

Swampgrove

"The Wedge" (30 company's beloved Swampgrove) will be remembered for many things, but most especially, for his voice. It was that rasping grateing noise that burned it's way into our hearts forever. (Many tried to imitate it, but none could duplicate it). The Wedge was really amazing, he max-ed out in everything from sports (Varsity sailing) to academics (TRIDENT SCHOLAR/BAGGER). Fielder was with out a doubt the biggest flammer in our company - and damn proud of it too! He was known for his great rapport with 79, giving chow calls plebe year when we were hiding in closets and showers, for ref-ing the Mung-AS-111 fight, and for his great luck (the first time Mark would try anything - ZAP!!) Mark has his own Mrs Wedge, he even brought her here from California for 1/c year. We all owe Ann lots of thanks for the "purple alerts", and everything else. For our swampgrove - Nuclear Subs and Mrs Wedge are the shape of things to come. By the way, Wedge, where is San Luis Obispo??

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
GA E



KEVIN CHARLES MULLOY

Madick

The man in the photograph above is the infamous K. C. Mulloy, more commonly known as "Madick". "Red in the head, dead in the head" didn't cut the mustard with this bohica brain. He enjoyed multiple 4.0's while taking mid-morning breaks to chomp bagels at Chic and Ruth's Deli. Madick was a member of the coveted 'underwear gang' at Taber's and participated in the ice follies of '78. Constantly nuturing a glass of 7 and 7, Madick won his name for his passionate ploys with "Scrow-ten and the Bean-us-sites." K.C.'s a nuke puke and we all love him dearly, especially when he's not expecting it. "Horn 'em Bill, Horn 'em, deck 'em, deck 'em, deck 'em.

ROBERT ANTHONY NEMECEK

Nemesis

Tony came to the Naval Academy from Utica New York. Even though Tony was class president for two years. He does not aspire to be president. He wants to be king. As a former member of the Village People, Disco Tony can usually be found doing the rock to FM 103. Tony has always looked for the best things in life even though he's going P-3's. Good luck always!

MARC HENRY ROLFES

Nazi

Marc came to us from the fast pace city of Indianapolis. He was a quiet, timid type of guy at first but was quick to change. Few will ever know all the escapades that Marc pulled off while he was supposedly up till the wee hours studying. Rumor has it that he knew every exit and corridor of Mother 'B', just in case!

Considering that Marc is from the North, it will probably surprise you that he was an intelligent individual. He was a tidal wave engineering major, Trident Scholar, and Rhodes Scholar nominee. Besides that he was 30's Company Commander during the second set. Unfortunately, he still has a bad childhood habit; he still likes to play with guns.

Marc plans on learning how to be a sewer pipe engineer. Good for him! Someone must! But we all know that he will do a good job. Some day Marc will probably meet that special girl (He did once, but she was too stupid to realize it). Until then, the best of luck!

1st Row - (left to right) K. WETTERSKOG, S. PHILLPOTT, S. JOYCE, C. SIMKINS, R. MUSICO, L. YUSTAK, M. HULL, L. COWDEN, D. FOWLER 2nd Row - P. PRITCHARD, W. CROZIER, A. SMALL, T. BOND, F. EISSLER, J. DEE, T. THOMAS, M. BOWERS, R. ST. JOHN, R. HOFFMAN, M. KLORIG, T. LUFFY, J. YOURKOWSKI 3rd Row - T. McKAVITT, M. DAUBNER, P. PUCCETTI, E. BOROWICZ, D. VALAIK, M. MURPHY, T. RIEGER, J. POLK, J. GARDNER, S. McGILLEN, A. TANSKI, M ORTEGA

CO CDR - M. ROLFES, seated; CO SUB-CDR - P. BARTHOLOMAY, back row - right; CAO - S. COOPER, back row - left

MICHAEL RICHARD SCHROEDER

Dilly

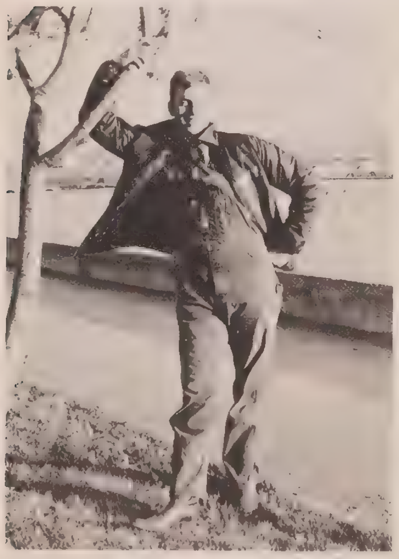
A true southern gentleman from the colorful city of New Orleans, Dilly-Whacker came to Annapolis with his mouth in motion and hasn't stopped talking since. Scroto put his incessant chatter to work for Navy and became the "master debater" on a team that went to the national finals youngster year. Always a fun-loving sort, the Dil's took part in the highly illustrious recon raids of "the boys", including the legendary Ice Follies of 78. He achieved his highest honor when he became leader of the infamous Scroto and the P-sites band. Much to the surprise of everyone, including himself, the Whacker became first set company commander. Never one to forget his buds even in his new position of power, the Sac could always be counted on to disapprove a weekend chit. After graduation, Rick plans on spending his time in Pensacola in order to be nearer his beloved city and a certain little nurse who may well be the only person who can get him to shut up.

ALEXANDER SCHWAN III

Big Al

With Big Al, "III" is deceiving — for he is indeed one of a kind! In a company full of characters, Al stood out from the crowd even during Plebe Summer. Al wasn't just a screen; he was much more like a force field. Whether his secret was determination, luck, or sour balls, Al went through a Plebe year that Ghengis Kahn would have been scared by, and came out a better man. Boots and his cohorts, responsible for many of the hundreds of demos accrued, were impressed.

Between listening to Convy and amazing us with his athletic prowess, Al volunteered his services in many areas. Flying high with the Blue Angels, recruiting at home — he even tried to take our blood! As chariman of the "save the 8 track" committee, many of us almost bought 8 track players so that we could borrow his classic collection of tapes. His blue tank is admired as well — though he won't get much use of it underwater when he graduates. For all he took, and what he gave, we hope he gets his dream farm one day.



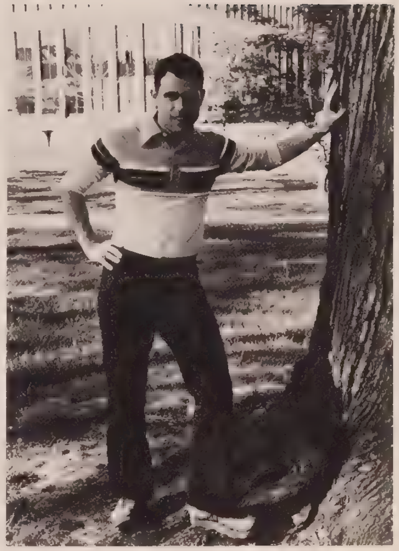
CONRAD LOUIS SMITH, JR.

Who's that man behind the Foster Grant's? Why it's Conrad, are you blind or something? Coming from the South, Conrad was bound to have difficulty. He just couldn't adjust to upperclass life. Still being unable to stay up past 11 PM, Conrad was quick to retaliate by arising at 5:30. What might this individual do at such a foul hour of the morning you might ask? For those of you who don't know Conrad and might suggest that he studies should be informed that the resident math major has had difficulty for the past two years deciding which 15 hours to take. In actuality he runs, runs, runs . . . Rotating between cross country, indoor track and outdoor track, Conrad has always had a special place in his heart for 26 miles, 385 yards. No sweat! A wearer of the stars and stripes in more ways than one, Conrad hit the big six (or should I say deep six) second semester. No accident I assure you. Now if he can only learn how to march. All in all not a bad kid, besides his mother makes great C.C. cookies!

RICHARD MICHAEL STYCZYNSKI

Skydog

"Wood is a funny thing." With these profound words of wisdom, Skydog impressed everyone who knew him with his sharp Polish wit. Hailing from the windy city, Skydog became 30th company's answer to Mario Andretti, setting new land speed records throughout the yard in his TR-7. A true friend to all motorists, Rich opened a lucrative sports car repair shop, utilizing his room as a garage. For a slight fee he would even dismantle an engine during his free periods. Never one to let trivial inconveniences such as grades interfere with his education, Styzdog spent his weekends in search of the perfect girl and even took such drastic steps as turning preppie. His infamous wanderings covered a three state area but finally led him to the conclusion that "she just ain't here". Rich will soon descend upon the sandy beaches of Pensacola and try his techniques on those Southern Girls, while in his spare time pursuing his only true love: NAVY AIR.



MICHAEL A. WALLACE

Moike

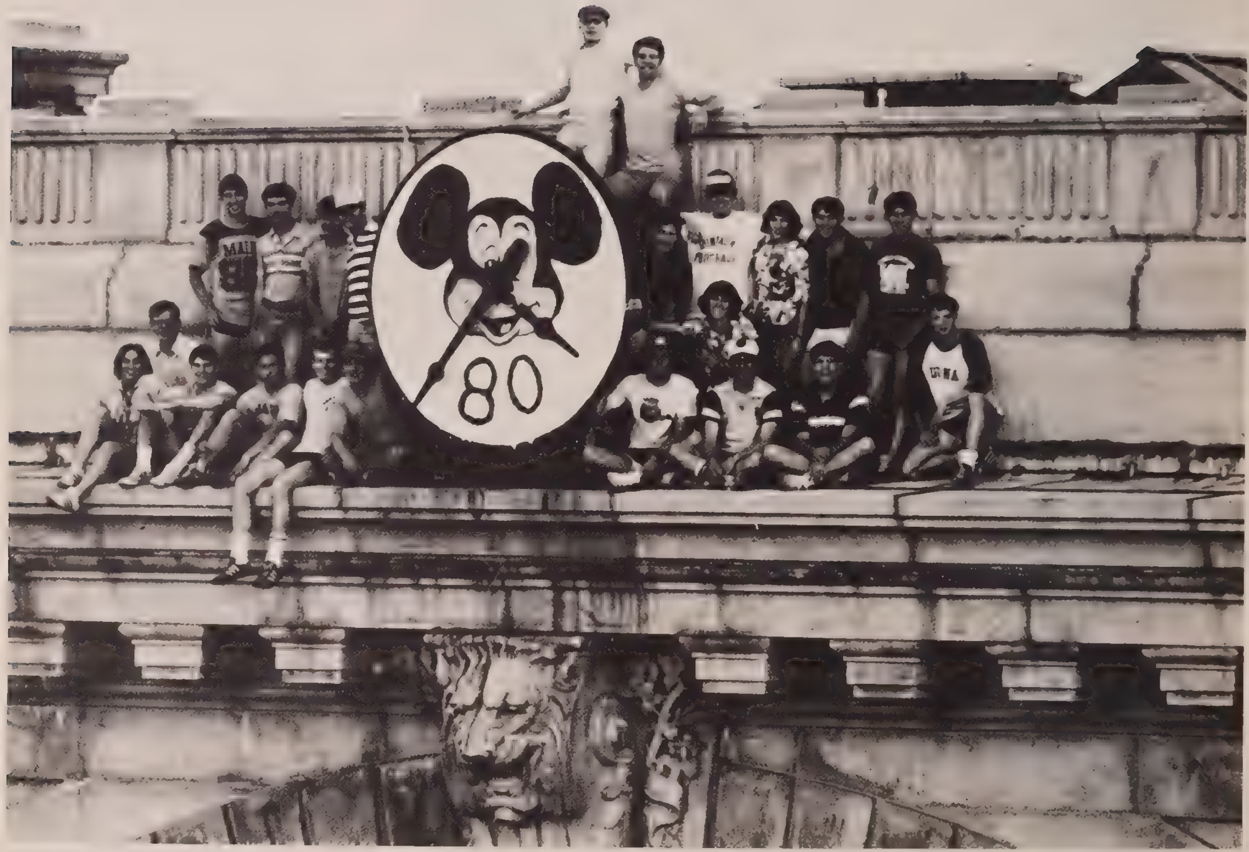
Mike, better known as "Moike," came south to Navy from the sticks of Kane, Pennsylvania. An innocent, upright citizen dedicated to the American way, USNA must have been a shock for him. The boys from 30 took over where Mom had left off and soon had Mike attending Pep-Rallies dressed as a girl from Hood College. Then there was academics. The Wires department and Mike fought a suicidal battle for six semesters, during which he became a strictiy nocturnal animal. Not easily discouraged, Mike wandered into the weight-room one day and discovered that physical punishment CAN be fun. He then employed this philosophy in "conditioning" the sub-squad. Mike's witty humor and work on the wardroom will always be remembered. A firm believer that the Navy is "not just a job," Mike appears headed for the surface fleet where his social-life experiences as a member of "KLUB-30" will be put to the test. Wherever he goes, Mike's motorcycle is sure to follow. His pride in the nation and faith in God will carry him far.

THOMAS MICHAEL YATES

Yule

"Yule" came to us from Redondo Beach Ca., and we all very quickly realized that he was unique. Tom just loved to "discuss" things - any topic at all. His favorite subject became Nuclear Power and "The Draft" (anyone who stood still for a minute around Tom soon knew his views on the subject!). Yuletide seemed to have three favorite pasttimes - munching on sunflower seeds, listening to Bruce Springsteen, and pissing in someones corner (sometimes he'd even do all three at the same time!). Tom was one of those Californians who managed to sneak home on weekends - in fact it was rumored that his parents single handedly kept United Airlines afloat. Yule was famous for his extreme love for both Iran and Nuclear Power, babysitting the "infant" going on roadtrips yet never drinking, and selling his car 1/c year so that he could fly more. Tom never did like taking any risks, that is why though his ring says NAVY, this airdale will soon be wearing green (too bad Hymie, this one got away). Give'em hell Yule!!

31



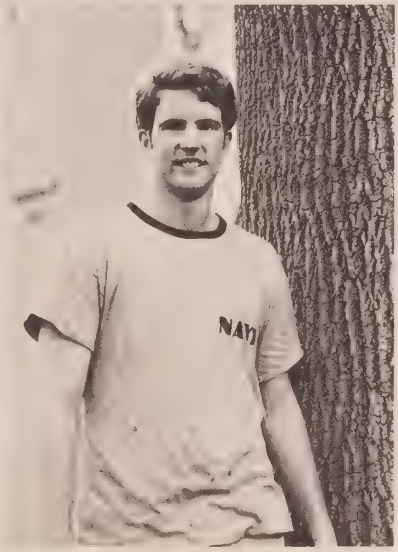
LINDA JEANNE BARTLO

As well known for her sarcastic wit as her motherly qualities, she nevertheless acquired the nickname, "Mom". She hails from the city of Buffalo, the blizzard center of the Northeast. Mom's first two years at the Boat School were suspenseful as she wavered between the Navy and Civilian Line. But a certain Navy hammer thrower loomed up over the horizon and locked in her future. After that all thoughts of evening "jogging" vanished. As a part time Navy swimmer and rack-aholic, Linda managed to maintain high grades in spite of all the time she spent asleep. Her future in the Navy is not set as yet, but whatever she does, she'll do well, I'm sure. Her big heart and sense of humor only adds to an already fine Naval Officer. Finally, a toast to the Boteks, may you live long, eat well, and prosper greatly. DONE

E. THOMAS BRODMERKEL

Cool Tom

Tom, a Navy Junior from Jacksonville, Florida, came to the Academy fully prepared for the tough academic load. He decided to make himself a "whole man" and pursued many extracurricular activities. Since the academics here were not enough to keep him occupied, he felt he would start exercising 3-striper libs youngster year and go to Pier 7 every Wednesday night. He got caught, so the Academy cramped his "style" and made him get a feel of Bancraft Hall (and Main Office). After other attempts at focusing his energies into various sports and various women, Tom found his two true loves, Marie and rugby. Though Tom wished to be one of the few and the proud, he may have to go to the other corps. "Whatever", I do wish the best of luck to both Tom and Marie and thank them for all the great times we have shared.



LYLE J. BURNHAM

Shultze

Lyle Burnham alias the Load, has had a stellar performance since Plebe summer. During his tenure at Camp Bancroft Midn. Burnham has chosen the one he loves. Miss Sandy has endured many crazy drunken rages, like Lyle's yelling out of a window. She has even been crowned Rugby Queen. Lyle has made the class of 83 know and respect the Marine Corp, his true love. But his birthday scuba party was fun. Lyle would have put on three stripes second semester but Army-Navy took care of that. Shultze decided to drink with Orange County and had to take the back seat. WE ALL would like to wish Lyle and Sandy a BIG "uhrah" and good luck always.

1st Row - (left to right) M. KOPPER, M. DELUCA, S. HINDS, R. DUFFETT, D. HEIMBACH, D. STEWART, J. BITMAN, D. DICK, M. PAGGI. 2nd Row - T. GALLO, H. LOCK, S. KELETY, J. DEAN, W. JOHNSON, K. BOWMAN, D. GULLING, R. FRANZA, J. MYERS, S. SCHEHL, M. JARUIS, R. PARRISH, H. ZAGIC, G. FINE, T. MALLOY. 3rd Row - D. CARTY, T. GREEN, W. BURNETTE, D. GREEN, W. PEACOCK, D. SOUKUP, H. MADISON, P. LORGE, S. KOBIELA, R. HOVELL.

WILL W. GILDNER, JR.
Billy

Will came to USNA to follow in his father's footsteps and use this place as a springboard to earn those wings of gold. His first love has always been Navy Air, but California girls, ragtops, velcro wallets, surfboards, sunglasses, skateboards, and sailing are close behind. Being in debt is a favorite hobby of Will's. But he is a person who plays hard and enjoys the better things in life. Every green alert was a thrill for Boni's kids, because "Uncle Will" was coming. His ability with kids is contrary to the "single" image that he presents. It won't be long, Billy! Will has worked hard to become an expert sailor, and he earned command of one of those wind-powered tubs in Santee Basin. If Hymie will leave him alone, his Navy career will probably be one of similar success.

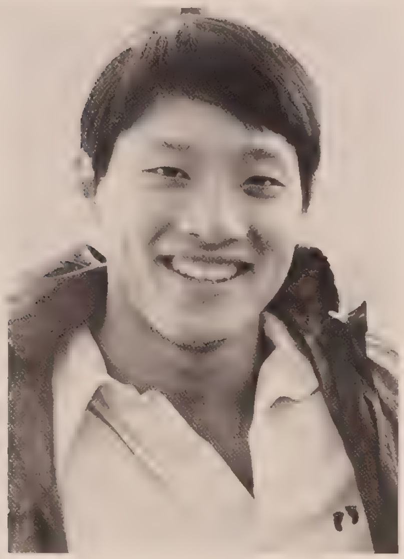
ROBERT JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
Bobby cee

"THE COMPANY C" from where . . . Oh Yeah - Epping, NH. He is a little competitive, I guess. His big draw back is that he is a damn yankee, but all us GOB's (good ol boys) still get along with him. He spent plebe and 3/c year as a soccer stud. Then he made it to 2/c year and the "green slime affair". That affair made it possible for Bobby C. to write his theme song: "Take a look at my 3 stripes, 3 stripes; They're the only ones I got. Not much of a 3 striper, 3 striper; I don't even have a car". 2/c year was when Bobby C. met Karen G., also. When with her he is actually bearable, but don't ever keep them apart or depression and big phone bills set in. June Week 2/c year came and went as did the Texas Hussy. Then 1/c year and M/LT Chambergeek, 31st Co. Cdr. or fuhrer did, too. And here he is he finally made it; with 20/20 and Pensacola in his eyes. Now here is a list of Bobby C.'s awards: The guy to say the phrase "Hey, c'mon now" the most; The dumbest way to lose a class ring (take it off & leave it in the wardroom)

JOHN RICHARD HALEY

Irvine; J.R.

"Hi, I'm John Haley from Irving, Texas and I'm here to say . . . hey, why's everybody asleep?" Thus J.R. Haley began his career as a midshipman. As a first class his achievements included putting a platoon asleep as a platoon commander and a battalion asleep as a battalion commander. J.R. was the only transient in the company. He moved around from room to room, and one year we even sent him to Zoomieland for a semester. It's not that nobody got along with J.R. It's just that all his roommates quit. But the zoomies said that they caught up on their rack time while he was out there. J.R. holds a couple of records at USNA - the most notable being wardroom chit writing champion. He was one of rickover's boys at the start. That is until he spent 1/c cruise underwater. Now he mumbles something about the beaches of Pensacola and the backseat of a P-3. Hey, y'all wanna here a story 'bout . . . zzzzzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzz
Hey! . . . zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz



DARYL LEE CHEN

Chen Man

This derelict came all the way from California to be a star. Had he known what was in store for him, things might have been different, but Daryl never could resist a challenge and quitting was not his style. Daryl's style is a fast car, a steep slope, or a good scrum. The 150# team missed out on a great athlete, but their loss was the Rugby Club's gain. Also among his favorite pastimes are hang-gliding, skydiving, expensive stereos, chesty women, and toys. He loved baseball in the halls, computer football, and his theme song is "China Grove". His major is Mechanical Engineering and First Class year he minored in P.E. To Daryl all the military formalities are bogus. He takes pride in his individualism and fought the system long and hard to keep from being changed. He won the first half of the battle, but now the Navy has him by the nads for at least five years. What better way to spend it than as a Navy pilot? Fricken aye! After four years with the same roommate anything will be a pleasant change.

DAVID B. CLEMENT

D.B.

The Navy is lucky to have Dave Clement in the fleet. D.B. came out of high school dreaming of a life of teaching history to Cajun high school kids. Somehow however, he got the idea that the Naval Academy was the place to get a history degree. Up until the beginning of second class year he promised that after five years he would have his teaching billet. But the Navy slowly won out. Clement's first mistake was falling in love with a professional Navy woman. He was so taken by her that he swore that he would go Nuke power just to be with her until he could retire and teach. Then the Academy played to his pride and integrity by making him a high brigade honor striper. Whether David likes it or not the Navy has provided for all his needs. He has good food to feed his paunch, some money between Visa bills, and a good women to keep him warm, not to mention a destroyer to play with. With all that David has going for him, who would be surprised if he is around for thirty years?

EDWARD JOHN FISHER

Fish

"A friend loves at all times,
and a brother is born for adversity." Proverbs 17:17

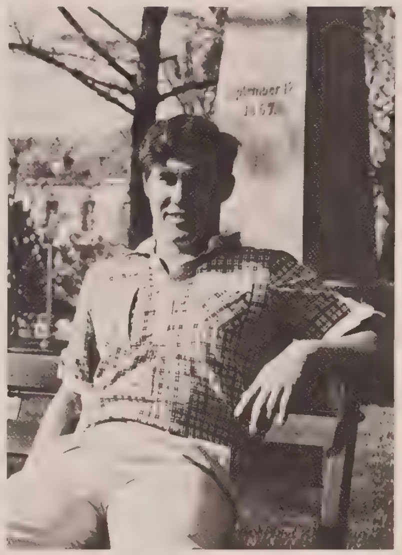
Few people had the insight Fish possessed as to what their purpose was here at Annapolis. John knew he was here to help others and let them know he was available, anytime. Help may have been in the form of sound advice, an extra hand on a job, or a witness for Christ, and people knew he was there either by feeling his familiar presence or getting jostled on the fields and in the hall. Only one thing could have made this longhorn happier in his time spent here, and that was a real Mexican meal.

1st Row - (left to right) D. PROULX, T. TOWLER, R. MERCK, P. SHAW, K. VOELKER, J. MALAPIT, M. SAUNDERS, S. LEFTWICH, N. BOURASSA 2nd Row - J. GRIFFITH, D. MACK, D. BROSH, D. JAHRSDOERFER, L. KOJM, S. JONES, J. WARDACH, D. MEWBOURNE, T. PASTERNAK, G. WHITNEY-ORELLANA, J. RAINEY, T. STRANSKE 3rd Row - D. SMELLOW, W. FAZEKAS, W. WALKER, R. PATTERSON, J. MALONEY, M. CONVERSE, M. NORTON, N. VILLARIN, W. LAINGEN

DANIEL VERN HERRSCHER

V.D., J.B., Old Joe

Daniel V. Herrscher came from Phoenix, Arizona, to Crabtown because a cactus had told him that USNA was the best place to pursue a liberal arts degree in music. When, upon arrival, Dan saw his nameplate read V.D. Herrscher, he knew that he'd been misled by that damn cactus. Any naivete that still remained was soon eliminated by his roomies, D.B. and Tuna. He made the best of it and by graduation, he had managed to sing in two choirs, two musicals, four Messiohs, and Glee Club. Better than most, Dan appreciated that USNA was a quagmire of conformity and he wanted no part of it. Dan spent his next three years flouting sterotyped behavior. Dan's most rebellious success was the Bancroft Tea Society which broke study hour regs for his last three years. Dan was also a charter member of Ma Bartlo and her Boys. Dan's loves were cripple crowns, tower jumps, trains, watches, and Joan. Life was never dull with Dan around. We are going to miss his refreshing air of rebellion and carefree attitude.



JEFFERY C. JOHNSTONE

Stone

Jeffery "Stone" Johnstone raised on a baby bottle of Dr. Miller in Moline IL. - Founder of the annual X-Mas bash, the QUAD CITY OPEN, where tee-ing off were many of the rowdy partiers of the east and west all star rosters (but how many rode the cow?). J.C. was always a world traveller - his "obese" bar in Somerford, Ohio or "Tiffany's" in L-Port - not to mention the fun times he picked up in South America or at the "vous". When you talk about good times, Stoner could always say "I've Had it" - but never sacrificing those high morals. Stone just "loved the Academy (yes, he HAD IT) he played a little tennis, but had a stronger interest in baseball (hell of an average on those weekend choose-up games) But alas he must sail on to crazier times (will he take Lotta? what of the "myth"? I don't know - "do ya wanna?) But then again, Stoner would just say "it's too heavy of a concept, lets sit down - have a Miller and talk about it" RIGHT NOW ITS TIME TO RALLEYE

SUSAN CHARLOTTE KELLER

"Killer"

Susan Keller came to USNA from the hot sands of Santa Fe N.M. via the back hills of Green Forest, Ark. A product of NJROTC and the daughter of a career Air Force officer, "Killer" Keller out-gunged us all during Plebe summer by claiming the Marine green to be her career aspiration. Her enthusiasm soon diminished, however, when she met her first mid love — a firstie pilot-to-be. She even managed to "skip" breakfast numerous times Plebe year to enjoy his company. We were certain that this affair was serious, as nothing before or since then has persuaded Sue to pass up food. For the rest of the year, a position on the basketball team and her tendency to sweat everything kept Sue quite busy. After one fateful day in a gas turbine lab on Youngster cruise, however, things were never the same. Since then, wedding bells and domestic thoughts of John, cooking, cleaning and babies has kept her mind drifting. In spite of it all, Susie has put much sunshine in our days at USNA — John and the Navy are indeed lucky.

J. BRIAN LAIR

J. B., Lair Bair

A marked man, Brian managed to stay with his high school sweetheart no matter what anyone tried to do. The temptations were there, but when she moved to Crabtown, he never seemed so contented . . . A genuine country boy from Tempe, Arizona, Brian loved the outdoors, and keeping him indoors was crime. The campgrounds of Virginia never knew a better guy . . . Brian was an excellent athlete; and there was no sport that he couldn't play well . . . Academia and Brian didn't always agree, but whenever Brian's "bwain hert", he would just dive into the rack and all would be well. Needless to say, the rack monster and he were great friends . . . Nobody had a better roommate than Brian, and if he has his way, Navy Air will not have a better officer . . . . . . Good Luck Brian and Jeanette.

hilton head

JOHN MARTIN LINK

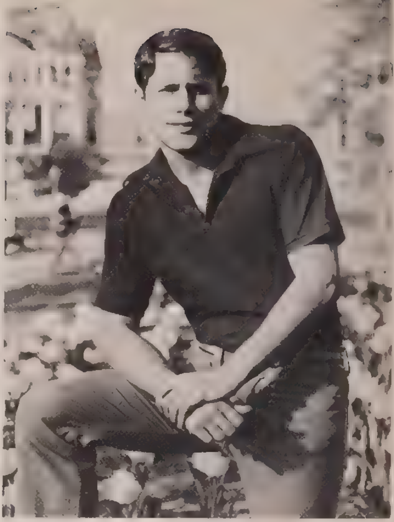
Dant, J.D.

Destined to be Commandant of this so-called institution of higher partyin', Dant hails from the outskirts of Greensboro, N.C. (KKK headquarters). Bein' a ROTC general, J.D. mastered the art of bilging his roomates plebe summer with perfect hospital corners and neat closets! Who would have guessed he'd become the brigade groad when he was blessed with 3-stripes for Brig. Drill. Yes, Dant's succumed to pier pressure; after 3 years of playing "mommy" to his roomies with laundry chits, notifications, TSP parties, and picking up piles of clothing, he's decided its better to derelict-out than fight it. And yes he's derelicted out, drinking and being brigade P-rep. How could Hyman want this slob? It must be the way he twirls his sword as Brigade Drill Team Cdr. Despite all these vices, Dant's future as a Nuc Officer appears very promising. We wish Dant well with the undersea world of Jacque Cousteau.

ROBERT JOSEPH MELENOVSKY

Mel

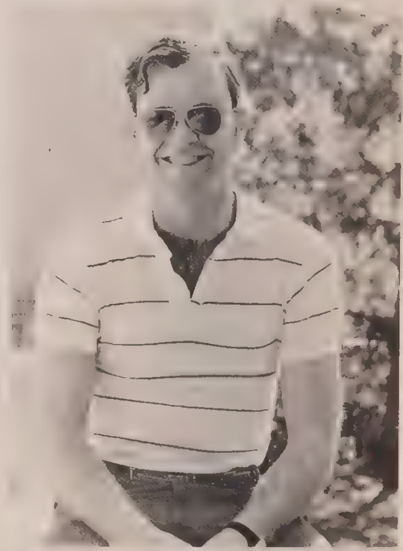
Mel came to USNA from Logansport, Indiana, where he graduated from a high school with not tigers, or stallions, or even goats for mascots, they were the BERRIES! But Berry always knew his rates — he spent Plebe Summer in the rack studying Reef Points and writing songs, such as "Boogie on Plebe Summer." But it was legit — knee operation . . . yeah, right. He partied away the first three years, but Second Class year he became P.W.'d. She appeared and Mel wrapped himself around her finger. As a firstie, Mel was sent to live in Striperland. With his three stripes he could party during the week, too. But money was tight with those weekends in Illinois and $300 phone bills. Mel was always getting himself into jams — like the night in Bruceton Mills, West Virginia. Now he's graduating and our advice to the fleet is "stand by to party."



TIMOTHY LEE MILLS

Millser Dude

Long haired he came and sick he got, was this an omen of the dream he sought? Scoffing at the warnings because this was his day that he would compete against the best in this place off the bay. The Challenge was made as he prepared for the fight with the battle easy at first and the atrain very light. With battles even in his own camp leaving things more than damp, "A-dare" set a trap as our boy took his nap. A 6'5" pencil led the attack but our hero kept pushing him back. Being bored with his win and back from the sea, he found another foe who's known as M.E. He was the strongest of them all it was plain to see, even more powerful than the all-mighty. M.E. used his strength and tested at length; but Millser kept punching his little black box shooting fiery red numbers and softened those rocks. But all the punching took its toll because he had to sell his soul and all those red numbers made him glow . . . hairy he came and bald he'll go.

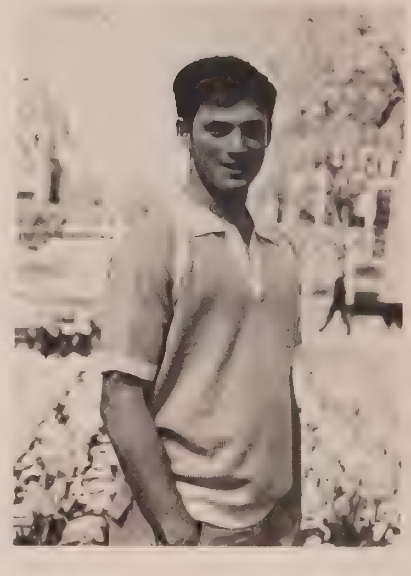


MATTHEW TATE PETERS

Yahboes

Spending over half his Academy years cooped up with a Texan and a New Hawpshirite helped this Vermonter characterize his USNA career with one thing: controlled insanity! His many escapades, including at one point his taking on of the whole Admin-Conduct System, have prepared him well for his assault on the fleet in May.

Matt's the kind of guy that gets knocked down and comes up fighting. Nothing is going to stand in his way as he heads for his ultimate goal - owning a little country store with a pot-bellied stove up in Vermont. Hope you get it one day, Matt. Save me a game of checkers! Fair winds and following seas to you.



1st Row - (left to right) D. DIORIO, D. GARLINGTON, M. DAVIS, B. BERMAN, C. LEE, S. LEWIA, B. TAYLOR, T. JONES, S. LAVERENTZ 2nd Row - S. OCKERMAN, S. POLLAK, T. STUART, M. THOMPSON, TOM SAWYER, T. LOMBARDO, M. VORMBROCKE, R. SAUER, A. CASSITY, E. RAHME, C. WAGNER, S. FISCHER, J. BORS, D. ROTH 3rd Row - A. CONORD, C. RUSSAK, R. GROSS, R. SCHIEKE, D. KARN, F. LASTAR, T. DAVIS, E. RICKETTS, P. NICHOLSON, M. BROWN

MICHAEL S. REED

Reeder 4.0

Michael S. Reed came to USNA from the docks of New Orleans. The skills learned there as a narcotics agent for the Harbour police were very useful as he pursued a management major at the academy. Even though the theoretical aspects of management sometimes got the better of him, Reed quickly found a high level of expertise in the practical aspects of management. During plebe year his recon teams acquired materials for the Army project and after that his projects kept getting bigger and better. His most famous effort came when one of his recon teams drove 300 miles through hostile territory to attempt the capture of the Army mules. This attack was a failure but activities he organized like Night Hawk, Class of '80 night and an explosive Army pep rally in 1978 all met with tremendous success. Michael's routine willingness to accept responsibility and do the work made him an important part of the company and the battalion. His reputation as a doer followed him everywhere. The Navy had better stand by for this slick operator.

CLAIRE AGNES SEBRECHTS

"Seabreeze"

Claire Sebrechts hails from that infamous Navy town of San Diego, Ca. Early Plebe summer, an unintentional mispronunciation of her name christened her "Seabreeze". Little did everyone know then how appropriate a name it was, and how long it would stick.

While struggling through a traumatic Plebe year wrought with academic problems, mono, a few broken bones and compounded by a secretive liaison with a dark handsome second classman, Claire attempted to decide if USNA was really for her. Once she decided, however, she threw her all into making the best of it. Now, a change of majors, innumerable ECAs, and four varsity sports later, Claire is looking forward to joining the Marine Corps. Behind her she will leave many friends (as well as several broken hearts) lured by her ever-present smile and outgoing personality. With her spirit and enthusiasm, she is sure to continue to meet with success along the way — we wish her all the best always.

JONATHAN WILLIAM SHARPE

Book 'Em Sharpo

Jonathan W. Sharpe came to Canoe U. from the bustling metropolis of Okemos, somewhere in Michigan. During his first three years here, Jon fancied himself to be quite the crew jock. Unfortunately, his coach didn't agree. Still, Jon persevered, either from acute masochism or to release pent-up frustrations (I won't say what kind). Later, Jon was involved in many groups, most clandestine, surprising all of us who knew that Jon could sweat the load with the best of them. Reeder Five-O helped get Jon out of his shell and into trouble. Jon joined such infamous groups as Ma Bartlo and her Boys and Reeder's Mule Transport Service. As to the latter, customary Sharpo luck assured his getting caught. Jon was one of those guys (spelled s-u-c-k-e-r) who always gave you the shirt off his back and knowing Jon's taste, it was generally an expensive one. Jon lived on good food, Jack Daniels, fast cars, and chasing girls, fast or otherwise. We're going to miss him, a true friend among acquaintances, which is, the ultimate compliment.

MICHAEL DENNIS SHETTLE

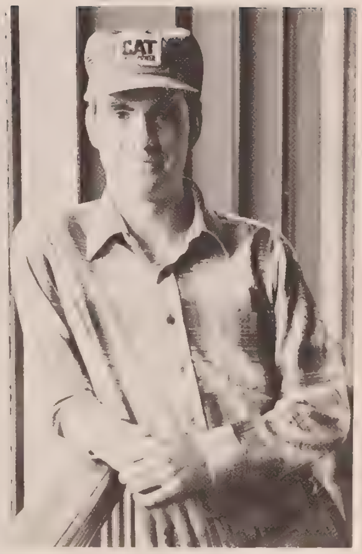
Geese

Geese came to USNA from some small burg in Indiana, and he never let us forget that it was a first class small town, not a city. While here he learned a few useful trades like playing spades all night, sleeping, and the art of "blowing it off". While here he obtained a bad reputation - as far as roommates were concerned anyway. Speaking of roommates, he never kept any. He was notorious for losing roommates. In fact his plebe summer roommate was so afraid of Mikey that he didn't even show up for I-day. Mikey's big achievements each year were: plebe year - ran track, youngster year - played cards, second class year - changed majors, & first class year - graduated. Some other main events in his life include being a seal-team 31 planck owner, having his car wrecked, meeting a girl, and considering himself to be a runner. After it is all said and done, however Mikey was a hard worker on grades, until he found out there would be unlimited NFO's. Give it to Mikey, he'll try anything.

TIMOTHY PATRICK SULLIVAN

Sullinose

Sully came here from New York for no apparent reason except to get a few good deals like free money, education, and Trinity girls. Well "Mids" what can we say? After four years of abuse about your prominent probiscus, you finally made it through with decent grades, a couple of stripes here and there, no money, and the same Sue that you started with (except an assorted few and one notable WUBA along the way). Sully had many extra activities such as Evelyn Wood, selling shirts, scuba, VTNA, etc. which only slightly interfered with his free time, because he simply used his study time for all that stuff. Nobody ever got more "slummed" than Sully though. Broken cars, dislocated fingers, and even your friends pulled some decent tricks on you. However, we must admit that you have a sense of humor better than many, a little more "man" than most, and a lot more gusto than is healthy (remember 21 shots for 21 years)? Best of luck as an NFO, and may Julien D. be your pilot someday!



PAUL WESLEY THRASHER

Alabama

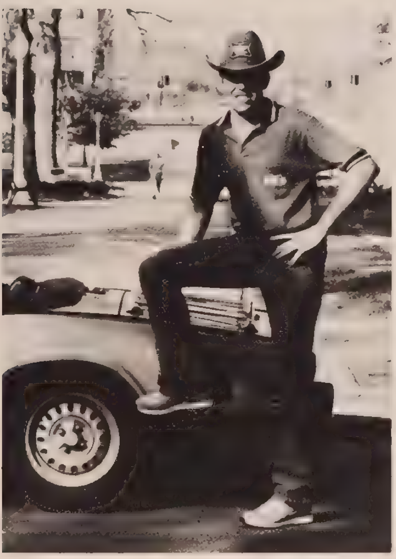
Paul's boyhood dream was to be a Woop; but, failing that, he ended up at USNA. After overcoming the initial language barrier, he amused himself with all night card games and by seeing how many roommates he could lose. Second Class year brought membership in the elite square root club. After a brush with the AC board he saw the Phy Sci light and since has been a firm believer in the motto "If it weren't good enough it wouldn't be the minimum." Meeting his future wife in Dahlgren Hall, "P.W." can be seen every weekend driving his CB-powered pick-up truck over the bay bridge with the sound of Willy Nelson singing in the background. Alabama set virtually every individual company wardroom record during his stay. But one thing is for certain — one well-rested officer will soon hit the fleet.

32

MARK LENNON BATHRICK

Dumpy

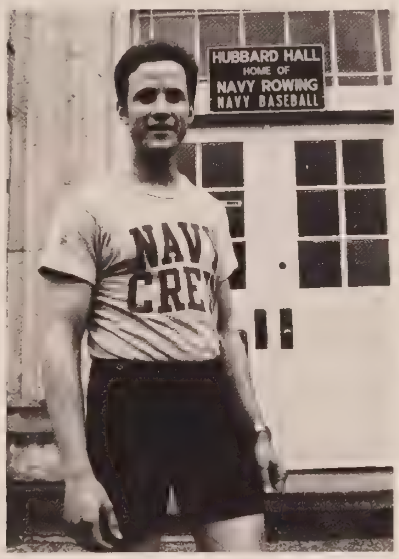
Mark came to the Naval Academy having lived in Whitesboro, New York (a booming metropolis near Utica) throughout his formative years. One might think he would not adapt easily to the rigors of the navy way of life. Mark however, found plebe year so much to his liking that he perferred it and sleep to an away football game complete with family and girl. He rebounded quickly because along with the demerits came sympathy from home in the form of chow packages. With the introduction of 32 to homemade delecacies which were allocated with Scrooge like tendencies, Mark was never lonely around birthdays, federal holidays, or after Marybeth's visits to Annapolis. The only danger was trying to eat the food before he wrote his ever present alpha code on it. Within 32nd Company everyone acquired a nickname, which due to his shortness in stature, Mark was called Dumpy. Despite scares from farsightedness and Uncle Hymie, with his desire to do his best he should do well in the friendly skies of Navy Air.



JEFFREY S. BEST

J.B., Eggshell

Jeff was elected 'Person Most Likely To Kill or Maim Himself Before Reaching His 23rd Birthday'. The Eggshell was a common face down in Medical. His records are as thick as an unabridged dictionary. Jeff was about as slow as molasses when it came to running from the O.O.D. His actions cuffed him with the dubious honor of being awarded the first Black N of the Annapolis Seven — so much for stripes. He also learned the hard way that Spiro's doesn't have a drive-in window — but you don't see that problem slowing him down. If he doesn't kill himself getting there, J.B. will be taking the back seat in Navy Air. The women of Florida better watch out.



JEROME LEE BUDNICK

Buds or JB

Jerry Budnick came to USNA as an MM3 from NAPS. Orginally from Grand Rapids Michigan, Jerry started his career at USNA with a bang. An addicted Aero major and Navy pilot, JB soon accumulated mega-grades and even found time for crew. He was the only man on the team with legs thinner than the oars. Noted for his extensive vocabulary and bizarre imagination, Jerry was given a wide berth by both girls and all people with a weak stomach. Jerry suffered a great trauma second class year when forced to room with "weatherman" but seems to have recovered and has "adopted" a new "roommate" this year. The only thing that can be said in good taste about that is "Jerry had a Leetle Lamb . . . twice". Fair skies and open O-clubs to one of our favorite geek zip nerd F.B.R. Aero majoring buds.

THOMAS L. BURKE

Mont

Tom goes on the record books as being the shortest lived hero in Navy football's history. Because of Tom and good old Doug, the Vous became the local stomping grounds of the Annapolis Seven. Mont is the original Lady killer and every weekend would find him trying to cuff another. It is seriously thought that Tom missed his true calling in the music world especially after that Plebe year single, 'The Sounds Of Sleep'. The great thing about his entire four years here is how someone so big can be missed. It took our Ccompany officer nearly a year to realize that Tom was around. Mont is going to the Marines to keep himself out of the draft. They got another good man.

SCOTT MICHAEL DEAN

S & M, Dean-boy

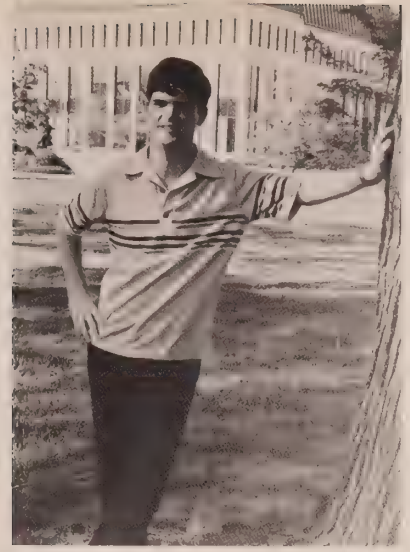
A true Son of the Sun from San Diego, Scotty arrived at the Academy on 7-6-76 every inch the rolly-polly Pudge proclaimed by his classmates. Although the scion of a Chief and from a Navy town, Dean-boy took all of Plebe Summer to learn how to about face. After sweating his way through the summer (he rivalled the Bead) under Antoine and Skip, Scott took his crate of odoriferous pink letters, brush cut, and desk picture and moved with his ever intact squad to 8-0, the class deck. As a member of loose three deuce, S & M provided the company with sound effects, a punching bag, and an eternal train of chow/toy packages. His professionalism always apparent, Scott could execute a death-defying sword manual, catch rapid fire malted milk balls with no hands, and play Spades like a Champ. Although a member of many ECA's (Geek Squad, Breakfast Club, Pings Anonymous, and WUBA Fan Club), Scott always had time for at least one OAO. Scott you're a super guy and we'll never forget you.

CO CDR - K. KETCHMARK, seated right; CO SUB-CDR - M. BATHRICK, standing; CO ADJ - R. MILLER, seated left

MONTE LEE BURR

Burrhead

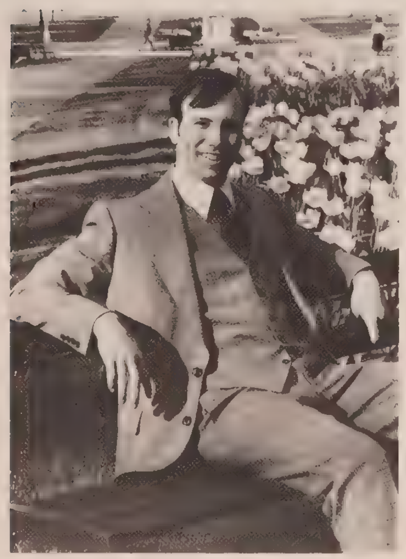
Monte Burr was sired from the Marine Military Academy. He was born in New Jersey and things went down hill from there. Monte began his sentence at USNA as a math major, but gave that up for rugby and Phy Sci. His golden toe earned him B-team status along with a busted knee, separated shoulder, and amnesia (which nobody noticed for several weeks). During first class cruise Monte found a home away from home, complete with a ready made family. After surviving the perils of his nasty roommate 2/c year, he shacked up with that wild and crazy guy Jerry Budnick. Monte and JB were more than happy to hand out free abuse to any who might enter. As most of us leave behind memories, Monte goes one step further and leaves his sister Betsy. His only redeeming value is his parents, who threw excellent tailgaters throughout the football season. But even they couldn't talk any sense into him as he, being a nut to the end, joined the Corps in hopes of flying. We all wish him good luck, clear skies, and dry foxholes.



RICHARD DWAYNG EDMONDSON

Alvin

Coming from the warm Southern California climate Rick, alias Alvin, AKA m&m Kid, came to Maryland only to join the Navy and see the world. So far he has seen a lot of Maryland. Rick being an active sort kept himself busy with the basic mid routine highlighted by SCUBA and a healthy appetite for young lass'. Being a Physical Science major Rick intends to spend his time after graduation redecorating his life in various shades of Green. God save the Corps!!!



JON ANDREW BUTTRAM

J.B.

Just how Jon got here from Indianapolis is a mystery never to be solved. Once he arrived, however, he quickly settled into the demanding routine of the Aero Engineer - a field which was a source of unending frustration and long hours at the books. Most any time of the day or night Jon could be found either in his room studying, or if Mike was asleep as usual, he would set up shop in the Major's office. In the little free time that he had, the MSA room provided the relaxation his burned out brain needed to prepare for another week. Every November, without fail, Jon would become the driving force behind the company Army project, serving in some way to ensure that a good work of art would represent 32.

The future looks bright for Jon, as he heads off into the Navy to spend a career looking over some pilot's shoulder. May the moon be always bright at night and the meatball always centered.

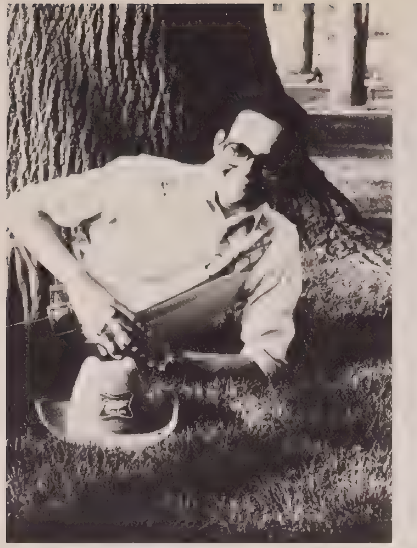
ROBERT D. CHRISTENSEN

The Bitch

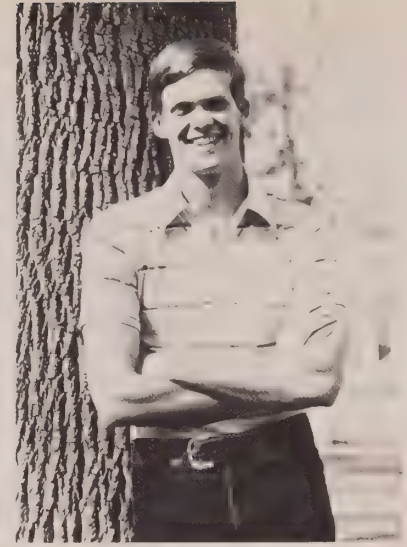
Commonly known as the Bitch, Bob came to us from Minnesota via the fleet and NAPS. A geek from the start, Bob took plebe year, mice, wrestling matches, OZ, and the Silent Treatment all in stride. 3/C year found Bob in The Great White Name Tag Hunt, closet surveys, and gold wings. Boy, that sure was some birthday, huh, Bitch. Locating the love of his life, his O.A.O., Bob changed his evil ways for good. 2/C year, Bob was only seen going to the library and College Park. His new Camaro made many a trip to U of M. As platoon commander 1/C year, Bob finally found prosperity for himself. He had a great time in competition. Living with SOB for the second time, Bob learned to cope once again. A great friend and one hell-of-a-guy, Bob was chosen to be one of Uncle Hymie's boys. He should be great.

RONALD PAUL COLVIN

Upon leaving high school Ron embarked on the adventure of his life. Crossing the "Great Divide", the prairies, the majestic Mississippi, and the Appalachians Ron passed into the gates of the U.S. Naval Academy. Coming from the always sunny climate of Southern California, his first winter in the East left much to be desired. Beyond his fascination for a certain young local lass by the name of Sharon, Ron occupies himself with his duties as a manager for the Rifle Team and captain of the Academy's national champion High Powered Rifle Team. Ron has been a dedicated Naval Air type since day-one and (assuming the watch-dogs of the Neutron Navy haven't snagged him) he intends to find happiness as an F-14 pilot somewhere where the sky is always blue.



ROBERT R. HODGE



WILLIAM FREDERICK HOEFT

Hoohhh

What do you get when you cross a Navy Brat with a professional baseball player? You get "Hoohhh"! Hoohhh came to Annapolis in the summer of '76 expecting to find it the same as life had been for him back in Livonia, Michigan — "work hard and get ahead." Soon, however, he became enticed by the life of a bagger. He quickly acquired the nickname "Rose" for the way he always came out smelling through the worst imaginable situations. Also, he soon became very adept at enjoying himself and leaving everything till the very last minute, still pulling A's out of his hip pocket. Hoohhh joined two ECA's while he was at USNA: The Porkers' Club, and the Geek Squad. He was a remarkably talented magician, able to make anyone else's chow package disappear in a flash. No biography is complete without mentioning one's favorite animal: Hoohhh's is the duck, specifically that species which is commonly found in Ann Arbor, Michigan. We've certainly had a lot of fun knowing him and wish him well in Hymie's corps of atom-smashers.

DENNIS P. HUGHES

D-Street, Big Denny

Dennis P. Hughes of 'Nuyok, Nuyok' was practically a father to me. He had a strange way of talking — the pronunciation of his name sounded pretty close to 'Tennis Shoes'. Member of excellent standing in the Annapolis Seven and the Anchor Room, D-Street loved his weekends, liquor, and women. If it weren't for the Beer-Mobile's constant ice cold supply of the good Doctor Miller we would have had many a dry weekend. Although severely handicapped at birth, he claims to be one fantastic cuffer. Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner ought to be proud he made it in the style that was all his own. He has left a lot of great stories and upset officers in his wake. The minesweepers of Maine will really have their hands full.

ROGER KATSUMI ISHII

Ish, Ishkabibble

Roger escaped from New Jersey's Rock in the Glen to come to Crab Town, full of wonder and anticipation. Although he choked on his rates as much as he did his food sometimes, Ish managed to survive Plebe Summer. Ac year found him comfortable with a Chem book squashed up against his crooked nose, giving the upperclassmen E.I. As an athlete, the mile run nearly killed "Rodge" every semester, but in hoops he always had "the touch" (if his floppy ankles hadn't put him in White Works.) Always with time to talk and never with time to sleep, Roger was a middle-aged "Dad" to the boys in thirty two for four years. Though he will soon be in the Navy, some day Ishkabibble cookies will hit the shelves, and we'll all know that Itch is titrating in some Nabisco Lab somewhere behind the scenes. Next to God, Family, and Benzene rings, Baseball and the Yanks were Ish-man's love, despite Reg-gie. Soon to serve the Navy, as he serves everyone, no one will forget Roger Itchy!!

JAMES RANDALL JACKSON

Randy

Randy's Dad must have had a strong influence on the decision to come here, for how else could someone from the bustling metropolis of Lexington, Missouri ever think of spending a lifetime at sea? Aside of being a Systems Engineer, Randy turned out to be a typical Mid — dining out every weekend Plebe year, hit the town for a few brews 3/c year, spend every waking moment at the books in an effort to make it through Second Class academics, then Green Alerts and hit the streets of Annapolis till graduation. Simply due to the demands of his major, Randy never got around to getting into any ECA's, but his mark was made when company sports called for him. The Batt squash team found a real winner in him, and the teams went to Brigades every year that he was a member. It took him until after First Class cruise to decide that Marine Corps wasn't the way to go, so Surface Line is getting a real asset to the community in him. Now all he has to do is find a girl . . .

ROOSEVELT JOHNSON

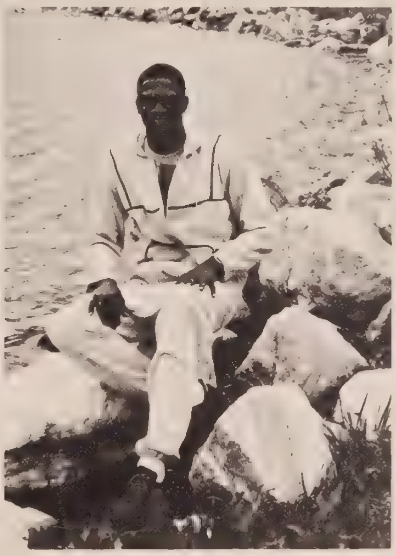
Rosie

Roosevelt, better known as Rosie, came to us from that ever partying town of New Orleans, deep down south in the Bayou Country. Rosie came to Crabtown, U.S.A. looking to continue his efforts toward fulfilling his life long dreams of high humping eight feet and becoming the star in every girls' eyes. But he soon found out that he had to become a star in the eyes of the God of 2.0. Rosie will always be remembered for his determination toward achieving excellence but always finding the time to help a friend in need. Rosie, we hope the Surface community is ready for a dynamite, go and get them type guy like yourself. GOOD LUCK!!! You N* KID.

KEVIN CHRISTOPHER KETCHMARK

Worm

Kevin entered USNA a perfect example of the 98 pound weakling and was immediately given the treatment by his classmates. After Plebe Summer, he vowed that that would never happen again and began his daily workouts that made youngster afternoons a "must" and soon built himself into another Mr. America. A frustrated Naval Arch., he nevertheless made the Supt's List his Second Class year after a lot of late night studying and hard work. This drive to excel along with the position of Company Commander First Class year made sleep a luxury he could rarely afford. A true romantic, Kevin fell in love with several girls while at the Academy but continued to vow that he would not marry for a long time. A true sailor, he spent his afternoons, weekends, and summers on the Academy's Class A boats and developed into a real sailing bum. He plans to continue to skim the surface but aboard much bigger boats from now on as a member of the Surface Nuke community.



1st Row - (left to right) F. SMITH, E. BROWNLEE, C. STOLLE, J. ROBERTS, R. SEIDEL, J. STUTZ, M. CARUCCI, P. KARCZ, R. GROCKI. 2nd Row - C. VOSS, T. COURTNEY, B. CHESLACK, J. STEWART, C. WRIGHT, J. MEANS, M. NEWMAN, A. LAU, M. THALLER, L. GRAHAM. 3rd Row - B. PANCHO, G. HUEBER, M. CHAPON, M. PALLIN, T. JOHNSON, F. McCALLISTER, E. TUCHOLSKI.

MICHAEL MAYNARD LONG

What can you say about your average PQS qualified radical midshipman? Hailing from the "Volunteer" State of Tennessee, this old salt from the reserve fleet managed to make it to the Academy via the Naval Academy Party School (NAPS). A dedicated Surface-liner, Mike took on the Mechanical Engineering Major. Enduring the many different trials and tribulations associated with the ME Major, Mike finally succeeded in becoming your basic "Mech Neck". Eloquent of speech and quick to participate, Mike found himself in such organizations as the MSA, the Ham Radio Club, the Photography Club, WMID, NAFAC, SAE, ASNE, and ASME. Upon graduation of the class of 1980 the Academy will lose one outstanding salt and the fleet will gain one professional officer.

MICHAEL McDONALD

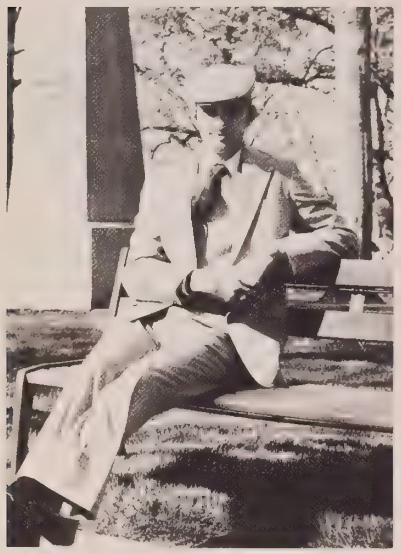
Big Mac

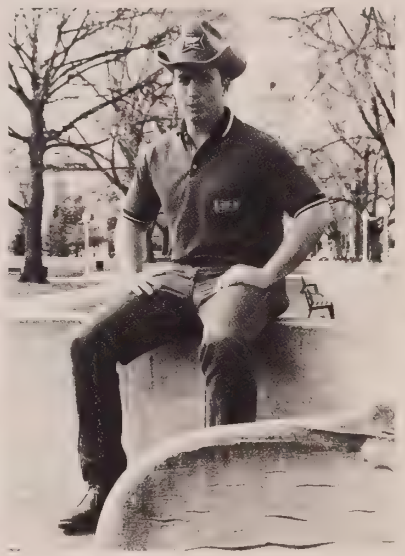
Mac was an accomplished doctor of professional cliff building. He was also living proof that the land shark still exists — no lady was safe from his special charm at the Vous or any place for that matter. We thank his father, The Colonel, who threw the best tailgaters and Army-Navy parties the Academy will ever see, Mac, the leader of the infamous Annapolis Seven, will be wearing green to avoid being cuffed by the good Admiral. The Marines got one of their best men now.

ROBERT WILLIAM MILLER

Boots

Hailing from San Leandro, Cal., Bob was custom ordered for Nuke Power, overexposure already having claimed his eyesight and hairline. Bob didn't take plebe summer sitting down — he couldn't. He was the only one of his classmates to wear redworks to P.E. Always fascinated with toy boats, Bob wasted no time commandeering his very own Y.P. Feeling ashamed to graduate as a sub-3.9 EE, Bob's wild ways had to fall by the wayside, replaced by a Dew, 1 hour in the books, 3 on the phone, and 12 in the rack. Always on the outlook for bigger and better things, Bob found them both Youngster year in the person of his buddy Kimmer. Struck with a reoccurring case of weak knees, Bob recovered with heavy workouts of pen-wielding and throwing rods. In spite of it all, we expect to see Boots for many years successfully soaking up those dark tanning gamma rays.





STEVEN S. NYGAARD

Shoes

Steven "SHOES" Nygaard rolled into USNA from China Lake, Calif. His parents moved north shortly after and didn't leave him a forwarding address. Well he blew into his silver horn, hit the spotlight, and broke a few eardrums, windows and anything else with a low tolerance to his high playing. Shoes has been tooting away with NA-10, Trident Brass, all of the musicals, and was the soloist with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Well if Steve wasn't playing his trumpet, he would usually be at "T's" on the pool table checking out the angles. He was pretty good at checking out the angles since he majored in math. He was also pretty good with the books and Uncle Hymie thought so too, so Shoes started glowing. Orlando will never be the same. Remember, the last drink is free for this member of the OSB.

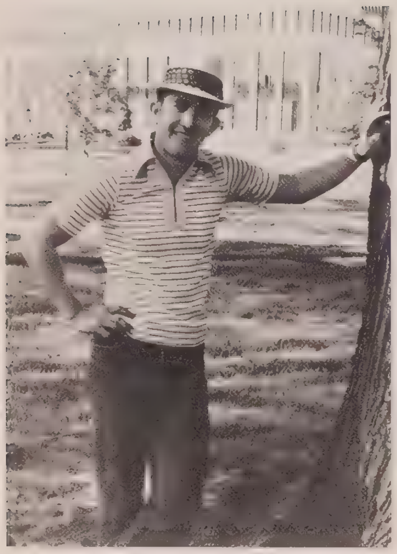
MICHAEL J. PETROFES

P-Man, P, Fold

Mike is the last known Texican alive. He was practically a son to me. He was a real ladies man until this sweet young Clemson girl set her sights on him. Loved his booze too — those Saturdays Plebe year were great. Too bad he got cuffed Army Youngster year. Trans-Am fever set in early — he thinks that 55 is just a suggestion. P-Man is a charter member of both the Annapolis Seven and the Anchor Room. A lot of people are surprised to hear he made it all the way. Flying jets isn't going to slow him down either. Say John, 'Thanks he made it.'

1st Row - (left to right) G. LANDIS, T. CROOK, B. DAUGHERTY, C. McGUIRE, R. KURTZ, C. WILSON, T. HUDDLE, M. CLARK, A. CAREY. 2nd Row - B. KLORIG, R. SMITH, D. DUNAWAY, B. GRIMM, M. SMACK, J. FOLE Y, P. RICCIUTI, G. GUNDERSON, J. PORTER, M. POOLE, R. MATTHEWS. 3rd Row - M. BANKS, K. BARAGAR, E. VIERING, E. SJOBLOM, H. DUPONT, P. LAROCQUE, S. MICHAELSON, S. KENNY, J. FOWLES.

CO CDR - M. TOMB, seated; CO SUB-CDR - M. PETROFES, not pictured; CO ADJ - R. COLVIN



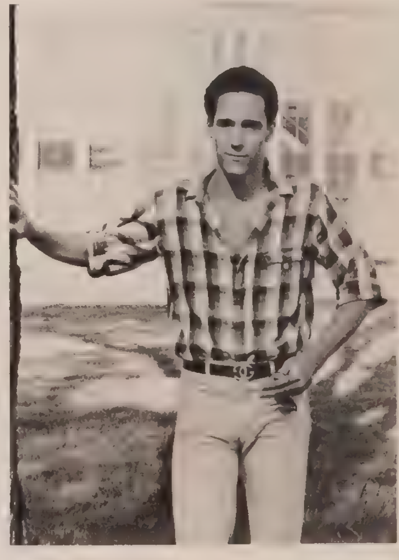
RON H. RIVES

"I hate loud-mouthed squad leaders, SIR!" Ah, yes, anyone who knows Ron will readily agree with this plebe's sentiments. As a plebe he was ready to take on the toughest firstie around and he did quite well against those twice his size. Now, as a first class, he endures against those plebes who like inspecting the top of his cover at Thursday noon. Academics gave Ron a rough time and his EE major was converted to phy sci youngster year. He kept on working hard and now he's there. Never one to get totally wrapped up in studies, he has devoted a lot of time to sailing and has earned his varsity letter. Various weekend activities such as road trips and camping also gave him a chance to relax. Beneath his rough exterior there lies a serious and dedicated person. Given all this, his service selection of the Corps is no big surprise.

CURTIS MICHAEL SHANE

Shaner

Mike came to us at USNA from Little Italy, Pensacola. Plebe Summer was a breeze for this carefree BULL major, and very proficient one at that. His favorite evolution that first summer was TSP. We first knew that Mike was a real joker when he showed up with his sister's fashion wardrobe. That silly guy is still trying to convince us that it's his! When asked who he has always admired most in life, Mike is quick to answer, "Me." Mike is envied most for his superb taste in automobiles, honoring his parking space with the presence of a Jaguar. Unfortunately, the car initially had some problems running, but boy, Mike looked so good just sitting in it. Mike spent the least amount of his time in the barbership, and the most time at high school dances. All are sure that Mike will excel as he pursues a career flying high for the Green in his A-6, Type E, of course



JAMES R. SHEAIRS

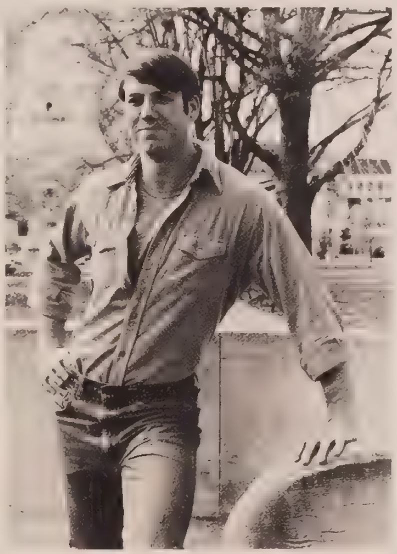
Kito, Skeets

Kito the Iceman, skeets, Rodriguez, and Birdman are all aliases of the fastest white man alive — Jim Sheairs. Almost achieved the hat trick but came in short and soft after the Notre Dame and Pitt road trips. Jim is the original Bruce Springsteen groupie. The youngest member of the Annapolis Seven, girls just couldn't stay away from him. So desperate to fly for Navy, he was last seen running down hills at Cape Hatteras — flapping his arms. He was severely cuffed of course.

ERNEST L. STYRON

Whack, 80-Watt

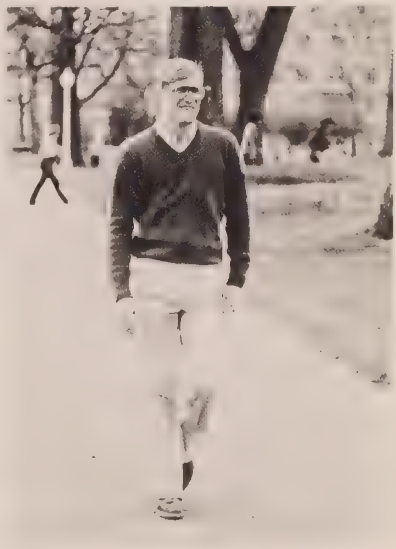
Ernie Styron had the best stick work of any defenseman on the Lacrosse team. Severely addicted at an early age to Space Invaders, he spent many nights till the wee hours of the morning plugging quarters into the money hungry machine. He was another member of the Annapolis Seven — almost a redneck too. We will never forget his truely amazing performance on his 22nd birthday, nor will that water fountain. Jack and Johnny would cuff him every time. It's a shame Ernst is blind in one eye and can't see out the other — a great guy is going into Intellegence (?).



MARK CHRISTOPHER TOMB

Tomb

Mark Tomb was born far from the shores of New London in Denver Col., but with a spoon of enriched U235 in his mouth and Ca39 in his bottle. Mark came to the Academy ready to excel for Hymie and unlike the rest of us, without any apprehension of what was in store for us. He seemed to adjust to the rigors of plebe summer much better than the rest of us, and why not, having had to read three newspaper articles each night while at home. Always good for a laugh, usually at the expense of someone else, Mark could muster a grin (or threat) from anyone. In his constant quest for the nod from Hymie, Mark had little time for the ladies. When he did, it usually caused him trouble, like plebe year when it cost him 20 demos for a box of cookies and one lousy skating lesson. Based on his perseverence, concern for people, his good humor, and his heredity, we look for Mark to be a successful lifer. Fair shadow zones and following currents to one of our favorite nukes.



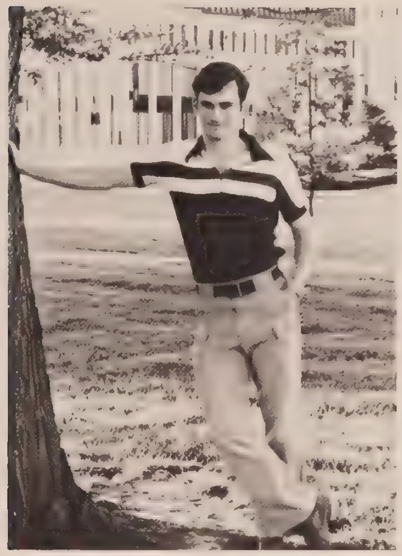
1st Row - (left to right) F. FAMIREZ, R. TOLBERT, J. WRIGHT, H. KEITH, M. BOEHLE, T. KEILER, P. ALEXANDER, J. DOYLE, T. CUNNINGHAM 2nd Row - S. MESSER, B. RICKETTS, A. RICHESON, D. NAGLE, T. MUNNS, J. FISHER, E. KIRKLEY, G. STENSTROM, J. KNUDSEN, G. SEARS, S. McCORMICK 3rd Row - J. TOYOOKA, K. INGALLS, W. BUTTS, E. WHEELER, J. MURPHY, B. McGEORGE, R. CROWERS, J. LAUFER, K. McCLUSKY, T. DELVCA, M. KALMBACH

33

ROBERT WILLIAM ANDERSON III

Bob, Andy

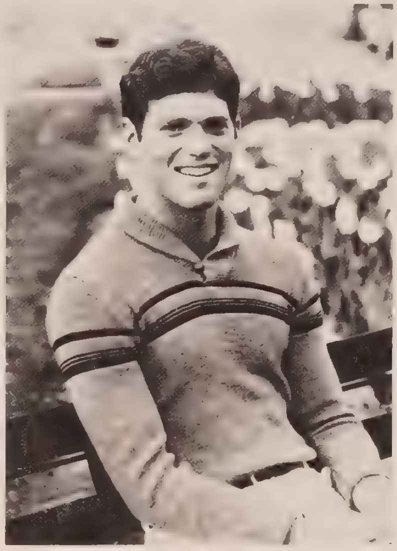
Bob came to us from Kirkwood, New Jersey, after a brief but memorable stint at Bullis Prep. Being older than his classmates, Bob had little trouble getting through Plebe Summer, even though such skilled leaders as Scoop, Mongo, and Greenface tried to subdue his playful attitude. Ac year brought lightweight crew, women, rumbles in the Hall and debt. Right Vinny? Youngster year found Bob traveling to D.C., Disco Dalgren, and further into debt. At the end of third class year, Bob joined the ranks of the late great Hassle Eight and soared into the clouds of the Thirty-third Herd. On the way up he met Cheryl, bought his Z, and has been flying ever since. Second and First class year Bob took his studies seriously, and made nightly trips to the library . . . but which library? How 'boutcha Epping Phantom? The best of luck to Bob and Cheryl at Pensacola and wherever the future finds them.



RUSSELL AVERILL

Little Devil

Russ from AAAverrrilll came to USNA from Ashville, North Carolina to fulfill his dream of becoming a stand up comedian. From Plebe Year to graduation we were his captive audience. The first we learned about Russ was that he helped welcome Dorothy to munchkin land in The Wizard of Oz. But alas, we were to lose Russ to disco Pat and her pearl handled six shooters after a romantic Christmas Leave Plebe Year. Pat was not without competitors, though. She had some stiff competition from the Dallas Cowboys' Cheerleaders Youngster Year and the "grubby little paws" during Protramid Second Class Summer. It was always amazing how Russ could major in Aerospace Engineering between the letters and phone calls to Pat. What Russ lacks in stature he makes up for in energy. The 36 Cancer is living testimony to that. We'll miss Russ and all the craziness we've come to love over the last four years. The Cancer . . . in absentia.



THOMAS KEVIN BENNETT

Banzai

Mario "Banzai" Bennett hailed from Massillon, "Land of the Tigers", Ohio. Blessed with the "All-American" looks and a good head about him he traveled south for Hotlanta, before ending up at 8-4 one year later. With financial prowess surpassed only by Big Mac he became a big time investor in Visa, Painless, and a Triumph family car. Through his promptness and his financial wizardry and his pilot friend Chuck he managed to join the class of 81 for a couple months. Getting close to nature was Tom's true calling, as he met a natural from Odenton. Only Mother Nature or a loan shark will know Banzai's future, which hopefully will end up on the clouds above Pensacola.

MARK STEPHEN BRECKENRIDGE

Myra Studley

When Mark came to us on that warm July day back in '76, no one was sure what this fellow from Denton Nebr. was going to be like. Four years later when our covers were sailing through the air, there was still no one who quite understood the real Mark Breckenridge. It's not that he kept a low profile, in fact if you ever saw a red nosed clown, a kangaroo or a winged horned creature bounding down the hall, you knew Mark was up to his tricks again. Between alerting Killer and Sloman with visual aids from across the hall and telling "Soup" that he enjoyed plebe year, there was never a dull moment with Mark around. Mark was a man of many talents, a wise investor and a perfectionist in his own way, even to the point of adjusting a verse in the National Anthem. Once he learns to keep his shoes tied, he will be certain to know "How to succeed without really trying".

GEORGE RAYMOND FARMER

Cool Ray

"Cool Ray" Farmer left the smokey haze of the Ohio Valley for the salty breeze of Annapolis, but didn't have much time to notice the difference during Plebe summer because he was busy learning the Laws of the Navy. Plebe year was hardly over before he and Banzai took it upon themselves to try to consume all the alcohol in Maryland on the weekends. He survived however, and with the help of a slick 280-Z he now keeps himself amused by going out with the classiest ladies he can find, then seeing their reactions when he plays them off. Ray is the company CPA, and puts his resources management skills to work for him at Atlantic City and Las Vegas with Moke. Although Ray is one of the VTNA jocks (the nursery school for Blue Angels) and wants to spend some time in Pensacola, he is still on Hymie's list, but wherever he goes, he'll find success.

JOSEPH A. GRACE

Amazin'

The Amazin' Grace came to Crabtown following in his father's footsteps. Plebe year was no sweat for this token Texan as he tried his hand at Navy B-Ball. Hummin' a tune he passed on to youngster year, tutoring many a tone-deaf classmate on his prized guitars. His Texas modesty enabled Lance Romance to woo many innocent darlings on the numerous Glee Club sojourns of pleasure and pillaging. Second class year brought many changes to his style as he was swept from the Severn to the Hudson where he earned an A-star on the soccer field. This playboy almost settled down but escaped death, er — marriage, upon returning to Canoe U. First class summer mended a broken heart with Heineken brew on board a Dutch naval ship and European ports. Back on Navy's soccer field he avenged his A-star with an N-star and stormed towards graduation with his prized Martin 12-string in hand. Now he plans to be one of Hymie's boys following again in Daddy's footsteps, a bubblehead.

STEVEN FREDERICK DIEHL

Tree, Stork Brother

Steve rowed into USNA from Alexandria, Virginia with the high aspiration of making a name for himself athletically. As could be expected though, "Tree" found the lure of the rack stronger than the call of the coxswain. Youngster year "Tree" found that there was no statute of limitations as time stood still — for months. Youngster year was also memorable as he and Doug, the Stork Brothers, were mistaken for one another by the plebes, but not for long. Also that year in his quest for notoriety he did introduce the company to the Fishmarket with his exemplary navigational skills but his sister made up for his shortcomings, among which support of the Redskins was predominant. Steve's mellowism and easy going nature made him perfect as the Dr. Jekyll Mr. Hyde needed for his job as conduct officer first class year. For as long as we've known him, Steve has had his heart set on Navy Air. His wish will come true, as he will soon be flying jets at Pensacola, on his way to a laid-back and successful life.

SHARON LYNNE HANLEY

Buns

Sharon stepped into the glare of I-day publicity from Portsmouth New Hampshire, and quickly set to work conquering USNA. The first step in this process was cheerleading, at which "Buns" excelled. Then came plebe year intrigue, with a complex plot involving a four striper lacrosse player and a bizarre army week. For reasons which remain unclear, Sharon chose the "sweat" major of systems engineering, and she put many long hours into it. She refused to become a Geek (Geekette?) however, and weekends found her "anyplace but here." As the novelty wore off, Sharon found herself adopted by the boys of 33, and treated as such. If four years of that wore thin it never showed, as Sharon always had a smile and something nice to say to everyone she met. We're sure her determination and outgoing personality will take her far as a bulldozer driver or whatever in the CEC.

JOSEPH CONRAD HAYDEN

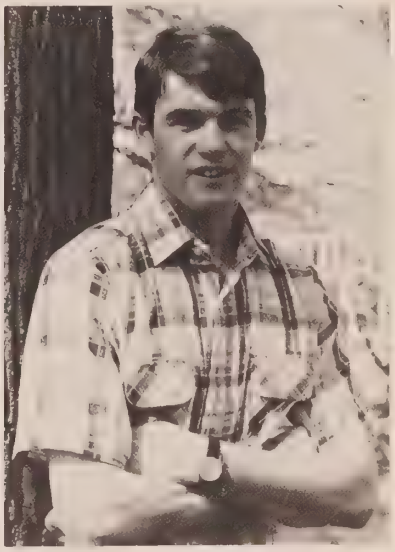
Yoey

From the sunny sands of Sarasota to the shafts of Bancroft Hall, Yoey came to have a good time. It took a while to get used to being a plebe — "How da doin' Mr. Rowan?" — but he managed to survive. After plebe year Yoey became busy finding out the benefits of choir trips, such as New Orleans, fountains, and Pat O's. Second class year and company B-Ball gave Yoey a new ankle. Finally he acquired the car of his dreams, complete with explodable tires, and found himself a Baltimore blonde. First class summer brought Orlando detail and a cruise to St. Thomas and Puerto Rican Rum. Now he's trying to graduate as an M.E. and keep the blood content of his alcohol system at acceptable levels. Yoey now dreams of returning to the white Florida sands of Pensacola to become a Navy rotorhead, that is if Hymie doesn't draft him first.

PETER F. KILGER, JR.

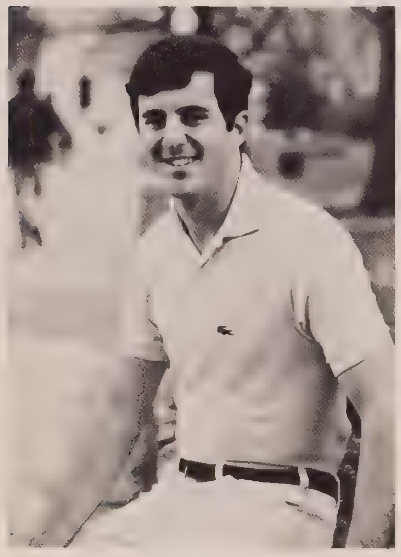
Pete, Bugs

Pete has been a credit to his home town, the sprawling metropolis of Joseph City Arizona. Obviously not a basketball player, he is famous for his wrestling ability both on the mat and on the field. (Just ask Dale) Pete was also the only plebe in the company to have a "Teddi" bear from home. At Japan's loss and Italy's gain, Pete eventually went on his 3/c crusie and got to share tales of his experiences with the Dant. Not by choice, Pete became very studious during his 3/c weekends. During his 1/c year, Pete learned the valuable lesson, "A Penny saved is a Penny earned" so he sold his 280 Z for a pretty Price. The name Pete Kilger then became very familiar to the postman. Second set gives Pete another stripe, another floor and a telephone. Although he spent most of his time in the clouds anyway, with Rickover's blessing Pete will head for the wild blue right after the hats hit the ground.



1st Row - (left to right) P. SMITH, T. BOYCE, L. COOPER, B. WARD, M. NEWCOMB, C. PATTERSON, S. KAUFFMAN, D. GALASKA, S. BODKIN 2nd Row - M. MERUINE, P. GRENSMAN, P. ANTONINO, D. MUETH, B. KISSEL, N. FUCH, T. MORSE, T. CARTER, M. COMTOIS 3rd Row - K. O'CONNELL, F. VOLER, K. REDFERN, M. DONAHUE, M. VIOLANTE, M. McLAUGHLIN, T. JORDAN, M. DOLAN, T. DUMBALD

1st Row - (left to right) L. POSTENRIEDER, C. WILSON, J. HARRISON, R. BERNAL, G. DINARDO, A. RODRIGUEZ, T. SCUCCINARRA, P. BROOKES, L. SCHRIDER 2nd Row - M. KOZIEL, M. ROSKIND, M. HEATHERINGTON, L. NORDVIG, D. OTTE, M. MAURER, J. PHILON, K. KEENAN, J. OHL, B. HEBERT, A. SMYTHE, T. MASCOLO, K. CLOVER, K. SONDERMAN, M. SHORT 3rd Row - J. FERNANDES, E. WERLING, M. AMMONS, M. BARTH, M. MORRIS, T. WILD, T. JORDAN, F. GREN, R. HORTON, E. DAHL, O. SPITZ, B. BRITTAIN, J. SMITH



WILLIAM ROBERT KILLEA

Killer

Bill "Killer" Killea included Annapolis as a stop on his world tour after stints in D.C., Tehran, and Oregon. Bill arrived with a USNA catalog impression of what being a Naval Officer was like, met Cheese and quickly learned the truth. Spring and studies didn't mix for Bill, but Math and summer did. Clouseau was the master of the "BIMB" but fanatically backed the has beens of D.C., the Skins and Senators. Whether at the Fish Market, in Florida with the boys, behind the wheel of his Spider, or on the French Riviera, Killer was usually the instigator of a good time. Firstie year saw the formation of the "Love Grotto," with its stiff requirements. Only Bogard and Sloman could tell if Bill's "Experience(s)" measured up. Whether he goes surface or air, the Navy will gain an officer with the imagination and enthusiasm to make things happen. This will lead Bill to success.

BRIAN PAUL KOSINSKI

Digby

Brian strolled into the Academy from Baden, Pa. to spend summer vacation with Pete and Pat. Our glorious leader came to the shores of the Severn expecting babes, sun, and camping. Rather he developed an expertise in spending extra time doing homework, spelling, and marching. Saying Digby was not gifted when he came here is an understatement, but his perserverance and hardwork started bringing rewards youngster year. His hours with Coach Bill in gymnastics never have resulted in a letter, yet he has never given up. Endless hours of Physics meant a virtual absence from the wardroom and also a virtual absence of good grades. His charm and grace has swooned many a good looking chick but being Polish has hurt his chances of having a lasting relationship. Despite all this, he has been our inspirational leader the last two years and has been recognized for his well-earned achievements. Rocky, why nuclear power we will never know, but success as being one of Hymie's boys is around the corner.

PATRICK FORREST LEFLER

Lef

Pat strolled in from Rossmoor CA. to spend summer vacation with Pete and Brian. Adopted by the Stanfords, who will never forget his antics, Lef soon found himself at the Raffles Hotel. A bright October was dimmed by a cold loss at Army, yet Bogard did come through. After a Spring vacation and a friendly welcome, June Week sailed in with the sounds of music and Florida: Rat's party led to bottle rockets, lost classmates, renewed friendships, and the Resistance. Beating Pitt with restricted enthusiasm led the way to an Army of Oriental flavor. Miami Beach, Easter, Grease and the zoo were all topped with a June Week by any other name. From the Seven Seas to the Shore, the fun continued with the Boys on the Barn. Suddenly, Plebe Summer again, different, but still the same and the final return of the Brigade for the best year ever. The final games, the last Army, Christmas, Spring, May, that final week . . . commissioning. Such a great ending with such a promising beginning.

ALAN DAVID LEWIS

Lulu

Alan, late of McLean, Va., decided to forego parties, good times, and the normal fraternity lifestyle at Johns Hopkins to get serious at USNA. Al soon forgot this foolish notion, quickly earning the appellation "Liberty Lu" for his relentless pursuit of wine, women, and song, whether he was on leave, weekend, or just U.A. Alan's athletic ability and on-field ferocity made for a potent combination, whether he was linebacking batt football, headhunting in fieldball or heavies, golden-gloving in fast-pitch, or plain old rumbling. Despite his constant doomsday predictions, good grades always came through for Al, who was a unique combination of rack sloth and all-out studier when absolutely necessary. Al is dodging the draft, and plans on Pensacola and some flight hours as an NFO. There is no doubt that success will come to him in the future just as it has at the Academy, if he can only answer the eternal question: "Where do I sign up for a weekend?"

MICHAEL DENIS LOMAN

Sloman

A typical Navy junior, Mike ran into USNA from Rota Spain, continuing a family tradition. Mike sure had the gouge for plebe year, earning the title of "Phantom Plebe" with his year-round sign-in for X-C and track, along with Mom and Dad living next door. With Mike there was never a gas shortage. And he got a good deal — Daddy's lemon . . . er . . . car, which failed the 40-minute swim during Hurricane David. Sloman called it common sense, but everybody else knew better. After a summer underwater, one would think he'd know better, but he's one of Hymie's elves to the core. There is no doubt that Mike's determination and taste for hard work will lead him to a happy and successful Naval career.

KENNETH STUART MacDONALD

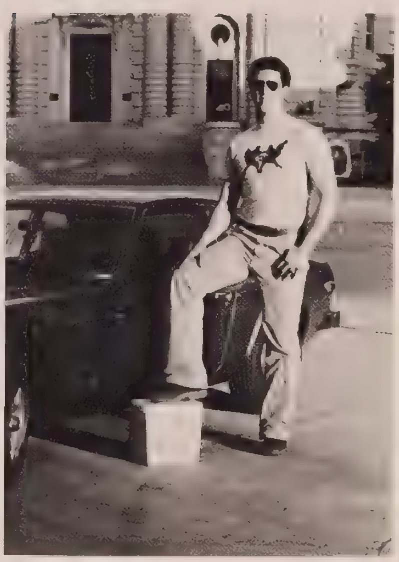
Big Mac

Ken climbed down from a pleasant hill in California to come to USNA. After the first day of plebe summer Mac said it felt like we'd been here for years. Well now we have and those years have been full ones. Starting with a 4/c boxing championship and now seeking a 1/c Brigade championship. Ken also found time for D&B plebe year and introduced the now famous (?) "MacDonald Horn Pop." Mac's ECA career ended when he engrossed himself in his major EE and earned the nickname Thevenin. I've never been able to find his equivalent, unfortunately Jan did. However, not being one to brood over rejection (much), Ken filled his weekends with camping trips and occasional outings to the Fishmarket, when he wasn't in the Hall babysitting his wives. 2/c year Mac finally met his true love (with a little help from his roommate), — his 280Z. Flying into 1/c year with full force and no weekends, Mac instituted a new reich known as the color platoon. Lord, guard and guide the MAN who flies in the great spaces of the sky.

CHARLES LESLIE MEYERS JR.

Dr. Bogard

Dr. Bogard, Eddie's older brother, slid into USNA from the bustling metropolis of Pemberton, NJ. From day one, he showed more glide in his stride, even while he was lost. Dr. B was saved from Plebe Year by Var. FB; in which he earned three Letters. Academics were his repertoire — as the AC BOARD agreed — three times! Summers were never boring for the Dr., because he never went anywhere; preferring instead to work on his Masters' and Trident Project during the hot months. First there was Doug, Fitz, Galp, Lef, Lum, and Joel. He was finally adopted by Sloman and Slotis, and from that Trio emerged the Love Grotto. His first love was that Bad MO-CHINE, The Z-28, complete with auto-pilot to Hood, where he met his second love PD. Dr. Bogard was always found with a smile on his face and a good word for his classmates. He is easy to like — six foot and 204 lbs., Who would argue? Barney, Holiday Bowl, Slo Bo&Mo restrict in the snow, Love Backgammon with V. Have to be seriously GQ, 7 Batt. It was tough, I made it, Thank You Lord, Megalater!!!!!!



DALE ANDREW LUMME

"Lum, Slum, Slummer"

Coming to USNA from the exciting metropolis of Madison, Ohio, Dale immediately began pursuing his goal of becoming a Fighter Pilot (Astronaut?); while moonlighting as a Cia Spy. He probably knew more about everyone else than he knew about himself! Relying Predominately on the Slum vote of the 6th Batt, Dale found himself Pres. of the Poli. Sci. Club. A Bull major at heart, his favorite pastime seemed to be finding the gouge for Wires or French. Among his most enduring memories include Plebe Summer - Jeff/Broken Ankle - 2 screws & No Army/Herndon/Protramid with M.M.&Ed — 2/c YR-Killer at AF&ND/Mel-French/Doug's Army Party/33rd Co. B-day Parties on 8-4/Resistance-Fireworks/Spring Party at Sweat's in Fla/Fiats/WUBA'S/Photo Albums/WESTPAC/Camping/Pitt-Ray's/LtWt football ARMY/ JUNE WEEK/ . . . It's hard to believe-4 yrs. and a blur. You know Lum means it when he claims he would have never made it without Killer - Mel - Rat - Lef - Dig - Bogard - Banzai - Steve - Mike - Sal - Mac - Pete(!) - Doug - Joe - Moke - Yoey - Al - Bob - Sharon - Kathy - Russ - Bill - Ritch - Ray! with Sully, ovfl

ALEX VICTOR MARTYNENKO

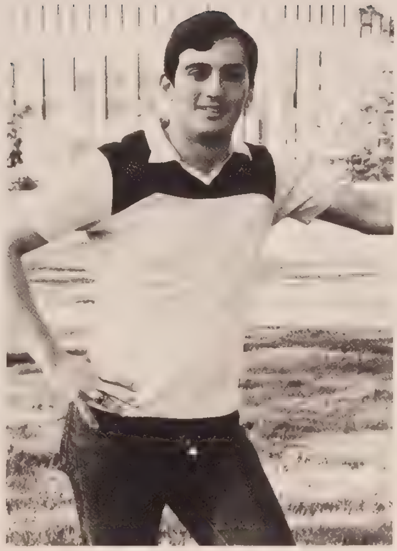
Big Al

Alex came to us from International Falls Minnesota via Minneapolis and Newport. Al sure came from good stock — his parents deserve the credit for raising "the Ukrainian" the right way. How he could leave the fishing at Big Sandy lake I will never know. The Academy changes a lot of people in many ways, but Al's heart of gold remained untouched. Shep, Bethman and Tibs showed Al how to enjoy life and Al has been showing others ever since. If you ever want to go camping just let Al know — he sure knows the places. Which is the best Al? The Delaware shore, new Germany State Forest, Swallow Falls . . . The guys from NAPS call him Sal, his Hockey teammates call him Lex, and we from the Thirty Third Company call him Big Al. I am sure the U.S. Marine Corps will find him an appropriate name. Just do not change, Al, and the world will be yours.

JOHN VALERI MOKODEAN

Moke

Hailing from the bustling metropolis of Warren Ohio, Moke's only question upon arrival at USNA was "Where are the tracks?". Steeped in nautical lore while an Akron zip, John needed no Plebe Summer instruction in the finer points of seafood etiquette. A true physical fitness fanatic, Moke ran two miles almost daily; a one mile jog to get the Racing Form, followed by a mile sprint back to his room to call his bookie. Having no respect whatsoever for his own body, John was an early draft pick for any rumble. His opponents concave foreheads attested to John's prowess at the "Coco-Butt." John found a home in the history department, where his profound thinking and incredible knowledge of past events served him well. Although it was not yet Christmas, Moke already had his bags packed for a trip to Pensacola, where he aspires to become an NFO. No doubt his sincerity and sense of humor will earn him yet even more friends in the future. Best of luck, John!



WILLIAM BRADFORD NASH

Disco

"Disco" Bill rode in from San Antonio, Texas; leaving behind its beautiful women, tacos, and Lone Star beer in order to conquer the "Last Frontier" on the Severn. Bill is well remembered for his uncanny ability to "park within the seven" without being caught. Never one to sacrifice his own integrity to intimidation he had maintained his non-conformity by such eccentricities as supporting the Dallas Cowboys, picking on "wimpy" plebes, and enforcing the regs. It will not be easy to forget those quick disco feet and shining Cowboy boots. Having successfully completed his battle with the "Rickover Gang," Bill will be heading into the surface community with his Texas-sized good nature and determination. These traits will serve him well and lead him to success, no matter where he goes.

WILSON DWAYNE PRESTON

Dwayne following the Cajun method tried to sneak in through the back door and remain unnoticed as he started his career quietly. His hopes were shattered as LTjg Flame quickly straightened him out that he was here to be an officer vice EE major. He did not quite believe him so his plebe year was filled with visitors, menus, rates and state capitols. But youngster year proved that he learned as he and his roommate, Tex, were known as youngster flame team. Fortunately though he also proved he was ready and willing to try anything as he experienced the spirits of the Fishmarket. Still undaunted, segundo year proved the climax for Norton as he had the gouge for EE and all EE haters. But he got his dream as he and his Wilkerson Sword and ring went to Reg land as Ops. His stay here has been productive as he finally learned that life was listening to country music, drinking beer, SC, writing this . . . so whether it be Hyman or the Joystick of a jet, he will be a great asset with his humor and determination for success.

DOUGLAS MARTIN PURIN

Douglas Martin came to us from the land of Yuengling brew, Pottsville, Pennsylvania. After the good times of Newport, his fate brought him to the base of the Severn. After a short but stand-up affair with Miss P., he finally settled down to the one and only Lo-Lo. Even tough she was the runt of the litter she took a backseat to no one. After 8 months the Vette was reborn with new looks and ready to suck down petrol. Known by everyone who has ever played basketball in the gym, Stiletto's friends have always been amazed at his outstanding physical features, from the schnoz to the long legs. As an active member of the Vegas club, with the mad Moke shadowing his every step, he has tried to live up to Dan Tanna's lifestyle: sharp car, sharp female acquaintances (including sis), and thick hair that women love to run their hands through.

RICHARD CHARLES SPRINGMAN Ritch

As a joke and to get out of one day's worth of Boot Camp marching, Ritch decided to apply for admission to the Naval Academy. Five years later, he is still laughing and still marching-I guess one out of two isn't bad. A year at NAPS taught Ritch much about surviving in the military. Of course the other five days a week were pretty dry and useless. None the less, he was able to develop a keen sense of strategy at little risk.

When Ritch arrived in Annapolis, he found that alot of hard work was necessary before anyone can graduate from the Academy. Luckily, he also found that a great deal of that work had already been done. Ritch had a unique talent for getting the gouge for any test except the eye exam. Judging from his eye color, blood flow was never the problem. Asking little in return except an occasional light, Ritch became known as the man to see for help. Whether his friends needed a doughnut or a beer or the most expert diet advice, Ritch was always ready to help.

KATHLEEN MARIE SLEVIN Munchkin

Kathy came to the real world of Navy from Austin Texas. This might have been forgiven, except for the fact that she is a Cowboy fan as well. Teamed with Buns, also a jockette, Munchkin found a spot leading the Women's Crew team as stroke and team captain for two years (3/c and 2/c). Kath chose Physics as her major and spent endless hours with Dig and Studley at work or hunting gouge. It was dancing, bright lights and Jack Daniels for Kathy the first three years, until she met someone special her first class summer. (20 June) Her T-top Firebird was left behind as she transited the Panama Canal aboard USS Emory S. Land for firstie cruise. That summer was the best ever and made up Kathy's mind to stick with ships. We're sure tha same perserverance and easy-going personality that helped Kathy out at the Academy will pave the way for her future success. Phil. 4:13!

CO CDR - A. LEWIS, seated; CO SUB-CDR - S. DIEHL, left; COA - R. AUERILL, right

PETER WALLACE STANFORD

Rat

Pete strolled into the Academy from his backyard to spend summer vacation with Pat and Brian. It didn't take Rat long to realize that he was still a townie at heart, as many parties with his high school buddies were to prove. After a youngster summer of beaches, foreign lands, and long hair, Pete had a brief fling with stripes. His true potential soon surfaced, and Rat devoted himself to women and lacrosse, earning a letter in the latter sport. Pete spent second class year keeping his roommate in trouble, and once again managed to squeeze in lax, women, and good times around his first love, studying. His professionalism deployed to the Med firstie summer, on a cruise to Palma de Majorca with the boys. Firstie year finds Rat back with Dig and Lef and despite his best efforts, on the Nuke wanted list. Tempting as Nuke Power would be, Pete's sacrificing it all for Pensacola beaches and a stint as a NFO. We're sure his friendly, easy-going nature will earn him success and friendship in the future.

1st Row - (left to right) T. HAUGE, T. MUNA, P. MORRISON, K. KELLN, H. SMITH, M. ISBELLI, C. MACKAY, S. DEVINO, B. FLETCHER 2nd Row - T. SNYDER, E. CARR, T. BOUSSOM, S. CAROLL, D. GUZMAN, R. KAMAY, R. FABIAN, D. FOX, V. DAVIDSON, B. ELKINS, D. CARR, R. JACOBS 3rd Row - R. HAYES, W. MOUNTFORD, T. HARRIGAN, M. THOMPSON, W. CUSACK, K. ENRIQUEZ, D. WEBSTER, P.HAYNES, T. SEDLACK, P. STITT, G. SODERSTROM

34

JOHN PATRICK BOLICH

The Old Man, Jake

John came to the Academy from Chester, the hub of the world. Arriving from NAPS Jake new alot about life, but strangely he knew little about the "real NAVY". The NAVY would teach him her mysterious ways for the next four years, but always the message would be the same: BOHICA. He was first introduced by the "Black Flame" and then in rapid succession by the computer, the Registrar, the M.E. Dept., the Co. Ofcr., the OOW, the colonel, the Commandant, THE MAGIC RAT, the flag, Frederick's finest, the Colonel again, and the Commandant again. Destined for stardom as a true patriot and flagwover (he was on the TV and radio as well as in the POST and 180 other newspapers across the country), Jake has taken it all in stride. Things that would have broken lesser men or made others puffed up with pride have had little effect on him. In fact he has not aged a single year since coming here. He still looks 28. Jake reigns as the "Patriarch of the Backshaft", a mellow man whose heart is bigger than himself. It is for this that he will always be remembered.

EDWARD M. BORGER

Big Ed

Ed Borger was determined to get out of here and he did not let the M.E. Department stop him. Born in Long Beach, CA, Big Ed sliced through academics while dreaming of selling strawhats on the sand. Weekends found him in pleasanter company. May his wit live forever as he sails to bigger sandcastles.

NANCY LEIGH BURKE

Nani-Poo

Being a Navy junior, Nan calls a lot of places home. Now that Dad is retired she claims Washington State as her home. An adopted little sister of Club 34 Nan went through roommates like they were going out of style. She was the only girl out of two companies that decided to stay around for four years despite the efforts of the Dean. Nan's close family is evident in her life here. Following in the wake of her dad, Nan's heart was with crew and just like Mom and her sisters, if you're not at least 6'1" you don't stand a chance. Nan — does he have to be tall, or just know the way to the Boathouse? Teddy Bumble and Ferdie were the true objects of Nan's affections. Rainbows brightened her day and her friends. Her life here was one of mixed emotions and yet she managed to maintain that quality about her that made her special. She will be sorely missed. She has chosen to wear the green. Will the Corps change our little sis or will she change it with her smiles?

1st Row - (left to right) A. INOUYE, J. ARNETT, T. FITZPATRICK, E. LUM, T. DWYER, R. HAGAN, C. GREEN, A. FOERSTER, B. PAGE 2nd ROW - B. JACKSON, J. HART, J. AHLGRIMM, B. GUM, O. WORKMAN, S. MURDOCK, S. HOOPER, R. NIEWOEHNER 3rd Row - R. McDOWELL, T. BURKE, R. CRAVAACK, W. NESSELT, J. BONNER, M. McGINTY, M. LANDERS, S. RHOADES NOT PICTURED - S. BILLINGTON, J. CANTRELL

ANDRE C. HARGREAVES

Schnauze

In the Beginning there was the Word and the Word was GOUGE and Andy had it. If he didn't know about it, it didn't matter. Only once did he err; when he parked his 2/c gasguzzler along the Roving Patrol's route. In the Hall, Andy's familiar proboscis usually could be seen monitoring the Wardroom decorum all night long. Some of his other famous deeds include: Best CDO record in Co. — Being attacked by a hungry vampiress — Social Dir. for Army — Green Alert Rep. — 2 Spring Breaks, something aout Not Accountable For . . . — Bn Football ??Coach?? Dereliction on Duty Courtmartial (Guilty) — 6 pullups — Avoiding marriage — Aramis — No marching, quarters or nukes — Passing wires — Plebe waterskiing — Florida trip — Cheering the Eagles, booing the 'Skins — Two stripes Jaaay's Treaty — pulling strings, knowing everybody — And, in spite of this, Andy might even make Adm (if he doesn't become President on the way).

PHILIP G. FINEGAN

DANIEL H. GILDEA

FRANCIOUS

Dan came to us from sunny California. A Navy junior, he soon found Academy life alot different from that in the real Navy. Although swimming took up alot of Dan's time, he still found time to develop the proper social graces, just enough to earn some timely nicknames. His antics at Hood, UVA, and most other ports of call soon became known throughout the Brigade. Danny was always a "flag waver"; this, and his addiction to large objects would gain him National fame first class year. Oh yes, he also found time to study. As expected, Dan's future is up in the air (NFO), but whatever the future does hold for him, we are sure that he will be a success. On our last note, Dan, please remember the good times as well as the rest. "Thanks for the Cheese steaks . . . and thanks for all the advice"

KENNETH BEACH HALL

K.B.

Ken came to us from landlocked Detroit. He hoped to major in sailing and minor in long distance running but USNA changed all his values. Forced to open a few books, he became known as a light studier and a hard sleeper. His grades reflect a strong effort, but those of us who know him, know better. Owning the Duty Car 1/c year made Ken very popular on Fridays and very low on gas on Saturdays. Serving as Wardroom President and Navy Hockey timer proves Ken's willingness to get involved, a trait future wife Carol hopes will remain social in nature. Ken's dream of the future is five years under Adm Rickover and a lifetime job as tastetester for the Mars Candybar Company.

DONALD MARKWOOD INGRAM

Woody

Club 34 had not a finer person to offer the "MODEL MIDSHIPMAN AWARD" to than Mark "Woody" Ingram of Jacksonville Florida. Classmates and underclass alike admire his many talents and sense of humor. He was always conscious of our mission and continually in sight of our goals. Mark served as a fine example first semester when he led Club 34 as Company Commander. He is a "work hard, play hard" person. A wizard of all sorts, Woody has produced amazing artwork by waving his brushes, painted smiles on faces of the forlorn with his clowning, cut-up, character, and charmed a fair amount of young lovelies by rocking and freaking his way across the dance floors of Georgetown. Basically, fun to be with and a pleasure to serve with.

BRUCE KEITH JACKSON

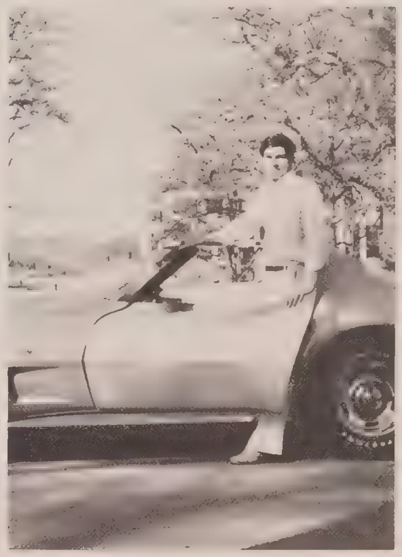
Chase . . . Reggie

Chase jammed his way north to bay country and Club 34 from Edgefield, S.C. on that fateful day in July 1976. "Jamming" seems to be his favorite pastime, as he has "jammed" on having his beautiful fiancee Pam, and jams in various other endeavors, as well. The A.L.'s simply seem unable to pull themselves away from that crusin' stud in the blue M.G.B. Pam, we hope you don't mind!!! Starting in plebe summer, Chase has given us many memories to cherish and to joke about. A few that come to mind are: 3010 . . . sexy letters . . . hail, Bossman . . . Earl . . . sand squirrels . . . Pam . . . 8305 folding . . . jamming . . . 2 stripes . . . The Bathtub Scene on the head . . . Z! . . . Timbo . . . Spreading Funk . . . Trygstad . . . AAAAlright! Pryor . . . USNA Funk Mob . . . and of course, Pam. Being an airdale, Reggie is keeping his trops and not going green, Thank God. With all that funk, he changed us, not vice versa. It was too much to handle. No doubt he will be a "jam" in the friendly skies.

JEFFREY JAY JOHNSTON

J.J., Bonehead

Originating from Buffalo, N.Y., our main man, J.J., is held ultimately responsible by the 'CLUB' for all cold weather trespassing in Mother "B". He is an honorary member of the noon meal funk and disco club, though he'd never soberly admit to it! But J.J. feels strongly about what he says and can always be counted upon in the clutch. He sidesteps no obstacle (besides the MILE RUN) in his quest for the true meaning of professionalism. This also describes his warm spot for the women. They tend to have a limiting monetary effect on his desires, but with resident 'VETTE payments, what do you expect? That sly witty smile and stubborn, yet determined attitude have shown us that J.J. is not just here for a good time. Thus we close with CLUB 34's immortal words for a friendship that will never be weathered by the years, " . . . Give J.J. a fast car for he tends to go in harms way."



LAWRENCE JAMES KLAWINSKI

Derf or Fred

It has been a long four years and I am glad it's over

PATRICK DANIEL KEAVNEY

Keavs

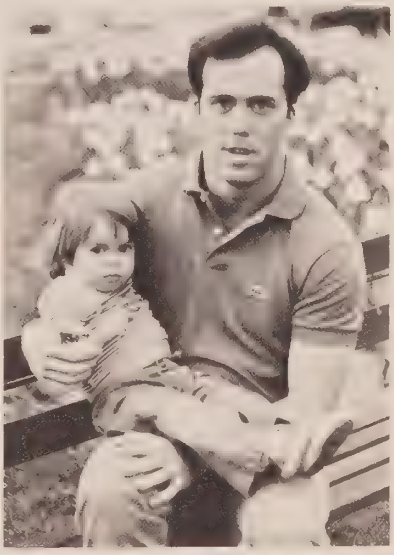
"Keavs" Keavney, our man from Severna Park, so close yet so far away, came to the Academy as a Lady's Man with the smile of a true IRISHMAN. He was groomed into the Military by the "BOSSMAN" himself, which finally made him one of the boys. Throughout the years, Iona's Crib became the refuge for wayward, homeless MIDS (Women too). We couldn't have found that hospitality anywhere else. Keavs leaves us with many heinous memories, some of which are: Frankly, we're only here for a good time . . . . . . 8305 . . . . . . Rugby parties . . . Little sister . . . Turkey Joe's . . . Nursing . . . The Hate Bug . . . , and OH YEA, how could we ever forget, Hey Keavs, keep waving those FLAGS. And if you ever hear any noise, it's Keavs and the boys . . . . . . After hours in Bancroft Hall . . . . . .

NAVY
FOOTBALL

PATRICK XAVIER MURPHY

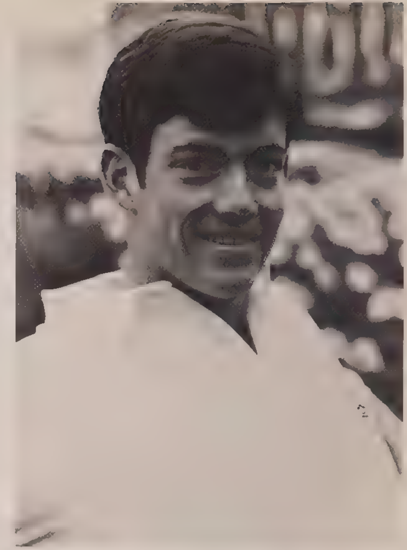
Murph

Murph came from the "Island" a typical victim of the jock propaganda. He arrived in Bermuda shorts, tennis shoes, and a pullover shirt with a fresh pack of Marlboros. Thus attired, he leaned his Lax stick against a wall and inquired as to where the corvette line was. Since that time things have not been quite the same. This was only the first of many displays which were to make Patrick well known Plebe year. Coach immediately recognized him as being special. This gained him alumni status in the eyes of the Lax team youngster year. After a nefarious episode with toad Murph became a born again midshipman. Well at least he learned that there was more for the taking inside the system than outside it. This led to rather dull weekdays silhouetted by weekends that at times bordered on the spectacular. Spain 78, a Trinity wrestler, the bearded lady 280Z 100 mph+ the wrong way, a geriatric friend . . . . . . the list goes on.



EDMUND O'CALLAGHAN

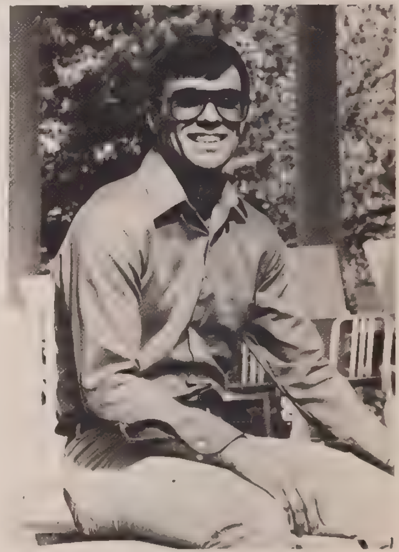
Mr Dollface or Golda



Upon learning the bars in Annapolis closed at 2 as opposed to 12 in hometown Marblehead, Ed accepted his appointment and began his illustrious career at Navy. Well known for his impaired driving ability (1st in Van Class at Hood 500) and affinity for morally crippled females, Ed soon found no more room for Black "N"'s on his walls. Taking advice from mentor Col. Murphy (who attempted to adopt him) Ed borrowed money from Mrs. Dollface in an attempt to "buy into the System." Apparently the attempt was successful because Ed was offered the position of Brigade Conduct 1/c year. Unfortunately Ed had to turn down the position in order to play hockey and spend more time in Baltimore. Planning on going into tanks, I'm sure Quantico will wake up when Ed "I'll have another O'Callaghan makes his appearance."

GREGORY J. PIEPER

Peeps



During Greg's time that he spent at USNA, he found two loves — his books and a lovely young lady from Bowie. He found these interests in that order and as one would expect, when Greg wasn't entertaining his books he was in Bowie.

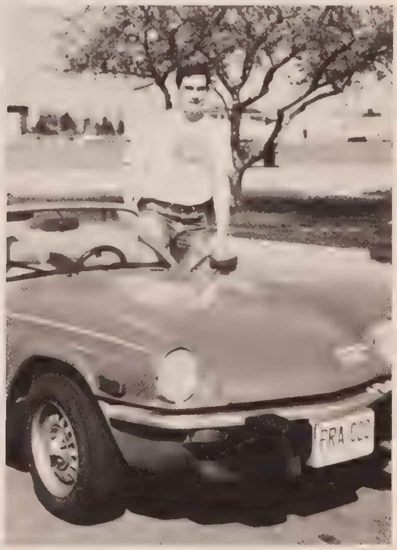
Greg attributes his easy-going attitude toward USNA to his ability of looking at it as a duty station in the Navy rather than a college and he owes that bit of logic to coming from the "sticks" of Nebraska. Oh well, however strange that sounds, Greg always will be known for his pleasant personality, ubiquitous smile, and uncanny knack for seemingly having the answers to a myriad of controversial topics.

WALTER H. PORR, JR.

Walt

But whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. I consider everything a loss compared to the surpassing greatness of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. I consider all things rubbish, that I may gain Christ and be found in him, not having a righteousness of my own that comes from the law, but that which is through faith in Christ - the righteousness that comes from God. I want to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in his sufferings, becoming like him in his death, and so, somehow, to attain to the resurection from the dead. Not that I have already obtained all this, or have already been made perfect, but I press on to take hold of that for which Christ Jesus took hold of me. Brothers, I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus. Phil 3:7-14. Peace! Walt.

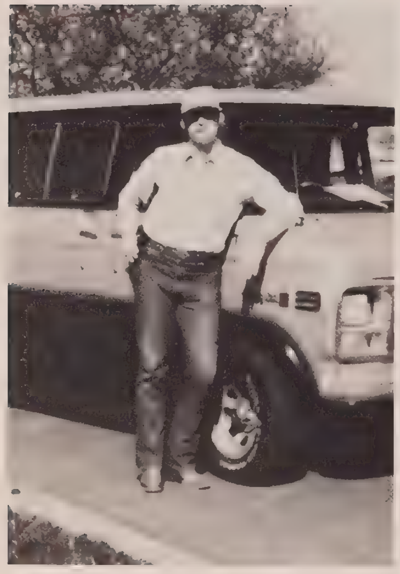
1st Row - (left to right) C. CASSIDY, Y. DUWELL, K. MAY, J. MISCH, J. McENERNEY, K. SILVERS, C. CORBOTT, M. HOPPE, J. ROSS 2nd Row - C. MORGAN, M. SHUMPERT, M. RODRIGUEZ, J. RASMUSSEN, J. ARMAS, A. WILKINS, V. PESCATORE, L. GILPIN, T. BREWER, S. RUSS, P. MONGER, A. ADOM, K. COLLINS 3rd Row - R. FORBES, J. 0LDHAM, P. GATES, C. BORCIK, D. CLINE, M. CHLARSON, G. SEARS, K. PROCTOR, A. WOLFE, R. HIVE, G. PAPAJOHN



DOUGLAS S. RAY

Doug came from the city of Brigham Young's apparition of moral excellence. However he was slow to apply that excellence to the academic arena, and hence a shameful "B" in his very first semester. This hard learned lesson was not lost on him, and he somehow managed to finish with at least a respectful G.P.A. An individual who proved to thrive on work and disdain sleep Doug showed his agressiveness in other ways also. There were the occasional bouts with mental derangement. The attempt to throw a N.J. roomate out a window was not the least of this type of excess. His plebe and youngster year passed with the dull routine of establishing and maintaining a single digit O.O.M. His next flash of brilliance was abondoning thoughts of June wedding bells that led to a sojourn to Fort Benning. A tough way to insure bachelor status but worth it. Doug then began to break local hearts in earnest. When all is done Doug will be remembered as a straight talking available MID who's manner makes him not only unique but special.

CO CDR - J. WINTER, seated; CO SUB-CDR - E. ZIMMER, back row - right; CAO - D. GILDEA, back row left



GARY K. REDENIUS Red

ComKegRon II
Budweiser
Basketball
Molsens Ale
Suzukai
Schaffer
Dr. Brown
Lowenbrau
Co-Conduct
Michelobe
Steelers
Miller
Green Alerts
National Bo
Athos

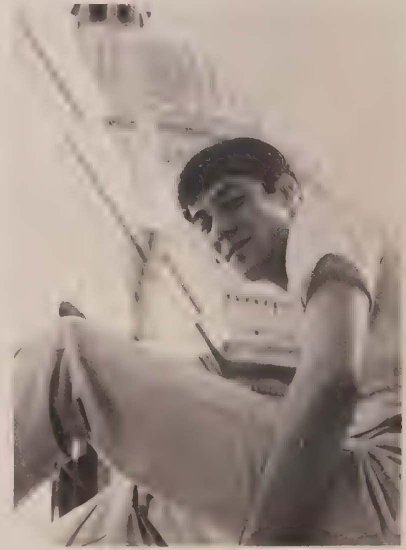
THOMAS DOUGLAS SLOAN

Tom

This slow-talking Southern boy moseyed his way to Club 34 from Knoxville, Tennessee. He seemed unhurried by almost anything - except maybe by an irate firstie. Tom is a miracle of modern medicine. As Bancroft Medical's experimental cadaver, he has experienced every minor illness and injury known to man these past four years. Oh-but the contribution to medical science is considerable! He brought us the Tennessee Aspirin Tablet, and other "remedies."

Tom's rare excursions into the outside world have been interesting, indeed. The few girls he does date are of considerable merit - not the average mid's H.B. And those pictures with the Dallas Cowboys' Cheerleaders . . .

All things must come to an end. Nuke Power will put the screws to whatever fun Tom's been having, And if anybody can catch radiation sickness on a sub, Tom can! They'd better have a comfortable rack too. Subs will good for Tom. One thing for certain . . . he won't get seasick.



TERRY S. WHITE

Terry White came all the way from D.C. to the Naval Academy in pursuit of a professional career, I think. Terry, "T.S.", was a true friend among all of the company members, a person who we will always remember. There are a few of his quotes and events that will always come to our memories: Fiat . . . Braces . . . honor . . . 2 Reg. Sub . . . Skivs . . . White Lighting . . . just to name a few. If Terry has half as much determination to do well as a surface line officer as he had to receive an "N" letter as a 150's player, he is definitely going to give surface line "HELL". Good luck TERRY!

JAMES L. WINTER

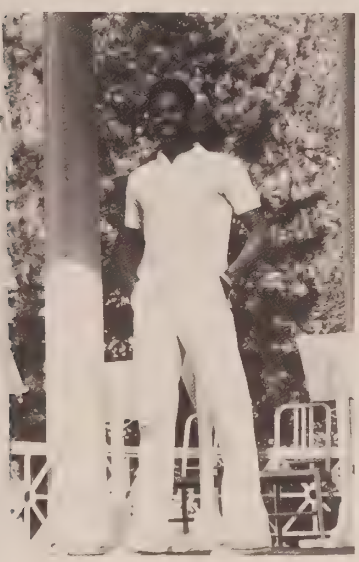
Jim

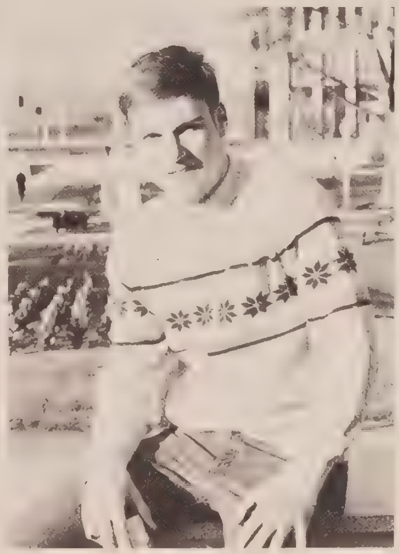
Favorite Beer: Lowenbrau
Favorite Drink: Gin & Tonic
Favorite Subject: Black Magic
Favorite Test: O-Course
Favorite Sport: Soccer
Favorite Pastime: Girls From Texas
Least Favorite Beer: Not Known To Man
Favorite Group: Rush (Pass Defense) Favorite Saying: "One More For The Road"
Favorite Scapegoat: Girls At USNA
Favorite Time At Navy: Mess Night 79
D'Artagnan

EMORY EVANS ZIMMER

Zeke

Being from a Navy family, "ZEKE" Zimmer is by far one of our more traveled classmates. Zeke is a dedicated student who made the commitment to "live by the gouge". He is a very persistant practical joker, and it seems as if he is never serious, a trait which he claims to have inherited from his father. It's sometimes hard to get a straight answer out of him unless your patient enough to hear the latest about his O.A.O. Zeke is a very talented athlete who spent some time wrestling for Navy, but we'll remember most, the new dimensions that he added to the word "competition" in our company sports teams. He worked out religously to a personal fitness program, but we're still very curious why it seemed to start a few weeks before he would see Kelly and then dwindle off afterwards. As we cut ourselves loose from Mother B and begin our Naval careers, we hear many encouraging words, but none so fond as Emory's immortal words, "It can't be that hard . . . . . . everybody has to do it".





1st Row - (left to right) D. WEINER, B. DONEGAN, T. TWOMEY, T. PICCHINI, D. VALENTINE, J. CORTEZ, B. PAPADAKIS, B. SISLER, B. MURRAY 2nd Row - S. SIMPLICIANO, R. WILLIAMS, O. HONORS, G. HALL, P. MENNINGER, S. ROWAN, B. DITZLER, J. BOYENGA, M. RUSS, R. FREEMAN, G. BRUNETTI, A. BOWMAN, J. NANGLE, J. KALB 3rd Row - D. FOSKETT, M. REED, D. BRYANT, R. REICHEL, C. BIOW, P. RYAN, G. HOBSON, D. HAND, T. WALLINGTON, R. WOOD, P. YOUNGBLOOD NOT PICTURED - D. AVILES

35

MATTHEW J. BOYNE

Boyner

What can be said about this refugee from a legless civilization? Well . . . he tries hard. Biting and clawing his way to a successful plebe year, his future looked bright indeed. Realizing that mediocrity was the goal of all mids, he pursued it with wanton abandon. His uncanny sense of timing and crazy antics brought him time and again to the attention of those in authority, such as the OOD and his company officer. Matt was not one to blend into a crowd, and the compnay was always on the alert for his next strike. Not many will forget his SWAT team and Mission: Impossible scenarios. Late night corn and coffee are his staples, and his evenings often turned into mornings, poring over his beloved ME texts. Even so, Matt spent much of his time helping the company in some way. He is a tireless leader and a good friend to many. We will all miss him and will welcome a reunion shortly.

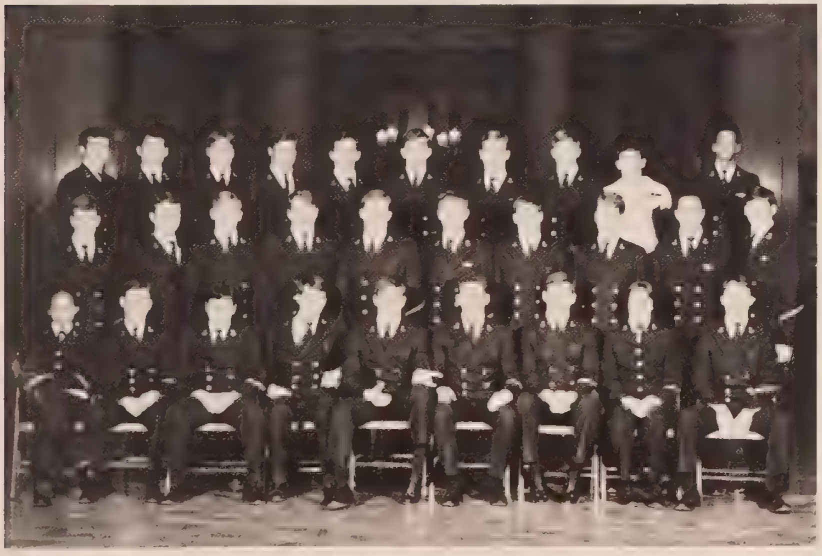
JEFFREY ALAN BRIGGS

Spreading gloom and despair all along the way, Briggsi, or the corpse as he was often called, arrived from the bustling metropolis of Stoneboro, Penna. after spending his formative years in the Nuclear Navy. Plebe year was somewhat of a joke for him in that 3.8+ grades came easy and his following 3 years have been even easier. This is surprising in that while here at USNA. Briggsi devoted most of his time to joining every ECA which was ever thought of from karate and the Glee Club to scuba and "pit-fighting". Despite this involvement Briggsi was always able to excell to the point that if anyone ever needed an example to emulate, he was at the forefront of their thought. Now he is preparing for his biggest step, marriage. I hope Cindy can handle his infamous blue 80 T-shirt and sit-ups at 3:00 in the morning. Briggsi, being a true leader in every sense of the word will certainly make an indelible mark on the lucky squadron that receives him after he earns his wings of gold.

MICHAEL A. BUZZELL

Buzz

Buzz sailed in from the lands of snowy Syracuse full of expectations of a fine career in lacrosse and a generAL GOOD TIME WITH THE BOYS OF CANOE U. As far as a fine career in lacrosse is concerned., Buzz "only" managed to rewrite the Academy record books while making All-America three years in a row. Buzz also managed to make his way into the unwritten party record books too. Having a hot streak that is still going strong, Buzz is a true believer in living life to its fullest. He has excelled at the parties and with various women, including a nurse in P-cola and a WUBA. I'm sure that girl will have fond memories of you from Army '79. Or, if not then, at Dr. Ohms party when you showed up with two women, neither of which was her. For the future, with a name like Buzz, Navy air is the only direction he can go (even though his friendship with Rickover is a lasting one) Well, good luck Buzz and happy flying in P-cola — Sully



1st Row - (left to right) A. HOWARD, J. RODROCK, M. FALCON, T. KRAFT, R. FISHER, B. BERG, A. KURTA, V. OROURKE, J. BOYLE 2nd Row - S. EASTBURG, D. McDONALD, P. LIEN, R. PEYREIGNE, R. JACKSON, R. PHILLIPS, E. RANDALL, L. GRIGG, A. BARNES, J. CASTLETON 3rd Row - K. FAIRBANKS, C. WILLY, W. LAUGHLIN, R. SCHRADER, D. WEATHERFORD, M. KULA, J. KUZMICK, R. GARLINGHOUSE, P. CAHELA, J. KNOCK

JEFFREY LAWRENCE GERNAND

Nano

Nano's time at the Academy began on that fateful day when, after eating it on a big wave in Ocean City, he surfaced in the Severn. Plebe year was a breeze for him due to his "real Navy" experiences at NAPS. Two seasons on T-Tables didn't do any harm either. But what we'll always remember Nano for were his "shining" examples on how to fall in love at least twice every weekend . . . and to not be able to remember it in the morning. Who knows what was stronger, his love of peanuts or his desire to be another Jimmy B.? Well, they were probably pretty even. Nano was friends with everyone, except Hyman. Yes, he was one of the lucky guys who got drafted even though he was already in the Navy. Well, we wish him fair winds and following seas (if that will do any good on a submarine) and hope that when you add his surfaces and dives, it comes to an even number.

ROBIN GWYNETH DRUCE

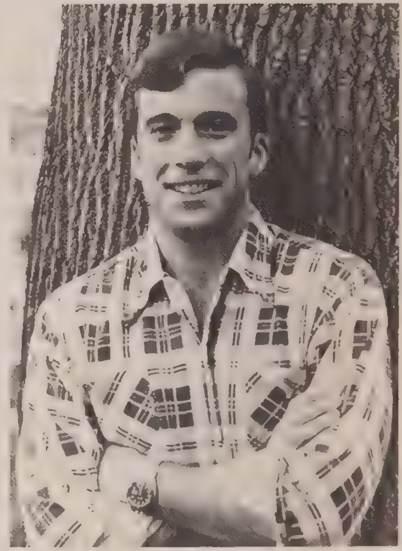
Loose Druce

Robin came from the warm Mardi Gras city of New Orleans to face the icy winter of Annapolis and the military. Her memories here will be marked by her success in academics, athletics and professionalism. Being very dedicated and dependable, "The Loose One" never foiled around, except in the fencing loft that is, where she won many bouts for Navy and was the Women's Fencing Team Captain for four years. The Academy introduced her to many things, the best of which Drew her up the asile of her hometown Episcopal church. May love, happiness and success follow her unto her future.

JAMES LEE DUNN

Sungod

Jimmy Dunn came from a town too small to drive through with a pride big enough to fill the whole state of Texas. After living with his hero "Muk Lo" for a semester he spent five semesters learning the facts of life from a New Yorker. Towards the end of youngster year his initials changed from J.L. to P.W. as he met his wife to be, Jan. Jim became known for his amazing ability to dip massive amounts of skoal, obtain golden suntans, and spend enormous sums of money on Jan. The lover of country music perfected the art of hibernating for 12 to 16 hours straight and then remaining awake for the next three days. We wish Jan and him the best of luck in the Navy and all that follows.



TODD HAMILTON FISH

Monster

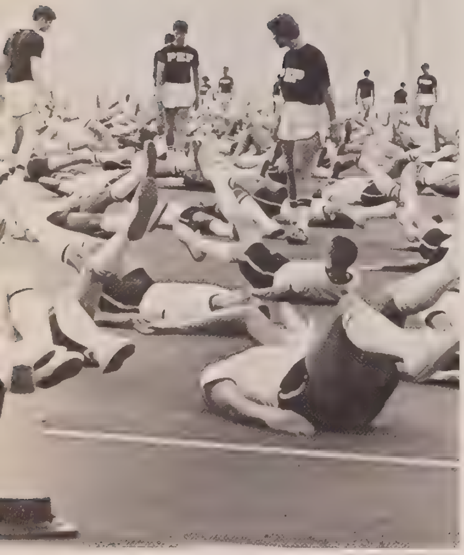
Monster came to USNA from college and then as a nuke snipe, carrying with him a crusty, old-salt-cynicism that stayed with him all four years. He honed his wits belly-aching with R.D. about USNA females, post-squeeze snuggles, and gars. He was infamous because of his stanky beard and famous because of his fantastic luck on X-mas leave. Zounds, the look on fat Kim's face when she appeared, all gussied-up, ready to show Monster and Cool Breeze a terrific evening. Even Hank was bored. He loved stories, particularly those about The Geez, Bernard, Boop and any that Bobby "The C" or Cantello's boy had to tell. He leaves behind Mech E (of particular interest to his pal, T. Mack), Hips, and Delaware Homecomings (But Todd, you don't know, you don't know.). Ahead lies the sub fleet and an enlisted wife complete with stretch polyester flood pants, 45-degree gut bulge, a double chin, "Briggs Disease", and dirty hair. Before sailing, he hopes to answer "Cap'n Jon's" query. We wish him good luck!

CO CDR - D. NAGAO, right; CO SUB-CDR - not pictured; CAO - K. KENDERSON, left

ARMANDO LAZARO GUZMAN

Manding

"The Guz" came here from the land of the infamous Death March. After spending a fruit plebe summer in the Philippine Military Academy, where plebes are treated as plebes, he found himself in another plebe summer at Crabtown, U.S.A. One of his early problems was trying to distinguish American faces, thinking that they all looked alike! Next, the slang was different for him. Phrases like "what's up", "cool", "go get 'em" were difficult for him to comprehend at first. After a while, even phases like "hip", "bad", "jammin'", "#!!!*", etc. quickly became part of his common terminology. Academic year started out perfect for him by missing the first morning quarters formation. Plebe and Youngster academics were a breeze for the Guz. However, second class began the battle with the god of 2.0. But there was never any doubt that he wouldn't gain back his long-weekends. It is with regret that we say, "good-bye"! We wish you good luck in the future, "O Pride of the Philippines".



JOHN A. KARONIS

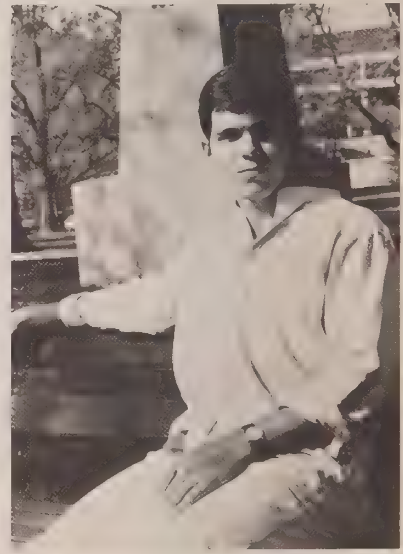
'Ronis

Ayuh, ayuh, yuh . . . 'Twas a nor 'easter that blew John from the lobster pots and seacoast of Maine to Annapolis, and his humor and antics have brought smiles to all he has met here. Having set his priorities early plebe year, John struck out for success in his favorite pursuits: rack, beer, fried chicken, and girls. In all fiarness no one has succeeded quite so completely as he. And talk about talent . . . Who else can give the Dreyfuss eye, play the physiological flugelhorn, or imitate Yessir Iarfat and Mcgarvey quite like John? Reminisce, pummelling, tours, cannonball, pit-man, nano, corn . . . CORN!!! There is certainly much to remember. John brought to the company an inestimatable wealth. He was someone to always count on, a friend in the true sense. The time passed quickly laughing and joking beside John, and he will be missed by all as we scatter, at least until another fair wind blows him our way in the fleet.

THOMAS ASHLEY LAKE

Wad

Tom entered the academy at his intellectual zenith and soon found himself inextricably caught in the talons of that beckoning blue siren, the rack. His occasional spasmodic utterances, usually criticisms or bits of sardonic wit, are delivered at warp speed and are invariably accompanied by an uncontrolled twitch of the right eye. These annoying traits are paralleled only by his inability to write legibly, thus resulting in a flight school hopeful with garbled speech and calligraphy comprehensible only to certain species of chickens. Although Tom excels at handball and sailing, he still suffers from the terrible delusion that his physical condition is at par with his mental ability; but there is only one physical Tai-pan. Tom plans to be an astronaut some day, which is fitting, for he is a documented space case. Nevertheless, he'll probably be an impeccable officer and an asset to the fleet.



KATHLEEN GAIL HENDERSON

Kathy

Kathy's family dropped her off at the Naval Academy on their way to Germany. Since she's been here, they've moved three times. She claims it has something to do with a kernel and the Army. They have decided to stick it out in Alabama and quit running away from her. Kathy is a very spirited and daring individual. As a result of this, she has chosen green as her favorite color, URRAH!

She is known offishally around the company as "Hips". She's also picked up the name of "Coach" from heavyweights, however, for company parties she always seems to be a lightweight. Kathy is always one to pull it out at the end, i.e. supplying on demand.

May the sun always shine on Kathy and each of its rays bring more success.

TERRENCE ANTHONY MACK
Terry

He came to USNA as Terrence A. Mack but is now universally known as "the Mack". After a year of good time at NAPS, he came here looking forward to pleasures such as fast cars, women, parties, etc. He soon found out that these would not be the case. Chopping and bracing up did not exactly fit his lifestyle. With high ideals in mind, he chose Rickover Hall to be his favorite hang-out, and spent most of his free time running for the Big Blue. At the beginning of "Flaming Class" year, he found a favorite past time in harassing that insignificant group of people that thrives in Mother "B" but Academia put this to a halt. A loyal pal, he will lend you his last quarter as easily as he will borrow your last dollar. His "take it easy" attitude is well known, however, we all believe that he is crazy enough to become a successful Naval Officer. So, look out San Diego, here comes the "Mack"!

GEORGE GABRIEL MARTINEZ JR.
Julio, Leezard, Spic

George survived four years at the Academy going to three of four boards (He missed the honor board). He started off in tenth company looking forward to being a marine, and was one of few people who liked to drill. He can thank tenth company for teaching him to drink at the plebe year army party. His friends told him what a great time he had. As a member of the "Late Great Hassle 8" he picked up 150 demerits, 30 days, and his luggage on his way to 35th company. Here he became famous for his bartending. He also became involved with Kelly, Denise, Gay, Robin, Pat, his in company girl friend, and who knows who else. "Killer" George got his name, not for his black belt, but for his amazing ability to hurt people without trying. Good luck George and keep smiling.

JOHN T. MERRILL

1st Row - (left to right) E. RITTER, G. LATTA, P. SALINAS, M. MAHONEY, W. JEFFERIES, S. BARR, M. JOHNSON, R. EVANS, E. ALLEN 2nd Row - W. JOHNSON, M. LUSK, D. HEE, E. CAMPBELL, T. SHOEMAKER, M. McNELLIS, G. MAY, R. LUNDQUIST, S. TARACEVICZ, D. GALIYAS, M. AYLWARD, K. WELTY, G. BLUME, R. HAUKE 3rd Row - M. SWARTZ, L. LUCAS, C. WANSTALL, T. BRANNEN, S. FEHR, P. GROSKLAGS, J. McHALE, B. BAPTISTE, H. DILLE

DANIEL RAY NAGAO

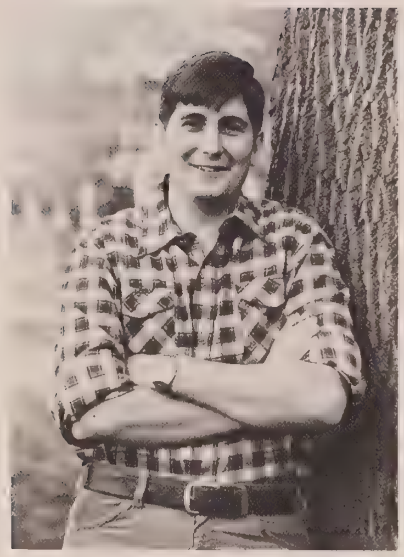
Nip

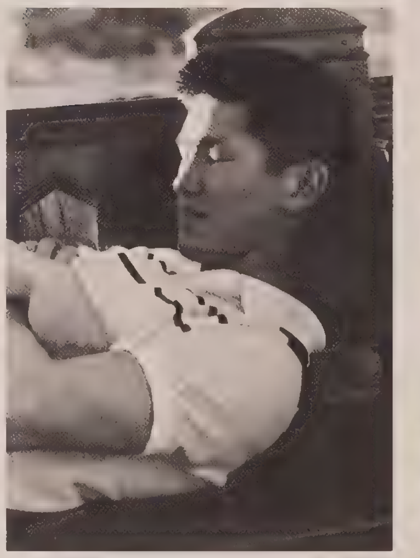
O' Nippersan came a long way from the "Homeland" to MD and then a short way from S.S. to Annapolis to play sailor. Not knowing much of the military, Dan soon found out that Plebe Year, Wardlaw, YP's and swimming did not match his character so after a couple of years, he decided to put in "THE PAPERS." However, he saw the errors of his ways (?) and decided to hack out another two years. He was really interested in Biology (the study of Blowing It Off) but the Academy did not offer such a fine major. This was O.K. for upon learning that Midway, Leyte and the Marianas were not great Japanese victories (as he was taught in the Homeland), he decided to get the facts straight and majored in History. Now he'll be graduating and will have to get his haircut to prepare for Quantico. Nip hasn't done bad at the Academy — surviving academics and swimming, being a member of two Brigade B-ball teams, and even picking up a cute fiancee from N.J. in the process. He thanks the Lord for making it all possible. BANZAI.

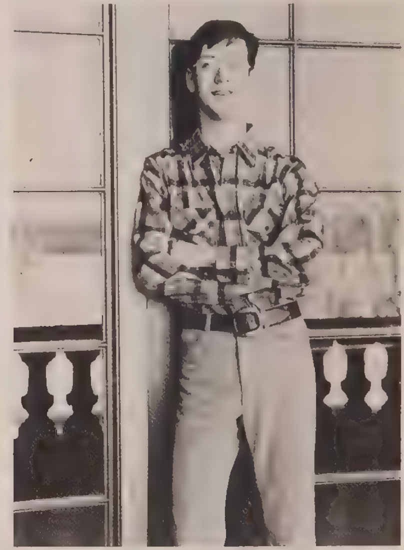
MARC DARRELL POUSSARD

Pous

Marc skied his way to Crabtown from the mountainous slopes of Alaska. How he ever brought that 1,000 lb. sea chest with him I-Day we'll never know. Rumor has it that the box contained the parts of a '69 Chevy. In an attempt to avoid the rigors of plebe summer, Pous became an avid sailor. However, as the spring of 3/c year rolled along, his interest shifted from sailboats to those Maryland girls. After a year of dancing his way into the hearts of many, Marc decided that life had more to offer. After this time Marc was always seen coming or going to an activity of the Mormon church. Marc also found time for hobbies, such as his major (EE), and organizing those European adventures. Instead of skiing all the way back to Alaska, Marc would run off to Europe and backpack to such bizarre places as the Golan Heights of Israel, and the French Alps. Marc is sure to enjoy the adventures of the Nuclear Navy, and his many other endeavors.







JEFFREY B. MILLER

JB

By his own admission, Jeff was just a big kid when he got here four years ago, and the consensus of his classmates today is that he is still just a kid. Jeff quickly adopted the sobriquet "JB" and soon alienated his classmates by refusing to speak the English language. Unless, of course, an endless sequence of dis, dat, and de udder can be considered intelligible speech. JB joined the pop concert committee his plebe year and has since then risen from a lowly spotlight operator to the prestigious position of committee chairman. He has spent most of his last year strolling around the company area dressed in his funky, green in-patient suit and bothering everyone while waiting for others to finish using his phone. Jeff had planned to go surface with an air option, but those dreams were shattered when he learned that he was the number two man on Hymie's infamous random list. We last saw Jeff on the phone arranging one-way transportation to Tibet. Best of luck, JB.

JOHN LEONARD SAMUELS

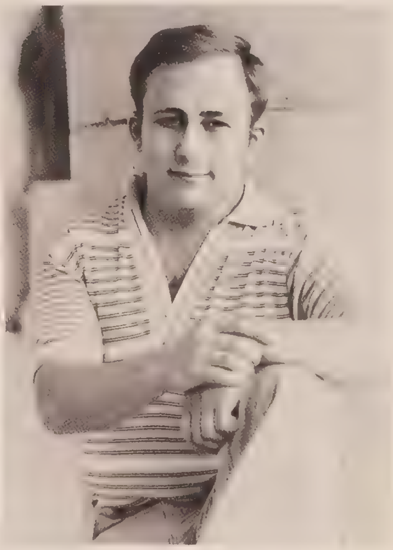
Samwise

John was born near the smog-infested steel mills of Pittsburgh. He came to the Yard as Navy football's staunchest fan and could always be found at every pep rally - unless, of course, he was in the rack. This wires major was typically found doing any of the following: tracking down EE gouge (his favorite saying: "This stuff is pure gouge!"), winging it to Mary Wash to see a certain cute econ major, shootin' hoop in the FH, or, temporarily promoting high school buddies from USAF enlisted to USN midshipmen. John's illustrious basketball career reached its zenith 1/c year, as he led the company b-ball team to the Brigade championship. Just ask his coach and ex-roommate how much he depended on Samwise. John is such a heavy sleeper that he'll probably sleep through graduation and the five years to follow. John is leaving Canoe U to join Uncle Hymie's elite undersea club. We wish this obvious lifer good luck and Godspeed in the years ahead.

EDWARD NOEL SETTLE

Barney, Uncle Ed

Eddie has done allright here at USNA for being short and a New Yorker. With these traits, Eddie has been able to handle most of the "Navy good deals" except that the early pressures of Plebe year drove him to drinking (when we weren't allowed to). For his stellar performance at a firstie's party (2 beers), Ed earned enough points to win a Navy Black N. However, Chris managed to keep "Barney" going through Plebe year. There never was a room big enough for a New Yorker, Texan, and Muk Loo. Muk(sep) didn't last long and the Texan had to move after 2 1/2yrs. What did he get, but a delinquent Mexican who came from the other side of the world. Ed had many girlfriends. He'll always remember his skiing date with Jammin Janet and all those Marys. As president of the Antiphs, he had many females from which to choose. Ed saw a glimpse of the future when he saw Hawaii and became a hubby & father. Above all, he was a proud Uncle. To a soccer ref and keeper of musterboards, GOOD LUCK.



KEITH CARR SHULTIS

K.C.

Keith came to the U of Annapolis from sunny Rangeley, Maine. During his tenure at the Academy, he established himself as a first class rugby player. He was also renound for his post game partying. A good example of K.C.'s post game prowess was his display at Tommy B's house. Or, how about the Towson episode?

Always somewhat of a geek at heart, KKeith's photo can easily be found in the more recent photos of Nimitz library. Oh well, at least he got what he wanted for service selection. K.C. has a new home in the Marine Corps.

Seriously, good luck Keith. Your friends will not forget all the good times that you helped them to share so well. Know that your friends will always remember the animal scrum.

STEVEN STREIGHTIFF

Tiff, Strait

The Tiff, a Navy kid, has been around the NAV quite a while. His last port visit before anchoring here at USNA was Arlington, Virginia. Since starting his tour, Steve has always sailed out in front. Studying like a cables nut, but at history, he nailed down stars every semester. He dabbled in JV soccer two years before joining us in intramurals . . . drill, P-rades, and march-ons. As an intramural ace, he helped to haul in Batt soccer and tennis and Regimental championships. He has enjoyed most of his four years here and has all the makings of a lifer. You know you love it if you type up every chit, read *every* Law and Leadership assignment, and faithfully rely on the Navy's own for haircuts (Who, me?). When he weighs anchor this spring, Steve plans for a career in the conventional fleet, concurring with CIC while wallowing in G&T's and living on peche melba. Good luck to you!

RONALD DEAN THOMPSON

Butch

Ron, or Butch as many know him, journeyed from the dry and sunny lands of Texas to join the ranks of midshipmen. With him, he brought a southern accent and "gentleman-like" mannerism that would make Tennessee Ernie Ford envious. Appearing somewhat shy and naive around females, who would have ever labeled Butch as a snake? But hold on to your girls middies and don't ask about Pensicola or the Ring Dance, because despite his innocent disposition, The Killer Instinct is alive, well, and all to active.

1st Row - (left to right) B. BURR, V. WELCH, E. HALPIN, M. KUBINIEC, B. HARDESTY, J. BOORUJY, G. FERRIS, S. ZOTTI, B. PAGE 2nd Row - T. HEALEY, G. ABITANTE, F. FITANTE-BARNES, B. McKIBBEN, M. SMITH, J. SNYDER, W. DAITCH, A. LOFERSKI, F. VERNET, W. HALL 3rd Row - W. WILLISTON, K. BOICE, R. LANTZ, S. YOUNGBOOD, J. HUGGINS, S. IRELAND, K. TOY, EL DYSON, R. PARRISH, J. McCORMICK, J. SHEEHAN

CO CDR - S. STREIGHTIFF, right: CO SUB-CDR - not pictured; CAO - M. BUZZELL, left

ROBERT CHARLES ZMIRICH

Zur, Zurich, Z.B.

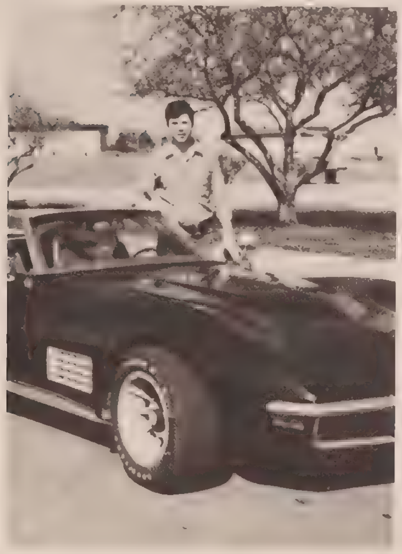
Bob came to us from the famed Mt. Laurel of South Jersey to join the ranks of 35th Company. He kept a low profile plebe summer using his avid knowledge of sports trivia to appease the flamers of '77. As a youngster it was already apparent that Bob was to be a wardroom rat. Not wanting to wait another year for these privileges, he and his roommate, the "amazing Thompson", decided one night to bring the wardroom to their room, complete with t.v., popcorn popper, and three women. Well, needless to say, this wardroom was not approved of, and they spent many weekends reminiscing that once famous night. Bob was a very ardent student in that he was either studying the T.V. guide, reading the Book of the Month, or applying his "Zur" logic to the Stock Market. With all his pastimes and the fact that he was always found "prone" in his rack, Bob still managed to excel academically and in everything he did. His perseverance and "Zur" logic will be a definite asset to the Nuclear Navy and all future endeavors.

36

ROBERT PETER CATALANO

Cat, Rob

Lacrosse stick in hand, King Tundra cruised down from the Island for a four year vacation in Maryland. After breaking ties (well almost) with the Delaware whip, Buzz set him up with a beautiful chick. Turns out Cat went to bed, but alone in the car. Establishing himself as a proficient skier, "Jean Claude" cut a few trails of his own, over the bank and into the river. Being the Jogger of us all Rob sometimes proved to have more endurance than his 914 Porsche. In contrast to being a quiet guy Cat has always tuned an ear to loud music. At the Good Times Cafe he had to be pried away from the speaker. Cat was baptized into the Navy early his freshman year when his rowboat sank one night at Martini's Marina. Rob returned to the water again, two years later when he and the boys took to the Severn one night after taps. Awarded 75 big ones for the incident Cat set a new record and took care of the demerits in one day. Hopefully his next stop will be P-cola. Always a great partyman, we rank him 1 of 9.



JOHN JOSEPH CORBETT

Nate the Skate

Nate the Skate came to USNA from Beaver Falls, Montana, having already attained the rank of Lt. Col. A great conversationalist, he outdid us all with the immensity of his finds at local girls' colleges. John was always able to find a girl with great personalities. We all found out who Nate's favorite musical group was when he acted out "Paradise by the Dashboard Light" with the USNA police during 2/c year. Of course the culmination of his 4 years at the Academy was the excellent game of golf he played in North Chicago over 1/c summer. 10 holes on a nine hole course. We'll never forget his sense of humor or his love for the Yanks; not to mention the nicknames he gave all of us, such as "Scarfman", "Mugs", and the "Zerbebird". He'll probably be seen playing shuffleboard and doing 10 degree, high performance turns in his P-3 in a couple of years. By then he should have found that girl with boots, glasses in her wild hair, and carrying a window.

DEAN J. COTTLE

Dean Cottle, a mild mannered Mormon from the West Coast, came to the Academy in search of wine and women. Unfortunately, he doesn't drink. However, he found the women, one in particular. Spending most of his spare time sailing the waters of the Chesapeake, Dean found it hard to fit into his busy schedule his physics homework and fiancee. Although a man of few faults, he had the unforgivable quality of liking disco. Someone who could dance his way into a girl's heart, Dean never failed to dazzle them at many of the formals. As a Navy junior, Dean had no problems adjusting to Academy life and should do well in the fleet, even if the nukes get a hold of him. We wish him luck in the future!

THOMAS W. DEPPE

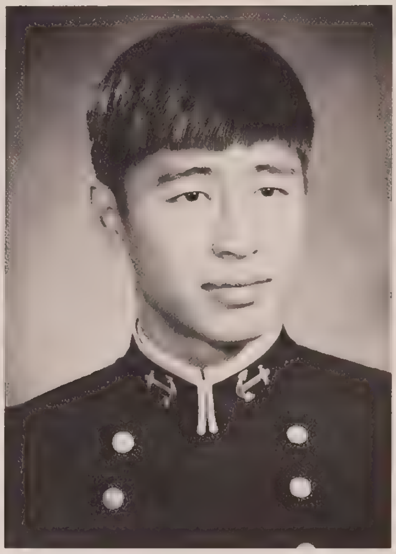
Dep

Dep,the long horned Texan from Carthage, gave a whole new dimension to the word steer. That animal magnetism of his helped lasso a foxy lady of 14. Even after she lost interest her mom kept writing. The first time we saw Dep was I-day. He stuck around long enough to pass out before his vacation in the hospital. Plebe summer was tougher on Tom than the rest of us. He once admitted to not having a good dream in a long time. On the swim team he practiced his strokes under the close supervision of Dr. Molson before every meet. One of Tom's dolls was a Texas beauty queen. She too told him to hit the road but not before refusing to return his pin and class ring miniature. Kind of funny that her dad ran a pawn shop. Poor Tom suffered through his own holocaust youngster year but as a firstie he roomed with the teacher's pet. On Plebe Detail he always kept a fresh package of Ram 3-D's (quaranteed long distance and durability) on his desk. Good luck as an NFO, Tom.

PETER ALLEN FYLES

Torque, Pete

Flies took the northern ski slopes down from Vermont only to wipe out halfway to Annapolis. Pete's original Torquemobile became the class workhorse. It made several trips to Long Island, Delaware, and back home to St. Albans. His well endowed smelling apparatus tracked down his first whip, Miss Ultimate. If Pete owned a leather jacket and a motorcycle things might have blossomed. After Miss Maryland he landed a WUBA right here at USNA. Flies spent his car loan differently and became the proud owner of a 500 HP jet ski boat. Being the terror of the Severn River and the fastest boat in the East helped the Crazyman develop a taste for the finer things in life (Big Mac's and Miller's). After figuring out that it's easier to skate on ice than nets Pete became a fine goalie. The power drinker will always be remembered for downing 8 beers in one minute and upping them on a girl in one second. In VT. he would either have passed out in a cereal bowl or thrown a glass through a window. Destined to fly we rank him 1 of 9.



JOE FRANK EDWARDS JR

Reb

The Reb is from Lineville, 'BAMA. The son of an Air Force man, he may be flying an F-18 soon. Joe is crimson and white through and through. He says "only in 'BAMA can a bear walk on water." He'll always have fond gumball rally memories with his Fire Am teammate, Scarfman. I hope he drives his F-18 better than his big bird. Those high G turns on front lawns and first place finishes in the barbed wire fence 400 would make any jet jock proud. Being an Aero the majority of Joe's pay went to rent for his apartment in Rickover. When he wasn't calculating aircraft perfo rmance he was designing his car. Somehow those 1 ⅝" collectors only collected dust in our high performance closet. Lucky isn't the word for a guy who loses a $5 bet and had to take a living doll to the ring dance. What was that stuff on the wall above your head? By the way, were you pickin' yo' . . . Oh well never mind. Yes if you're all wondering Joe is living proof that "tight is right $$." Good luck in Navy Air.

WENDELL A. ELENTO

Nip-Flip

Akihiro drifted in from the Islands a few years ago leaving behind the sun and surf because he wanted to hang ten in Ocean City. The surfboard finally went home only because there wasn't a box big enough to keep it in. His closet looked like a collection box for Salvation Army. Some of the wild mainland animals got the Hawaiian on top his desk one morning. He was so scared, he slept with his eyes open the rest of his four years. He like to undress on Hospital Point and he had the most enjoyable rash. At dances the Slant Eyed B. would always save us from the battleships and at a party with the Nipperson your glass was never empty and your sleeve was almost wet. Everyone's best friend, we will all miss his grin. He invented the word mellow and he never refused anyone a favor. The van was great for tailgaters but not for roadtrips. Wendell leaves us with the unanswered question, "Why is duck?" Seven out of 100 ain't bad bro. Roommates for three years; friends for life.

RONNIE LEE FIGGINS

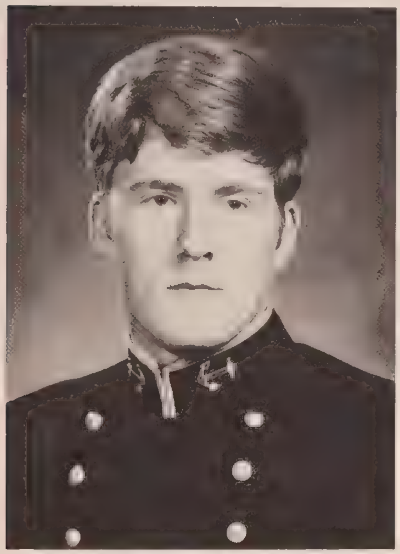
The Big Fig

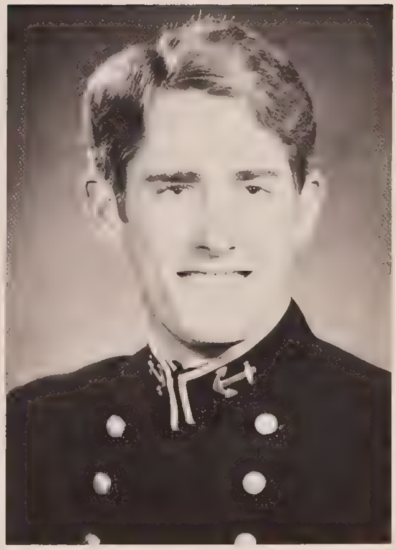
Ronnie alias "THE BIG FIG" came to Annapolis from the bright lights of Lebanon, Tennessee. A natural athlete, Ronnie really took to Navy's sports program, especially the swimming. He would spend many afternoons a week at the pool, almost as if he was required to. Always in full control, his favorite saying is "I don't get mad . . . I get even." Being far from home, Ronnie needed a little southern comfort from his friends one Saturday afternoon, But lost it that night. Ron is the only Systems Eng. I know who minored in rack. Ronnie is the type of guy who would help out a friend even if it meant driving blind. When we leave here Ronnie will join the ranks of Nuclear Power. We wish him well as the, Class of 80, 36th Company spreads to the fleet.

DAN HUBERT HINZ

Scarf Man

Dan wired in from Charleston only to find that his soldering iron wasn't big enough, but this did not stop the Hinzian Method. By youngster year, Dan had the system down pretty well. Being a latent genius, Dan rarely had to crack the books. From apple fights to weeny roasts, Dan was always on top of the action; ("talk louder, it's starting to boil!)." "The bat phone might be good for a date, but how am I supposed to pick her up?" After three years of bumming rides, Scarf Man decided that it was time to get a mean machine. Although not a 427/425, it sufficed in getting him down to MWC on the weekends. From stalling out on the hills to spinning into cars, Dan has always been in fine control. Dan's sense of adventure has always been one of his strong points. The monsoons of Mexico and the sailing parties at St. Michaels are only a few of the memories. Setting full sail with a second set C-squared billet and a new love, Dan is sure to remain in the driver's seat.





EUGENE FRANCIS HUBBARD

Hubs

A native Californian, Hubs came to us from Spokane, Washington. It is known as the evergreen state but, to him it is God's country. Hubs brought with him many long distance love affairs. He verified that a letter a day doesn't keep love alive because they all fizzled out. Although while they lasted, the scented letters kept his room smelling sweet. Spending a lot of time in the chemistry labs of Chauvenet, Hubs wasted his free time with energetic research studying the effects of ethyl alcohol. He spent many a weekend recovering from his research. Hubs never studied much, but somehow he always managed to pull out good grades. He was a member of the brigade championship volleyball team and enjoyed several other sports. He has set his sights on Navy Air and will fly with the best. He'll be an asset to the air wing.

DENNIS MICHAEL PATRICK KILIAN

Stick, Dennis

After packing his belongings (running shoes and shorts) Stick flew from California only to find out he hated the East. After four years he still hates it. Labeled an attitude case plebe year Dennis proved you don't have to enjoy school to do well. Since the introduction of the Scout youngster year he has been destined to greatness. Having done everything but climb trees he retired it after second class year. A very vivacious individual, Stick needs girls he can hold onto. The original road tripper Stick started many a rally. Though not as big as some Dennis can always be counted on to help get friends in and out of trouble. A marathon man, now in everything but running, Stick has lost it many times but will always remember Shennanigans as the first. A great summer trip provided memories and a heartrob. Trustworthy to some Dennis would make a good babysitter. Self proclaimed millionaire-to-be he'll be a good officer. We rank him 1 of 9.

MICHAEL JOSEPH MADDEN

Maddog

". . . There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov 18:24 Mike - better known as Maddog for his wild & crazy enthusiasm - is one of those kind of guys. He places people above all other things. Careening into Annapolis from the distant town of Arbutus, Maryland, he impressed everyone except the Academic Dean. Not to be slowed down, though, Mike found out there are other things to college besides books, especially when he made friends with The Author of the Book of books.

Everybody better make a hole as Maddog attacks the Fleet in May - he'll go far! Arf-arf-arf-arf-arf-arf-arf!!

MICHAEL NICKOLAI MASON

The MAS

Mike drifted down from upstate New York, "a little unsure of himself". Four years later, everyone else is unsure of him. Mas "the space" quickly established himself as the strong silent type. (This is because he usually has no idea of what you are talking about). An EE major, the big man has covered the globe during his stay, searching for relatives, friends and his first-class cruise. He found them all. Who said you can not pull up to a Navy flagship in a fishing boat with a beard bicycle and no uniforms? Plebe year was quite an experience for all, but Mas managed to pick up 275 demerits and an amazing assortment of idiotic form-2's. He was the company crew jock and always knew all the places where the "ladies" were. 1/c year the Mason MAnsion became the watering hole for several rallies. Mike can always be counted on to show up . . . late. The Mas will remain unpredictable and unforgettable. We rank him 1 of 9.

WILLIAM WALTER METZGER

Metz

The Metz, AMAZER<·>LEGEND came from the WILD state of CALIFORNIA, and WILD he was! No one ever doubted that Metz would graduate because he had at least nine lives. He definitely lived through eight of those! Metz was loved by the people on 4-1 and the Admin building being that he was always down there for some reason. The reason was Metz was able to collect eight BLACK N's! I once figured out that Metz almost restricted one entire year while he was here. A member of the "BAD BOYS", Metz spent his entire first class summer here. DRAG! HE certainly was a bartenders best friend and he certainly could mix one himself! Metz loved married women but vowed never to get married until he "settled down" and relaxed. Metz will be right at home with the FLY HIGH boys of Navy Air. Never to be outdone by famous last lines, his favorite being "If they can't take a joke, ——" Metz loved to be a Rock and Roller and that he was. We rank him 1 of 9. Thank You!

CHARLES S. NICHOLS

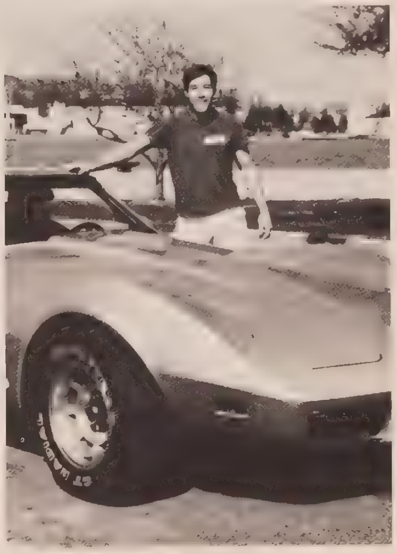
Nick

Nick came to us via NAPS from a small Italian town where he spent most of his time studying. The books continued to be his favorite hobby but we soon showed him some new ones. Charlie's family didn't know much about his friends until the outlaws made a pit stop at his house and left a few momentos rolling down the driveway. Nick himself was never much of a drinker, but a Thanksgiving party at the Thrift saw him leave his keys with the LT. even though he wasn't driving. He's one hell of a navigator . . . only got us lost twice on the way to Army . . . how about returning from MWC and getting lost. What are those green signs for? And his hair . . . he's the only guy who comes out of the pool like he never went in. With his silver vette, Bino hairstyle, and muscular body complete with shades, the "Bronze God" was always the one the girls wanted to see. One Saturday afternoon venture in town left Nick speechless after being pinched from behind. It's too bad she was pushing a baby carriage.

CO CDR - M. MADDEN, seated right; CO SUB-CDR - J. EDWARDS, seated left; CO ADJ - M. WHITING, standing

THOMAS BLISS PECK
The Human Wreck, Q

The General thought Q needed strict schooling so young Tom came to NAVY. Generals make mistakes too. Distinguishing himself early as a math wiz and versatile individual, the human wreck is a true weekend warrior. The man with the purple lips is still wondering why NJ trains don't run till dawn. A Nebraskan at heart, Tom still enjoys simple things like a cold beer or picking cherries. One of the infamous Dahlgren dancers, Tom learned how to skate . . . not fast enough cause the MOOW caught him. A fine athlete, Dr. Q's performances playing beer pong at Box's, pitching rocks in NJ, and swimming in College Creek are remarkable. Some people look good with zippers on their ears. A jolly individual, Tom will be remembered smirking like a buffoon. Walking the straight and narrow is easy when BJ is watching. His striking eyes broke hearts of young and old. Aspiring to be a flier, Tom wants to receive his wings in a non P-cola pipeline. He is always one of the greatest people at any party. We rank him 1 of 9.



1st Row - (left to right) M. HENNESSY, J. WACHTER, T. SANCHEZ, R. FREER, J. SORCE, M. TUOHEY, J. CALLE, D. SMITH, K. KENNY 2nd Row - J. SHANNON, J. CHRISTENSON, R. FOX, A. SCOTT, M. McLAUGHLIN, F. ROSS, P. BLAKE, F. KNIGHT, M. MAYER, D. BRANZELL, K. ALT, J. GALANIE 3rd Row - D. DENT, S. KIM, E. TURNER, J. BIANCHI, G. BELL, C. VASQUEZ, M. STRETTON, J. SCHARTUNG, P. PEPPER, L. ROMIG, C. GALLAGHER NOT PICTURED: D. LANE, M. MORRIS, B. HAGAMAN

PAUL B. PRAGER

Prags

Some people wonder why Prags ever came here. Surely Wharton would have accepted him. No doubt Paul will get out after five to become Chairman of the Board of General Motors Corporation. Contrary to popular belief, Paul did not spend all his time selling cars or writing letters to his O.A.O. He crewed for three years with the varsity "lights" in addition to burning the midnight oil first class in a futile attempt to keep up with Log deadlines. Though heavily recrutied by Rickover and his bunch, Salty has chosen the mighty fine surface line. Remember Paul, it's not just a job, it's a . . . . . .

FRANCIS MICHAEL ROSE

Franco, Mike

Since leaving Brooklyn and checking into USNA, via NAPS, Franco has been outrageous. The original whip, he may even drive home some year if he learns how. After conquering plebe year weight problems, he spent more time in THE PIT, than in class. Totally out of control in Youngster year, Franco found out what goes into garbage cans, and also how to use toilets in Philly. Dahlgren seemed interesting, so Mike taught dance classes and mixed new drinks for friends. KING KONG even won a strongman competition by forcing down elevators up and by proving that plexiglass is breakable. Proving also that mids learn things all the time, he is now a high speed typist and can operate a candy machine. A 1/c field trip helped him to see exotic animals like pigs and cows for the first time. Too bad he cannot remember! A one man wrecking crew, Franco is a good man to have on your side during a fight. Reminded that he is a fine shotputter he will pack his bags and Erin, heading toward San Diego. We rank him 1 of 9.

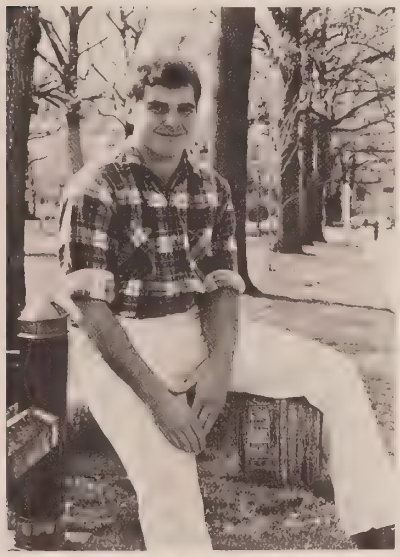
THOMAS MICHAEL RYAN

Mugsy

What's speedier than a speeding bullet, or faster than a chugging scarfman . . . it's SUPER MUGSY (waking up)! Our superhero uses the best equipment that money can buy: a radio antenna in his mouth, a coffee cup filled with deadly biological crud and "THE BASTARD."

Mugsy keeps in shape by lifting 12 oz. weights and playing aggressive ankle stomping basketball. Since retiring from the Thirsty Thirteen world all-star team, he enjoys hardnosed competition in the Brigade Boxing program.

Always at the disposal of old ladies, Mugsy is indeed the true superhero and is befriended by all. Knowing that "all good things must come to an end," Mugsy looks forward to the day when he can become "just a singer in a rock and roll band."



RONALD W. SHOCKLEY

Ron

Ron leaves here with four years of hard work under his belt. His hard work paid off with Ron getting Batt Sub Cdr his last semester here. Ron was active in many ECA's. His roommate will remember him for the good job he did on the Army T-shirts, and Battalion Stallion, thanks Ron.

Weekends found Ron in Delaware, either enjoying good home cooking or visiting the Univ. of Delaware. The future is certain to hold an excellent career in the nuclear Navy for Ron.

VINCENT FRED SHORTS

Baby Buns

Cruising in from beautiful Oakland, California, Vinny soon proved that his dynamic and outgoing personality was matched only by his dynamic and outgoing voice. Said to have a range of 8000 decibels, Vinny added a new dimension to the word loud while establishing a name, 8k, for himself.

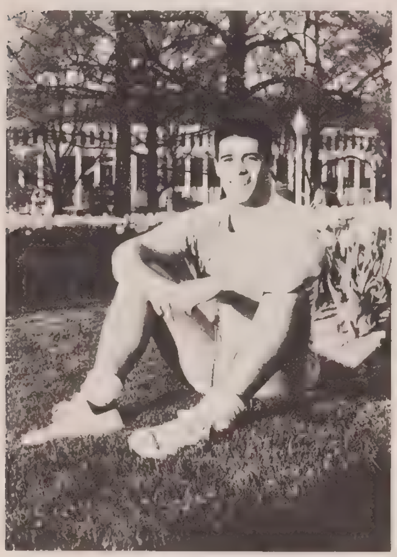
A true engineer at heart, Vinny constantly looked for new ways to prove his ideas. His famous beer and pizza experiment gave conclusive evidence that what goes down will come up again.

Being a native of the West Coast, Vinny found that Maryland lacked one major item . . . California girls. Willing to make the best of the situation, he soon found himself engaged to a Philadelphia coed. Too bad she didn't get his opinion first. Never one to admit defeat Vinny now holds the record for most engagements without having proposed.

And now, Pensacola bound, we wish him the best of luck. Vinny will forever hold a place in our hearts and a ringing in our ears.

1st Row - (left to right) C. CORTEZ, D. ZINK, S. HARRIS, J. ANONGOS, J. CARROLL, J. FRITSCHE, W. FUSON, W. BARNES, A. CAMAISA. 2nd Row - W. WRIGHT, R. JACKSON, D. BAPTIST, T. RYAN, K. EHLERS, K. HARMS, S. SCUTERI, C. LEONARD, T. RAY, C. PETTERS, W. SMITH, J. RICHARDSON, R. MERG 3rd Row - T. BROWN, M. SIMS, K. SKEEHAN, S. LAUZON, M. ENRIGHT, K. McCARTHY, K. OLSON, R. MAYER, C. ATMORE NOT PICTURED: C. SPRINKLE, T. VARNER

1st Row - (left to right) M. THOMPSON, K. WILSON, K. LANE, A. MANGLICMOT, R. BYRNE, C. KISER, T. MAYNARD, W. WILKINS, C. ANDERSON 2nd Row - S. HEISTER, S. WHIDDEN, C. SNELL, C. BECK, N. THOMPSON, A. TAHER, J. HOLLEY, R. DELROSARIO, D. HORGAN, D. HENDRICKS, B. PUMMILL, S. RECCA, K. HERZOG, M. STONE, A. SAUER 3rd Row - R. HABERSTICK, S. PURVIS, M. BROWN, J. BERGEN, R. VENTURA, J. McHUGH, J. RIXEY, C. RAINES, C. MORGAN, T. MODLEY, T. HARVEY, M. SAGERHOLM



ANTHONY JOHN VERDUCCI

Tony, Dooch

Dooch travelled from Jersey for a brief stay. He never realized that brief was to be four years. Soon after arriving, Tony made his presence felt through his wild sense of humor and his BIG MOUTH SMILE. He went on to distinguish himself in 150's football and good times. It was during weekends when his leadership qualities were most often used. Youngster year he became a star at Disco Dahlgren. by introducing the PATHETIC. A ladies man, Dooch had to flic them away by the droves. His courses on etiquette will always be remembered. The way he opened the baseball season in March and conducted the train at dawn were inspiring. Liking to travel in a borrowed car, Tony tried to make the Florida road trip a total burn out with bottle rockets. Using his economic prowess, his latest deposit was on Worden Field. His recent collisions with engines have left his reputation scarred. Dooch will have a place reserved in Marina's and on the Dirt Board. Tony plans to lower his ears and be a Marine. We rank him 1 of 9.

MARTIN JOSEPH WENZEL

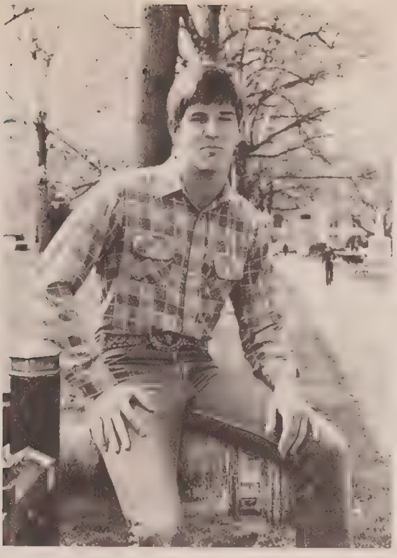
Wenz

Wenz,, (aka Duke of Ice), is another ex-lax player from the Island. He skated into USNA with high hopes and an established line of credit. His hopes were quickly short-circuited when he realized weekends weren't part of life in EE. His switch to management gave him time to pursue his favorite hobbies, bulking up and breaking in credit cards. The best camera,, bicycle,, and Peerless fashions were mere passing fancies when it came to updating "THE MONSTER" Phase-Linear. During freshman year the original Wenzmobile had many memorable cruises until Outlaw-1 caught him in a stake-out at the field house.. After giving the ring to the eternal whip, Marty took one of the longest showers in memory, sitting down, eyes closed, occasionally snoring. Maybe he was cleansing his body of tremendous amounts of dirt. Since marriage and the Marines await him after grad., Marty makes the most of his free time, scoping-out wild things in upstate NY. The saga of Wenz moves on to greener pastures. I rank him 1 of 9..

MICHAEL RICHARD WHITING

Mike

Mike was one of the hardest working guys in the company during his last two years here. He had to be hard working to make up for all of the slack he cut during his first two years. Involvement in many activities took up much of Mike's spare time. As the company BAC representative, he drove a truckload of "Army Smash" sodas up to West point and had them served to the Woops on the night before the Army game. In addition to being BAC rep, Mike was also a company rep, all-star soccer referee, coach of the Battalion team-handball team, and a varsity sailor. But for Mike, happiness was a bushel of crabs, a case of Molson and his close friends or a long stretch of open road and a yellow MG headed towards New York.



MICHAEL DALE WYKOFF

"Flash"

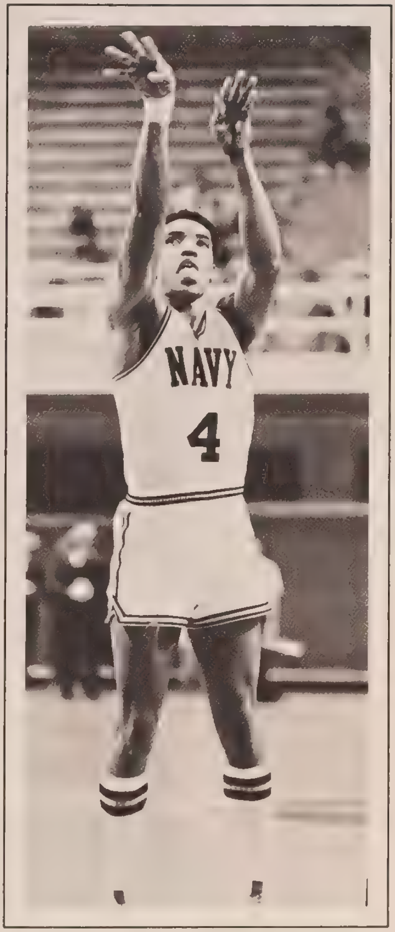
Mike, also known as Flash, started his career as a Napster. He came to the Naval Academy with his skates on and has yet to take them off. Mike first thought he could slide through plebe summer. Unfortunately, he broke his glasses and was unable to see his way through. Plebe year academics began to personally affect Mike. He never wanted to wake up in the mornings. Amazingly, he mastered the art of taking a shower while he was still sleeping. Too bad he couldn't develop a way to waterproof his slippers. Youngster year, he decided it was a lot easier to remove his swimming trunks next to the pool instead of in the locker room. The girls didn't even wince. 2/c year, Mike broke an academy tradition. He proved that 2/c year can become the easiest academically. Mike put in less hours a week at the books than the average Mid does a night. Mike finally saw the true meaning of life 1/c year. He decided to put his physics major to practical use by studying all of those heavenly bodies.

JEFFREY NOLL ZERBE

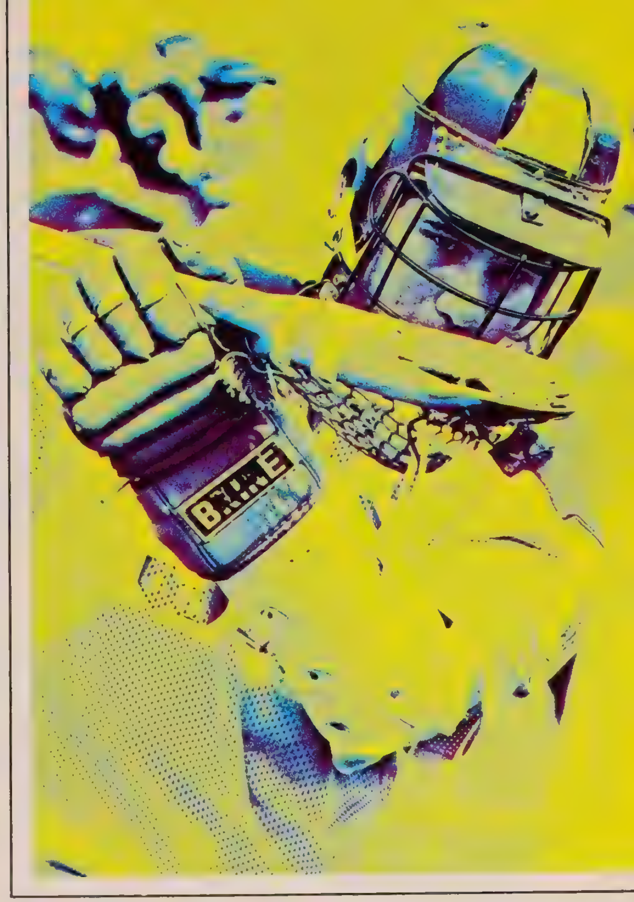
Zerb

"Zerb" floated in from somewhere near Pittsburgh. This is one sonar pip that echoed through the halls all plebe year. "But Sir I only have two hands . . ." How 'bout second class year and that gorgeous brit? Too bad she didn't like his car . . . We'll never know how he kept all 425 horses tame for so long. Had he ever let them loose . . . whiplash . . . RED streak . . . Poor thing died first class year when someone tried to steal it. Turbo TransAms aren't that bad. He left the Navy sailing team youngster year, why not, he had his own 28 foot Cape Dory for weekend cruises . . . Red, Right . . . when? Ask a little blue nun. And CRUZAN down the Chesapeake in a gale with Jimmy. Scuba diving is so much fun he got us all to try it. One even went to Cozumel with him. Thanks to that weight belt he was around a little longer. At least he'll be used to being underwater when he's 20,000 leagues under the sea. Good luck and see you in the Caribbean.

CO CDR - D. HINZ, seated right; CO SUB-CDR - R. FIGGINS, seated left; CO ADJ - P. PRAGER, standing

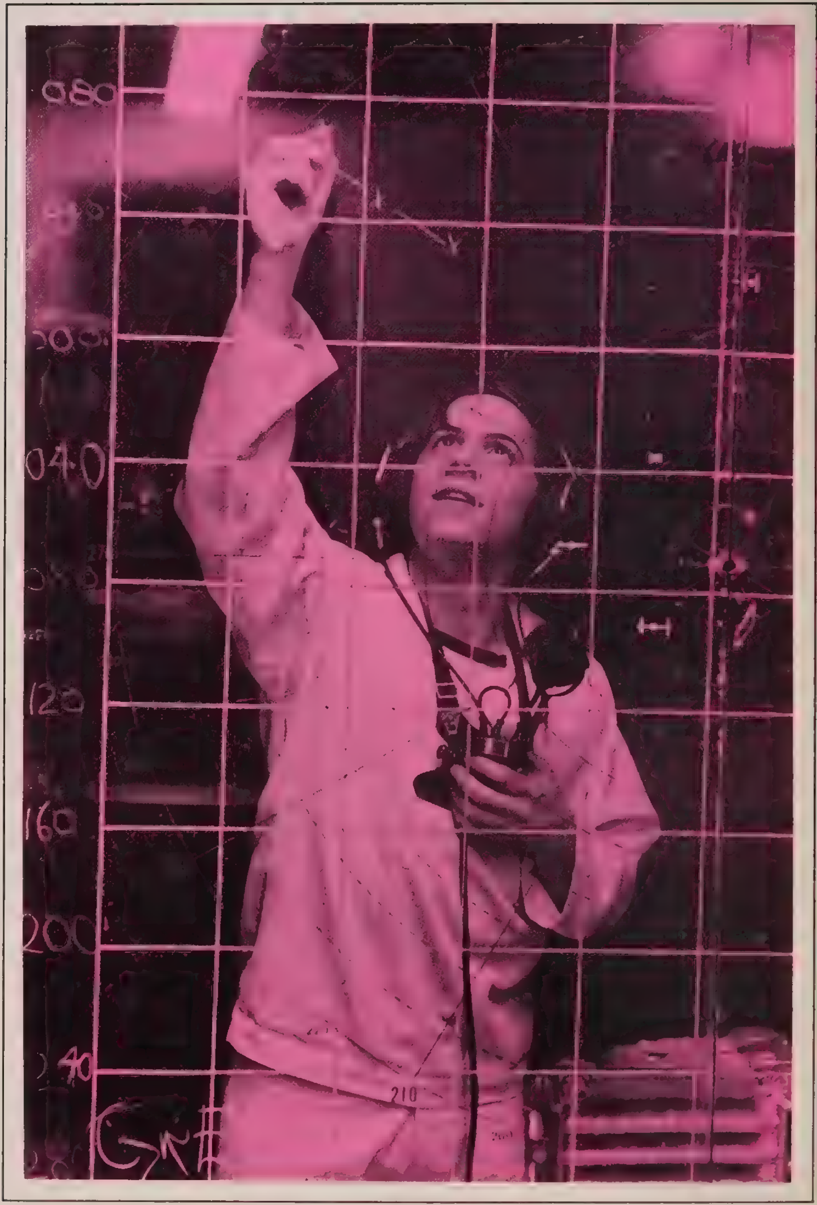

NAVY
4

J.G. WHITAKER

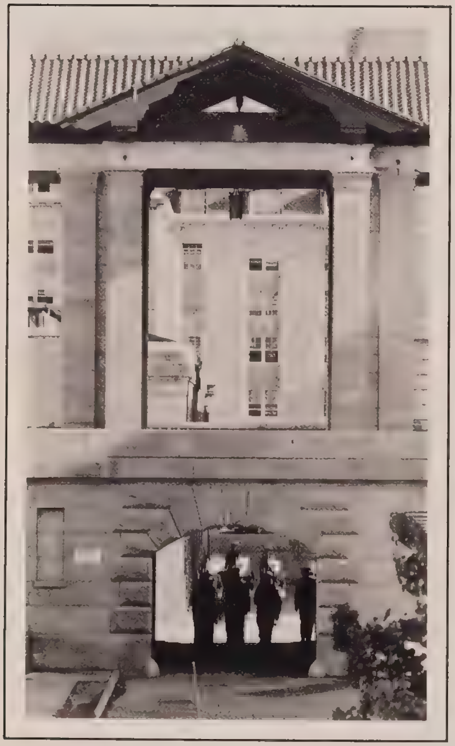

BRINE

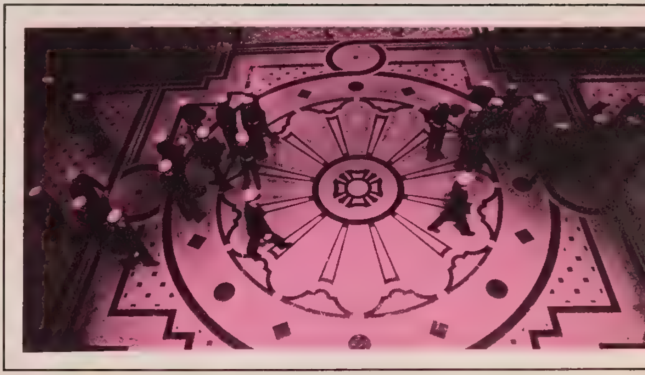
YP 659

CALOOS
II


080
040
120
160
200
240
210

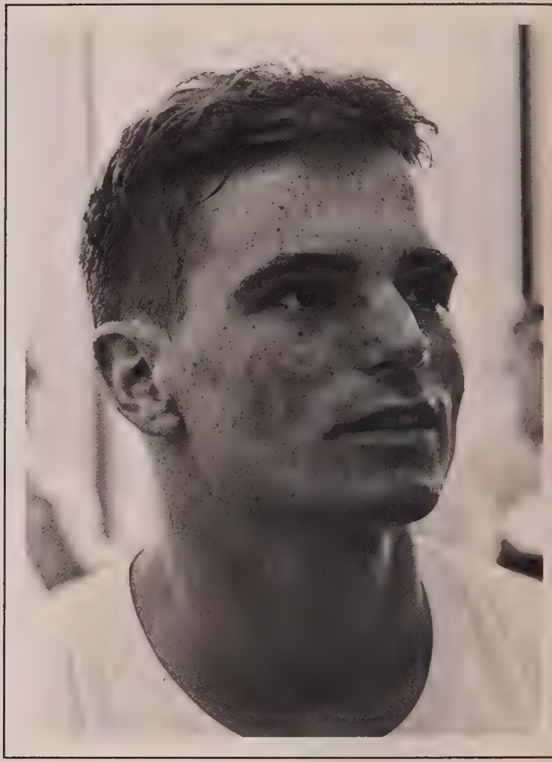
SECTION 30





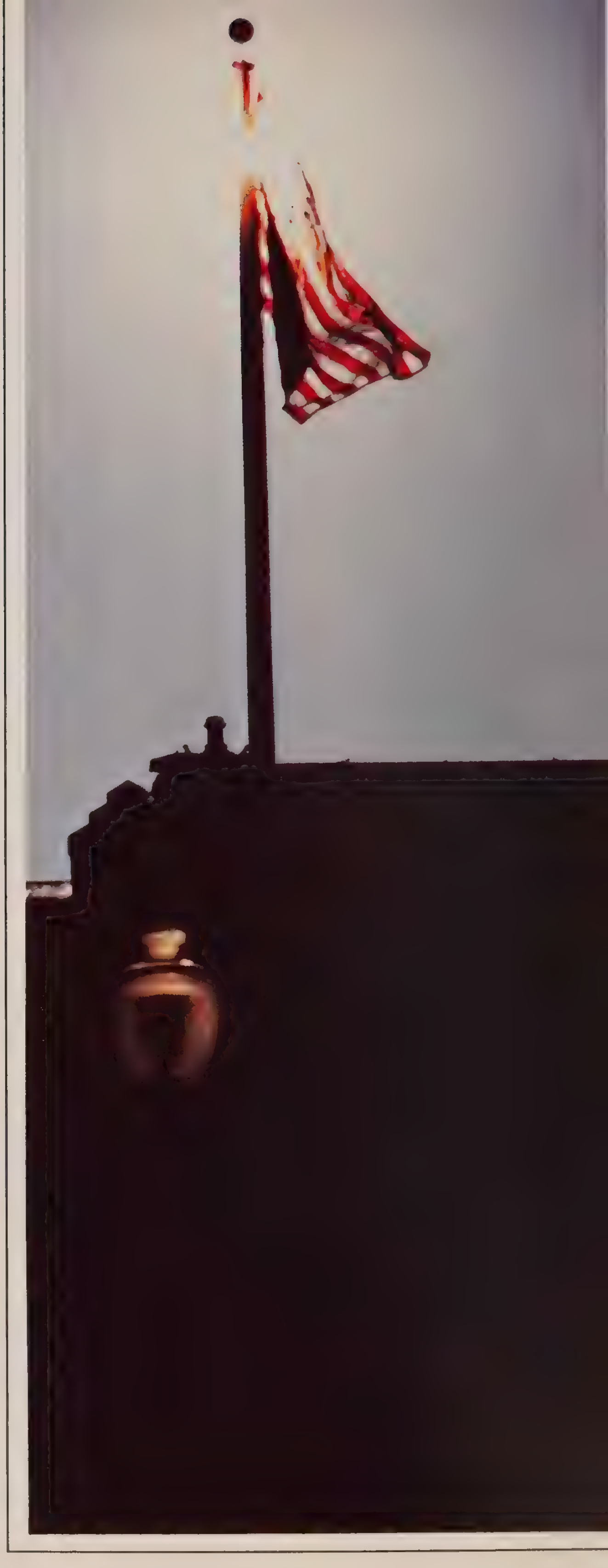
Adopted from "Thoughts of a Senior"
-Beth Murtishaw

I'm 21, I'm legal, I'm an adult,
And I've seen it all.
It's funny. The world appears to be different now.
Probably, because I'm to be part of it soon
No longer will have the refuge of my Academy world.
My hiding place is dissolving
And all the security it entails.
Soon, there will be no miniture world
Within a larger world to live.
My limits will be the earth and all that there is within.
My life will grow to broader and higher dimensions
With revelations of each day.
But this is all the future.
Close.
Yet still the future.
For today, for this year we both wait;
the world and I . . .



Mission

To prepare midshipmen
morally, mentally, and physically
to be professional officers
in the naval service.



NAVAL ACADEMY

Proceedings
May 1980 $5.50
Naval Review Issue

Take *Proceedings* with you!

Whether you've moved onto Nuclear Power School, Surface Warfare Officer's School, Flight Training, or The Basic School. . . *Proceedings* should go with you.

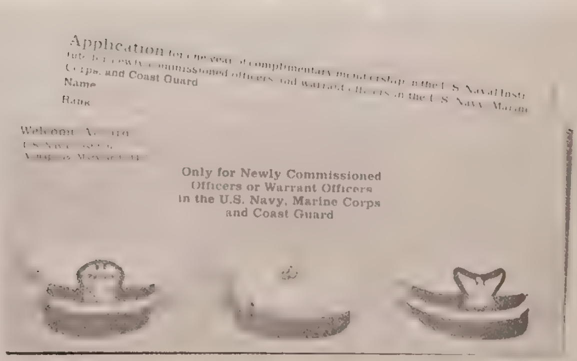
Only *Proceedings* can offer you a wealth of timely, informative articles. . . relevant news briefs. . . current updates on ship and aircraft data. . . candid comments and discussions. . . photo-laden pictorials . . . fascinating historical essays. . . and dependable book reviews each and every month!

You are eligible to receive one free year of Naval Institute Membership, with one free year of *Proceedings*, as a newly commissioned officer.

You received a special application for your one free year of membership just prior to your commissioning in May. You are eligible to take advantage of this one free year of membership for 12 months following your commissioning — until April 1981.

Take advantage of your one free year — and keep *Proceedings* with you throughout your career!

For more information about the free year of membership. . . contact the Membership Services Department U.S. Naval Institute Annapolis, Maryland 21402 (301) 268-6110


Application

Corps, and Coast Guard

Name

Rank

Only for Newly Commissioned
Officers or Warrant Officers
in the U.S. Navy, Marine Corps
and Coast Guard

&

Don't forget to send in your application for one free year!

NO SURPRISES.

Freedom, if it is to be preserved, demands unflagging commitment. This shining ideal tarnishes with any compromise of principles. Its very existence is jeopardized by any weakness in the ability to defend against aggression.

Fortunately, many free nations stand united in a pledge to preserve and protect their common heritage. Together they have the skills and prowess to repel an assault. Even a surprise attack.

Just as border guards once stood watch and lighted signal fires of warning, radar eyes and computer brains today scan the heavens for any hint of surprise. And better than the border watch of old, these electronic eyes and sensors never rest, never tire, never sleep.

Hughes takes pride in being recognized as a world leader in air defense systems. We will always design and build the best that advanced technology can provide. For free people. Everywhere in the world.

Creating a new world with electronics

HUGHES

HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY
CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA 90230

Congratulations to Robert R. Hodge well done from Mother and Dad

To Ensign Jim Houck and our '80 friends in 15th Co. — the beginning is now underway in good hands! Our love and admiration goes with you. Mom-Dad-Tom.

Congratulations Ensign Joseph N. Rogers. May the next 22 be as filled with accomplishment as the last 2. We're full of love and pride - 'Ma' and 'Pa'.

Congratulations to Steven Struble. We're proud of you! From Mom, Dad, Rusty, Mary, Jonathan and David

Congratulations Hunk from Mom, Dad, Julie and Pete

Congratulations to Ken Flack, 145h Co. from Mom, Dad, and family

Congratulations to Reuben from Mr. & Mrs. Juan A. Padilla & Bill

Co. 2 we love you. The Watson's.

Congratulations Sharon Sheffield. Way to go, you made it! The hard times will turn into great memories. We are proud of you. Continued success in your future. Love Dad, Mom, Roxanne, Rhonda, Dennis and Cheney.

Congratulations to Ensign Brian Neunaber, Jim Trueblood, Mike Wedge, Co. 24, and class of 80 from Al and Clare Neunaber - go get '3m

Congratulations Vince! Meet you at the garden party! Love G. & W. Herda

Congratulations to Janie L. Mines for four years of success. We are proud of you and we love you very much. God's speed. Dad, Mom, Gwen, Tompie, Sue, and Shedrick

Congratulations to Janie L. Mines from the members of the Rock Hill Missionary Baptist Church, Aiken, S. C. Rev. W. L. Mines, Minister.

Congratulations Paul Allen, and well done! Wherever duty calls, may you go with your hand in God's hand! Love, Mother and Dad, Chris and Wes.

Congratulations to Mike Chapline on a job well done from Mom, Dad, Ken, Karen, Phil, Kathy, Karen Sue, Peggy, and Mary Chapline.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Monk Rommel Semper Fi - give em hell love forever — Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Travis M. Allen - one more good man for the corps. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Albert N. Allen LCPL Albert N. Allen Jr. USMC Peter and Timothy Allen

Life's not so heavy, after all John Anderson Lowe congratulations and love Dad and Mom

Congratulations David B. Whitlock from Mom, Dad, Bill, Jr., Jon, & Dana

The U.S. Air Force congratulates Ensign Fred Ellis Cleveland Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Blankinship

Many thanks for June Week, Freddy! The Squatleys, neighbors and friend

Congratulations Bret love Mom

Thanks for a job well done - troop from Mom, Dad and Cathy Booth

Lt. Nancy Burke - fair winds, following seas & love always Mom & Dad

Congratulations to Tom (Mugs) and firsties of Co. 36 from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ryan of Springfield Ill

Congratulations to Felix Rymsza we knew you could do it luv Mom & Dad

The United States Air Force salutes Ensign Tobi D. Gottlieb

Bz to Joseph Michael Catoe. Take your departure from the yard with great expectations. Proceed at best speed. Love, Daddy, Mother, Ralph, Marisa and Princess' pups.

Congratulations to Thomas P. Loviza and the 28th company from Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Ronald H. Rives thank you for being "our son". Your proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack H. Rives. May you never sail in harms way.

Congratulations Richard Campbell. Mission Impossible wasn't most aren't! Don't sweat the "big ones" your Family

Best of luck to 23d company from Mr. & Mrs. Turnock

Congratulations to the graduating members of the Annapolis branch of the "Flub Club" Mr. & Mrs. Flubstewart

To Claire seven special proud wishes for a blessed future D.T.C.

Congratulations, Bill Kevin Lescher Mother and Dad and all the family

We are proud of you Ann Stencil well done best wishes for great future Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Wickliff Paul 3 from Mom & Dad & Mark, Orange, Tex

To Greg Ramsay with thanks for many prayers answered

Ronald Shockley your # one. Mom and Stephen

You sailed through, boat school Billy, may the wind be always at your back. Love, Mom & Dad Cavitt

Congratulations to David M. Ray and his family wishes him smooth sailing in his naval career

Ens. Jeff Johnston, we never had a doubt, our pride and love for you has put real meaning in our lives, soar like an eagle, love Mom & Dad

Mizpah E Z Joe love Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Lionel Mew from Mom, Dad, Wendell, Cindy, Susie, Grandma, and Aunty Aileen.

Congratulations and all our love Barbara Morris from Mom and Dad, Linda, and Philip

Congratulations and Best wishes to the class of '80 from the parents of Alan D. Lewis 33d Co, Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Bennett L. Lewis, US Army

So - break out a fresh chart, sextant and tables and with celestial guidance from above, lay out a new course with every confidence of success and happiness in the future. Congratulations Billy Hoeft up anchor! Nana, Gunkie, Mom, Dad, and all.

To Michael Wallace God go with you and the class of 1980. The Wallace Family Kane Pa.

Congratulations to Bruce Incze our best wishes for happy service love Dad & Mom

Congratulations to Ensign Jim Ransom and mates in '80. From Captain and Mrs. James P. Ransom ('56), Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Ransom ('26), and Mr. and Mrs. William Simmler, Jr

Congratulations to Charles Jr from CW2(RET) Charles & Castalia Meyers & family

Congratulations Armando Mendez Jr from Mom-Dad-Pat-Ticha-Becky

Ted E. Mikita Jr. 1980 N7AYG BT congratulations es vy fb om, ur at the top of the vine. Tnx fer being my son. Regardless ur qth es dx I will qtx fer u on 21. 155 fer ur gud fist. Fb cul tnx agn 73 es 88 Dad ka7hbk sk kn

Congratulations to Gregg Larson from Mom, Dad, Linda, Patrice, Jana

You hung in there. Congratulations Jim. Love Anne and Barn Jamison

Congratulations to Rick Wendland. May your future be filled with happiness, prosperity, and good health. We are proud of you. Diane, David, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Eugene Bradley you light up my life! Your Mom

Scott M. Dean, the pride of Chula Vista, Ca. Congratulations. You have made us proud. Love. Mom & Dad

To the women of the class of '80 congratulations on your courage and splendid performance the National Org FOR Women

Congratulations to Eric Vanden-Hende from all his family. We are very proud of you.

Congratulations to Russ Granier. Smooth sailing in the future, from Mom, Sue, Mike, Julie, Dave & Andy

Congratulations Mark Topping Olsen hope to see you flying soon! Love Mom, Dad, Laura, Kristin, Johnny, Donna

Best wishes to Richard A. Medley from Dad and Mom, Randy, Lori

Congrats Ens Steve Phillpott - one step at a time - (in sneakers?) from Mr. & Mrs. Phillpott & 3/C Scott

Congratulations to Daniel Jaye Law from Mom, Susan, John and Rusty

Manly Church thanks for doing a fine job Mom Pop Grandma Grandpa

Congratulations and best wishes to Michael Jon Palencia from Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian B. Igarta.

A world class accomplishment and a fine runner. We are very proud of you, Nels. The Frostenson Family.

To Brian Riehm, we love you, want the best for you and God bless you always. Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations Bob Oxborrow from proud Mom Dad and brothers

Congratulations to Janice Buxbaum good luck love Mom Dad and Family

Congratulations to company "15" and special wishes to "Fred" our son Mike Freix love Dad and Mom

Go get em Pablo Ojala que lo mas bueno volante! Naval aviation pilot Rob & Mrs. Jones and Wenzel Bravo Zulu to Paul Boswell Jones

Congratulations to Wayne J. Harman from Dad, Mother and family.

Michael Wykoff's family commends him for his accomplishments. We respect and love him very much.

Congratulations to Kevin B. J. Lynch you did it your way love Mother Dad Brothers and Sister

Congratulations to Howard Barker from MajGen and Mrs. David Barker

Congratulations to Greg Hunter from Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Hunter, Jr. and Rae Hunter

Congratulations to Ray J. Torres from

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Torres.

Congratulations to Jeff "eggshell" best you made it and are heading for the sky love Mom Dad and Lori

Congratulations and best wishes to Greg Mislick from Mom and Dad

Marilyn Rich George Brian Gerry Jeff Mom Dad salute Dennis Kilian

Rick Flak we love you and are proud of you Uncle Peter Aunt Jo-Lou.

Congratulations Barb we are proud of you from Roger Geraghty Family

Congratulations to Michael Thomas Maliniak for a job well done. Our love and prayers go with you for continued health, happiness and prosperity. Mom, Dad, Anna Marie, Christine, Grandma and Grandpop

Congratulations David Arnold four down - five to go — Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Harry Stovall from Mother, Dad, Pat and Debbie

To our son, Paul Bartholomay, who has been a source of joy since his birth. May your life be as joy filled as you have made ours.

Well done Charles David Behrle. We are proud of you. Good luck, love always. Mom Dad and Marguerite.

Congratulations to Michael and all nineteenth company graduates Captain and Mrs. Michael F. Durkin

Congratulations John Thompson Jr. Love, Chris, Rich, Scott, Dad, Mom Nova and Jace, and Houston Bunch

Congratulations to Karri Kline with love from Dad, Mom, Tommy, Warren and Julie

To Steve F. Palmer, well done son! From Dewey and Hazel Bailey

Congratulations to Scott A. Garrett from Mom, Dad, and the family

For then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and thou shalt have good success for the Lord thy God is with thee withersoever thou goest Manuel Roderick Rivera congratulations. Love Mom and Dad

Our love and congratulations to Tina-Marie D'ercole. May calm seas, soft winds and God's love always be with you. From Dad and Mom

Congratulations Ron Mauldin Co 28 from a proud family our love and prayers go with you. Mom and Dad

Congratulations Kurt Baden, USMC. May God always be your co-pilot to guide, protect, and influence your life. Love, Mom, Dad, Karen, and your grandparents in Rolla, Mo.

Congratulations Bob Lynch the mean marine from Mom Dad Mel Don and Grandmothers

Congratulations to Paul Lorditch, God be with you in all your endeavors from Mom and Dad

Hey, Brian, whoopie!

Congratulations Ens. Mark Gonzalez CW04 Karl and Mary Kester USN Ret.

Congratulations to Richard A. Flak from Larry and Henry Flak.

With loving pride we congratulate a true Texan Ensign Kenneth Fink. God bless and keep you safe always Mom, Dad, Linda, Alan, Janet, and Aunt Jo

Congratulations to Francis Hughes we are proud of you "Howie" Mom Dad Shelly & Tim

Congratulations and healthiest of good wishes to Tom Paulk from Dr. and Mrs. James Everett Paulk.

Congratulations to Ronny Thompson from Dad and Mom

Congratulations to Dave J. Flores from all the Family Flores, Homen.

Congratulations to Dwayne Preston from Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Preston

Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Ullrich.

Congratulations Herb Frerichs Jr. and God's blessings wherever you go. Love Mom and Dad

Good luck to Gary Siems and class of 80 from Mom and Dad Donna and Ed

Congratulations Trisha God bless from Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Mark Marshfield from Mr. and Mrs. Marshfield & Lori

Congratulations and happiness to a special person and a great Mid Joe Doyle from the California Doyles

God speed in all your endeavors Chris Davids. We are ever so proud of you. Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Burls from Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Andy Mullen we are very proud of you Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Alex Schwan III. Thanks for the memories and four very proud years. Mother and Dad.

Augie, the world belongs to you, others just share it - good luck! God bless! Mrs. Gentry

Ensign R. A. Flak we salute you! - The Reid Smiths

Our love, admiration, and congratulations to Brian Philips Wood, the finest son, brother, grandson, nephew, and cousin we could ever have, from the families Wood, Stenzel, Ezzell, Hudson, and Jones.

To Paul Kelleher good luck, congratulations and God be with you Scott Kevin Gabbie Liz and Paul

Congratulations to our "favorite son and brother", Jeffrey Allmon love and best wishes, Mom, Dad, Debbie and Mike

Congratulations to David Harris - Jennifer Smith - Dusty Starr and Steve Johnston from Lorraine and Sid Harris.

ENS Augie Flak, maintain your momentum for continued success in life! Teresa Gentry

Congratulations to Ronald Colvin fly high always! Love, Your Family

Best to Bill Sizemore and 24th Co. RADM, Mrs., and Robert Sizemore

Congratulations to Craig Trautman and best wishes for a successful naval career from your parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kenyon.

Congratulations to David Haines from very proud parents and sister Mr. & Mrs. Brignal E. Haines and Vanessa. Also congratulations to Reuben and Jeff special friends and all of 17 Company

Congratulations Stephen Benson from your loving family.

Congratulations to Jon Paris from Kathie and Jennifer.

Well done! Congratulations! To Jon Paris from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Steve Diehl and fellow 1980 graduates of 33rd. Co. from Mr. and Mrs. Roger Diehl.

To John S. all your family are most proud and happy over your tenacity, endurance, good sense, and ability to get the task accomplished.

God's blessings always to "AJ" Arcello Josiah from The Family

Love and God bless to Kevin Currie and 22nd Co. from Mr. and Mrs. "C"

Congratulations to Thomas G. Stein we are proud of you. Mom and Dad congratulations to the Co. 3 grads you're a great bunch! The Steins.

Fair winds and following seas to T.A. Fisher. Love, Mom, Dad & Tami.

Congratulations to Robert Huffman, in memory of LCDR Robert Simpson. Winifred Simpson, Nancy, Jack, Huffman, Marji, David Moore, Warren Simpson, Maile, Deanna, Edward, Richie.

Congratulations and best wishes to Paul W. Thrasher from Mom and Dad Cpt. and Mrs. W. H. Thrasher Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Ilseman.

Norman Tracy it's not where you start that counts, but where you finish. The Screetons.

Congratulations to Richard J. Ryan from Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan.

Congratulations to John L. Callahan from Dad, Mom, Pete, Meg, and Roe.

Congratulations to John Richard Haley from Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Haley.

Congratulations to Doug Biesel. We are very proud of you. May a fair wind be ever with you. Your Family.

Congratulations to Kathy Walsh from Mom, Dad, Brothers and Sisters.

You made us proud Jim Kern. The best always from your family. Good luck to graduating 27th.

Charles Mantgomery Edmonson well done we are proud of you knew you could do it Charlie. Love and best wishes Mama, Dinah, Ray.

To Mike Ales: Your accomplishment is only exceeded by the pride I have in you for having done it - Dad

Congratulations Jody we're proud of you Mom Dad Nancy and Emily.

Congratulations to Wick Harman from your Family and Friends.

Congratulations! And good luck to Bob Melenovsky from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ensign William H. Bowen, Jr. from Dad, Mom and Bob.

With loving pride we congratulate Bradley S. Lentini. Much happiness and success in all you do. Mom, Dad.

The best to John Kirby, 18th Co. from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Scott Mortz from Mom, Dad and Laura.

Bill Weber - congratulations (Sam) you have made us the proudest family in the world thanks luv ya Mom Dad and Beth.

Congratulations to Mike Sonnefeld may God bless protect and guide you always love Mom-Dad-and Family

Happy sailing, Jim Ervin from Mom Dad & Leslie.

To USMC Hal Stoddard well done we are proud of you Mark Beth Mom Dad.

Index

A

Abel, Jeffrey R. 273,632
Adams, James V. 273,602
Adams, John H. 273,524
Agudo, Michael E. 273,534
Aguero, John Carl 273,378
Albertson, Scott 273,490
Ales, Michael R. 273,430
Alexander, Rex H. 273,642
Allen, John J. 273,452
Allen, Paul M. 273,580
Allen, Travis M. 273,652
Aller, Robert C. 273,544
Allison, James L. 274,652
Allmon, Jeffrey R. 274,524
Almanza, Jesus 274,580
Altenburger, R. 274,642
Anderson, David M. 274,592
Anderson, David R. 274,430
Anderson, John A. 274,602
Anderson, Robert 274,694
Andreasen, Peter 274,524
Archer, Daniel J. 274,398
Arkley, Larry E. 274,632
Arnold, David C. 274,664
Arnold, Mark R. 275,490
Artuso, Angelo J. 275,632
Atkins, Marshall 275,452
Atwood, Richard M. 275,592
Averill, Russell 275,694

B

Babcock, Donald E. 275,544
Baczkowski, R. F. 275,652
Baden, Kurt A. 275,420
Barbour, Carl S. 275,420
Barkell, Leland H. 275,470
Barker, Howard F. 275,462
Barker, Jerome A. 275,512
Barnhill, Leander 276,624
Bartholomay, Paul 276,664
Bartlo, Linda J. 276,674
Barton, Andrew 276,408
Bartow, Allen B. 276,430
Bastian, William 276,462
Bates, Basil B. Jr. 276,512
Bathrick, Mark L. 276,684
Bayack, C. C. 276,624
Bayler, Eric J. 276,442
Beard, Robert L. 276,500
Behrle, Charles D. 276,526
Belke, Thomas J. 277,534
Beltz, Charles G. 277,512
Belzer, Elizabeth 277,664
Bennett, Thomas K. 277,694
Benson, Stephen J. 277,602
Benzing, Donald J. 277,568
Berdine, Robert E. 277,512
Bergman, Kenneth 277,378
Berkebile, Robert 277,408
Berry, John L. 277,490
Best, Jeffrey S. 277,684
Bethmann, Thomas 277,470
Biesel, Douglas T. 278,642
Bissot, David M. 278,500
Bizzaro, Michael 278,642
Blackwell, W. B. 278,398
Blunt, Robert J. 278,602
Boensel, Matthew 278,408
Bolich, John P. 278,704
Booth, Charles W. 278,514
Borchers, Wayne P. 278,420
Borger, Edward M. 278,704
Borowski, Michael 278,422
Bosnic, Cameron J. 278,398
Botero, Frederick 279,470
Bott, Richard P. 279,462
Bouvier, Milton J. 279,614
Bowden, Johnathan 279,464
Bowen, William H. 279,666
Boyne, Matthew J. 279,714
Bradley, Eugene 279,544
Brady, John K. 279,410
Brastauskas, J. P. 279,632
Breckenridge, M. S. 279,694
Briggs, Jeffrey A. 279,714
Brinkman, James B. 279,492
Broadbent, David 280,500
Brodhag, William 280,366
Brodmerkel, E. T. 280,674
Brown, George S. 280,604
Brown, George V. 280,580
Brown, Leonard J. 280,634
Brown, Michael A. 280,534
Browne, Michael J. 280,500
Brownlowe, James 280,430
Buchanan, William 280,526
Buck, Gerald W. 280,580
Budney, Michael D. 280,442
Budnick, Jerome 281,684
Bunker, Karl P. 281,410
Burke, Nancy L. 281,704
Burke, Thomas L. 281,684
Burks, Larry J. 281,398
Burlingame, Brian 281,614
Burlingham, D. M. 281,514
Burnham, Lyle 281,674
Burr, Monte Lee 281,686
Bush, Jeffery Lee 281,492
Butterbrodt, Karl 281,356
Buttram, Jon A. 281,686
Buxbaum, Janice L. 282,472
Buzzell, Michael 282,714
Byers, Gerald M. 282,480

C

Cacace, Richard N. 282,556
Cadwell, Stephen 282,366
Callaghan, T. J. 282,388
Callahan, John L. 282,432
Camacho, German 282,410
Campbell, Richard 282,644
Carlin, Catherine 282,502
Carlquist, R. S. 282,614
Carlson, Jeffrey 282,604
Carmichael, Brian 283,634
Casey, Thomas M. 283,634
Cassell, Jordan W. 283,624
Cassiano, Francis 283,652
Castagnero, M. C. 283,556
Castleman, P. I. 283,422
Catalano, Robert 283,724
Catoe, Joseph M. 283,492
Cavitt, William M. 283,604
Chamberlain, R. J. 283,676
Chandler, Gerald 283,666
Chang, Brandan J. 283,536
Chapline, Michael 284,442
Chapman, Carl E. 284,400
Character, Derek 284,644
Chen, Daryl L. 284,676
Chilton, David L. 284,582
Chisolm, Brannan 284,634
Christensen, R. D. 284,686
Chuday, Richard J. 284,514
Church, Manly K. 284,568
Clager, Robert E. 284,464
Clark, Carl B. 284,556
Clark, Isaac R. Jr. 285,472
Clement, David B. 285,676
Clement, William 285,422
Cleveland, Fred E. 285,452
Cline, Rick G. 285,604
Cloninger, John L. 285,654
Coker, Harry Jr. 285,480
Colegrove, Alan S. 285,604
Coleman, Gerard T. 285,366
Coleman, John W. 285,432
Collins, William 285,388
Colvin, Jeffrey T. 285,464
Colvin, Ronald P. 286,686
Connolly, Edward 286,400
Connolly, Jerome 286,606
Conroy, C. M. 286,422
Cooper, Stanley L. 286,666
Corbett, John J. 286,724
Cornish, Brian F. 286,410
Cotsonas, Peter J. 286,544
Cotterell, Robert 286,502

Cottle, Dean J. 286,724
Coughlin, John C. 286,378
Cox, Elizabeth S. 286,526
Cox, Samuel J. 287,422
Crabbe, James A. 287,536
Craig, Milton T. 287,388
Crook, Mark L. 287,616
Crouse, Mitchell 287,546
Crow, William W. 287,654
Crump, Donald S. 287,654
Cruz, Anatolio B. 287,422
Currie, Kevin G. 287,582
Cushanick, S. A. 287,582
Czarzasty, Mark W. 287,666

D

Dagostino, Thomas 287,492
Dalo, Jerry A. 288,366
Dambra, David F. 288,400
Damm, Raymond C. 288,556
Dancy, Joseph G. 288,368
Daniel, Francis 288,380
Daniels, Sandy L. 288,388
Dato, Leonard A. 288,432
Davenport, Dan W. 288,444
Davids, C. S. 288,568
Davis, William W. 288,492
Dean, Scott M. 288,686
Deavila, Fernando 289,356
DeJesus, Roland E. 289,526
Delonga, David M. 289,454
Dempsey, Edward L. 289,624
Denice, John J. 289,410
Denmark, James D. 289,582
Dennis, Dwayne C. 289,536
Deppe, Thomas W. 289,724
Dercole, T. 289,368
Desmarais, Carol 289,582
Diehl, Steven F. 289,696
Diemer, Ferdinand 289,444
Dillingham, James 290,356
Dimarco, Edward P. 290,584
Dimercurio, M. T. 290,592
Dimitrew, F. 290,558
Dirita, Lawrence 290,480
Disciorio, Joseph 290,536
Dods, Christopher 290,390
Doerrer, Keith J. 290,358
Donahue, James M. 290,584
Donofrio, Richard 290,584
Donovan, Timothy 290,368
Dorsey, Joshua W. 290,606
Doyle, Joseph G. 291,380
Druce, Robin G. 291,716
Duermit, Kevin D. 291,454
Dunlevy, Timothy 291,380
Dunn, James Lee 291,716
Durham, Elizabeth 291,568
Durkin, Michael R. 291,546

E

Easterling, C. A. 291,546
Eckles, William F. 291,584
Edmondson, C. M. 291,472
Edmonson, Richard 291,686
Edwards, Joe F. 291,726
Edwards, Oliver R. 292,644
Eisenhart, Donald 292,666
Elder, William L. 292,634
Elento, Wendell A. 292,726
Elliott, Kris 292,570
Elnitsky, John II 292,570
Emerick, David P. 292,570
Episcopo, Richard 292,380
Ernest, David C. 292,464
Ervin, James B. 292,390
Eschbach, William 292,654
Esparza, Johnny B. 292,454
Etem, Richard T. 293,656
Everett, Charles 293,570

F

Fabrega, Fernando 293,380
Farley, Randal D. 293,444
Farmer, George R. 293,696
Fedor, Michael R. 293,656
Feldman, Thomas M. 293,390
Feldmann, Peggy A. 293,472
Fell, Edwin M. 293,570
Fenton, James R. 293,656
Ferguson, Bert M. 293,594
Figgins, Ronnie L. 293,726
Finegan, Philip G. 294,706
Fink, Kenneth D. 294,558
Fiorino, Douglas 294,368
Fischer, Edward J. 294,676
Fischer, Tracey A. 294,358
Fish, Robert W. 294,546
Fish, Todd H. 294,716
Fitzgerald, M. J. 294,422
Fitzpatrick, S. L. 294,358
Fitzpatrick, T. 294,412
Flack, Kenneth N. 294,492
Flak, Richard A. 294,502
Flores, David J. 295,656
Foley, Maureen P. 295,644
Forde, Eric James 295,454
Fordham, Earl W. 295,536
Forni, Ernest H. 295,400
Foy, David D. 295,424
Frawley, Daniel J. 295,472
Freix, Michael J. 295,502
Frerichs, Herbert 295,472
Friddle, Ronald P. 295,424
Frost, John E. 295,570
Frostenson, Nels 295,472
Fry, John P. 296,526
Funke, Alexander 296,358
Fuse, Douglas J. 296,526
Futch, Lee P. 296,538
Fyles, Peter A. 296,726

G

Gaitan, Fernando 296,424
Galli, John E. 296,412
Gallop, Gerald S. 296,464
Galyo, George S. 296,584
Garrett, Joseph D. 296,432
Garrett, Scott A. 296,636
Garwood, Jack H. 296,558
Gaskill, Peyton T. 297,626
Gay, Earl Lenell 297,444
Gehrke, Bradley R. 297,594
Genter, James A. 297,368
Geraghty, Barbara 297,464
Gernand, Jeffrey 297,716
Geving, C. O. 297,584
Giaquinto, Joseph 297,368
Gieri, William J. 297,492
Gilbert, Charles 297,616
Gildea, Daniel H. 297,706
Gildner, Will W. 297,676
Giosa, Eric 298,546
Glosser, Gordon W. 298,464
Glynn, Michael R. 298,558
Goebel, Stefanie 298,444
Goebel, Thomas J. 298,656
Gonzalez, Mark J. 298,584
Good, Patrick R. 298,514
Gordineer, Dale R. 298,616
Gordon, Leonard B. 298,412
Gosnell, James L. 298,466
Gottlieb, Tobi D. 298,482
Grabbe, Michael T. 298,390
Grace, Joseph A. 299,696
Gragg, Anthony G. 299,390
Graham, John B. 299,390
Granier, Russell 299,666
Grant, James S. 299,514
Gray, Thomas M. 299,482
Green, Ray Andrew 299,390
Grieco, Michael J. 299,570
Griffith, Edwin J. 299,606
Griggs, Frederick 299,626
Grimard, Geoffrey 299,516
Grissom, Matthew 299,444

Grooms, Bruce E. 300,594
Grubbs, Cynthia S. 300,444
Grubman, Eric P. 300,474
Grundmeier, Scott 300,558
Grunewald, James 300,412
Guadagnini, Mark 300,380
Guidoboni, Mark R. 300,432
Gustafson, Karl R. 300,502
Gutzler, Jay A. 300,616
Guzman, Armando L. 300,716

H

Hahn, Leslie M. 300,424
Haines, David D. 300,526
Hale, Alan 301,360
Hale, Miles E. 301,412
Haley, John R. 301,676
Hall, Kenneth B. 301,706
Hall, Lee J. 301,426
Haller, David K. 301,474
Hampshire, John B. 301,548
Hanley, Sharon L. 301,696
Happel, Mark D. 301,586
Hargreaves, Andre 301,706
Harker, Donald P. 301,392
Harman, Nicholas 301,502
Harman, Wayne J. 302,548
Harrington, M. L. 302,586
Harris, David M. 302,400
Hawkins, Jenefer 302,586
Hayase, Peter J. 302,456
Hayden, Joseph C. 302,696
Hayes, Mark E. 302,360
Haynes, James R. 302,504
Head, Steven C. 302,466
Heatherington, R. 302,636
Hebert, Gregg A. 302,360
Heidhausen, Eric 302,538
Heil, Joseph P. 303,548
Hendershot, Carl 303,644
Henderson, K. G. 303,718
Hennegan, Robert 303,446
Henry, Barbette B. 303,606
Henry, Hugh A. 303,380
Herda, Vincent J. 303,382
Herlocker, John F. 303,402
Herrscher, Daniel 303,678
Hesse, Derek H. 303,616
Hickey, James E. 303,594
Hightaian, G. 303,668
Hill, James A. Jr. 304,360
Hill, Jean Pierre 304,446
Hinz, Dan H. Jr. 304,726
Hiser, James K. 304,446
Hodge, Quincy M. 304,572
Hodge, Robert R. 304,688
Hoeft, William F. 304,688
Hogsett, James D. 304,668
Holmes, John G. 304,548
Holwell, Kevin D. 304,636
Honan, Stephen E. 304,606
Hoover, Frederick 304,392
Horn, Joseph A. 305,572
Houck, James W. 305,504
Houck, Richard G. 305,594
Howard, Charlton 305,586
Hubbard, Eugene F. 305,726
Huber, Stephen H. 305,504
Huck, James D. 305,434
Huckenpoehler, J. 305,644
Hudson, Bobby A. 305,434
Huegel, Jack E. 305,482
Huether, Eugene G. 305,548
Huetteman, Mark A. 305,636
Huey, David M. 306,412
Huffman, Robert V. 306,402
Hughes, Dennis P. 306,688
Hughes, Francis J. 306,558
Hults, Jonathan W. 306,474
Hunter, Gregory B. 306,360

I

Igel, John Reeves 306,636
Incze, Bruce I. 306,446
Ingeneri, L. M. 306,504
Inglis, Patrick K. 306,382
Ingram, Donald M. 306,706
Irwin, Sandra C. 306,558
Ishii, Roger K. 307,688
Israel, Kurt T. 307,586

J

Jackson, Bruce K. 307,708
Jackson, James R. 307,688
Jamison, James F. 307,606
Janisko, Robert P. 307,402
Jasper, Scott E. 307,392
Jennings, David M. 307,466
Jerome, Peter S. 307,626
Jiles, Anthony W. 307,426
Jimenez, Jamesina 307,506
Johnson, Roberto 307,392
Johnson, R. 308,688
Johnson, Stephen 308,668
Johnston, Jeffrey 308,708
Johnston, Steven 308,446
Johnstone, J. C. 308,678
Jones, Donald E. 308,618
Jones, Paul B. 308,466
Jones, Ronald C. 308,658
Jones, Russell I. 308,412
Jordan, Robert L. 308,494
Josiah, Arcelio H. 308,494

K

Kaczmarek, Mark S. 308,626
Kane, Michael J. 309,626
Kanewske, Charles 309,382
Karlson, Kathryn 309,668
Karonis, John A. 309,718
Kastner, Robert J. 309,446
Katsiotis, N. G. 309,550
Keavney, Patrick 309,708
Kelleher, Paul C. 309,474
Keller, Susan C. 309,678
Kelly, Walter B. 309,456
Kennedy, David L. 309,482
Kern, David M. 309,484
Kern, James M. 310,638
Ketchmark, Kevin 310,688
Kibic, Ferdinand 310,528
Kiesling, James A. 310,368
Kilger, Peter F. 310,696
Kilian, Dennis P. 310,726
Killea, William R. 310,698
King, Daniel P. 310,434
Kirby, John C. 310,538
Kish, David A. 310,426
Klawinski, L. J. 310,708
Klein, Charles C. 310,516
Kleint, Craig S. 311,456
Kline, Karri A. 311,506
Kluba, Robert F. 311,516
Knapp, Charles I. 311,466
Knowles, Winford 311,572
Kobosko, Timothy 311,646
Kohlmann, Ralph H. 311,528
Kornatz, Steven D. 311,658
Korzan, Lee 311,494
Kosinski, Brian P. 311,698
Koteles, Kenneth 311,572
Kotovsky, Janet F. 311,618
Kott, Carlton C. 312,588
Kubo, Jon C. 312,596
Kunkel, Jeffrey S. 312,494

L

Lair, James Brian 312,678
Lake, Thomas A. 312,718
Lampugnano, M. 312,550
Lancaster, David 312,392
Langmead, J. Randy 312,484
Lantz, Richard D. 312,516
Larson, Gregg B. 312,414

Laukaitis, S. J. 312,414
Law, Daniel J. 312,382
Leadbetter, Beth 313,658
Lefler, Patrick F. 313,698
Lehenbauer, Dale 313,370
Leivonen, Douglas 313,626
Lemay, Charles E. 313,402
Lengyel, David M. 313,596
Lentini, Bradley 313,538
Lepper, Richard A. 313,426
Lescher, William 313,496
Lethbridge, Mark 313,538
Levin, Ross M. 313,362
Lewis, Alan David 313,698
Lewis, Chrystal A. 314,382
Lindblad, Thomas 314,528
Lindquist, Beth A. 314,384
Link, John M. 314,678
Lloyd, Scot D. 314,466
Locke, Richard C. 314,550
Lohneiss, Robert 314,540
Loman, Michael D. 314,698
Lonchas, William 314,516
Long, Michael M. 314,690
Lonn, Robert E. 314,572
Lopez-Alegria, M. 314,638
Lorditch, Paul T. 315,402
Loretangeli, M. 315,638
Loviza, Thomas P. 315,646
Lowe, John A. 315,496
Loyer, John R. 315,448
Lumme, Dale A. 315,700
Lundgren, Mark D. 315,402
Lyman, Relle L. Jr. 315,518
Lynch, Kevin B. 315,448
Lynch, Robert E. 315,574

M

Mac Eslin, David 315,456
Macdonald, K. S. 315,700
Macinnes, Richard 316,434
Mack, Terrence A. 316,718
Madden, Michael J. 316,728
Maliniak, Michael 316,646
Malloy, William F. 316,550
Manns, Edwin 316,646
Mapes, Edward F. 316,518
Marcinkowski, M. W. 316,638
Marks, Brian P. 316,434
Marsh, Charles N. 316,404
Marshfield, Mark 316,668
Martin, Edward B. 316,370
Martin, Scott D. 317,474
Martinez, George 317,718
Martinson, Joel R. 317,448
Martynenko, A. 317,700
Masalin, Steven E. 317,596
Mason, Michael N. 317,728
Matson, Michael A. 317,456
Matts, Stephen D. 317,458
Mauldin, Ronald C. 317,646
Maxwell, Michael 317,658
Maynard, Jeffrey 317,518
Mcadow, Kenneth L. 317,414
McBride, Kelly D. 318,484
McCarthy, John P. 318,436
McCauley, L. H. 318,608
McCawley, Charles 318,638
McCrary, Gavin G. 318,646
McDaniel, Michael 318,394
McDonald, Michael 318,690
McGee, James B. 318,404
McGettigan, J. L. 318,394
McGlocklin, Jon 318,414
McIlhenny, K. J. 318,466
McKee, James W. 318,518
McKinney, F. D. 319,496
McLean, Gary D. 319,414
McMaster, John D. 319,362
McMillan, Herbert 319,588
McNitt, Thomas W. 319,550
McShane, Steven L. 319,638
McTavish, Kevin C. 319,528
McVicker, Dennis 319,474
Meade, Stephen G. 319,528
Medley, Richard A. 319,552
Meek, Virgil D. D. 319,560
Meinhardt, Mel J. 319,506
Melenovsky, R. J. 320,680
Mendez, Armando E. 320,362
Merrill, James M. 320,648
Merrill, John T. 320,718
Metzger, William 320,728
Mew, Lionel Q. L. 320,560
Meyer, Drew P. 320,370
Meyers, Charles L. 320,700
Mikita, Ted E. Jr. 320,552
Miller, Carlos A. 320,484
Miller, Charles C. 320,484
Miller, David K. 320,618
Miller, George T. 321,596
Miller, Gregory A. 321,626
Miller, Jeffrey B. 321,720
Miller, Jeffrey D. 321,506
Miller, Robert W. 321,690
Mills, Timothy 321,680
Milo, Gregg C. 321,552
Mines, Janie L. 321,370
Minor, Ira L. 321,484
Minot, Martin R. 321,560
Mislick, Gregory 321,638
Mokodean, John V. 321,700
Monson, Gregory R. 322,618
Mooney, C. Michael 322,608
Moreau, Steven M. 322,436
Morissette, R. G. 322,426
Morishita, Robin 322,426
Morley, Marjorie 322,658
Morris, Barbara A. 322,370
Morris, Glenn P. 322,596
Morris, Robert K. 322,628
Mosley, Anthony S. 322,362
Motter, Jon G. 322,362
Motz, Scott W. 322,560
Moyer, Richard H. 323,518
Mullarkey, Robert 323,628
Mullen, Andrew J. 323,506
Mullikin, Michael 323,552
Mulloy, Kevin C. 323,670
Munday, Michael W. 323,628
Munson, Jeffrey J. 323,620
Murphy, Patricia 323,448
Murphy, Patrick X. 323,708

N

Nagao, Daniel R. 323,720
Nance, James C. 323,620
Nash, William B. 324,700
Nelson, Albert L. 324,530
Nelson, C. W. 324,562
Nemecek, Robert A. 324,670
Neubauer, Kenneth 324,476
Neunaber, Brian S. 324,608
Nichols, Charles 324,728
Niemann, Federico 324,394
Nies, Gerald F. 324,476
Nivala, Gregg R. 324,540
Nixon, Hugh Earl 324,394
Nixon, William F. 324,436
Norman, George M. 325,660
Nota, Stephen A. 325,574
Nowak, Joseph W. 325,486
Nygaard, Steven S. 325,690
Nylen, Daniel I. 325,628

O

Obranski, Sean F. 325,628
Ocallaghan, E. W. 325,710
Oconnor, John B. 325,506
Odonoghue, Dennis 325,372
Ohara, John F. 325,620
Oka, Alan K. 325,508
Okeefe, Thomas O. 325,372
Okeefe, Thomas P. 326,562
Olds, Rebecca C. 326,660
Olsen, David Ray 326,660
Olsen, Mark T. 326,520

Oneill, Patricia 326,394
Osborne, Joseph W. 326, 404
Otano, Andres H. 326,640
Oxborrow, Robert 326,598

P

Padgett, William 326,540
Padilla, Reuben A. 326,384
Padovani, Bruno S. 326,530
Palencia, Michael 326,530
Palmer, Steve F. 327,508
Pandolfe, Frank C. 327,562
Paris, Jon E. 327,394
Paul, Wickliff 327,508
Paulk, Thomas M. 327,660
Pavlakos, George 327,574
Peck, Thomas B. 327,728
Perez, Samuel Jr. 327,486
Personius, W. S. 327,458
Peters, Matthew T. 327, 680
Peters, Michael 327,496
Petersen, Nelse C. 327,608
Petersen, Richard 328,428
Petersen, Robert 328,508
Peterson, Bradley 328,496
Petri, David S. 328,588
Petro, George M. 328,608
Petrofes, Michael 328,690
Phillips, Charles 328,530
Phillpott, Steve 328,520
Pickering, R. A. 328,530
Pickerl, Hanson D. 328,384
Pieper, Gregory J. 328,710
Pierce, John W. 328,588
Pietrocini, James 329,520
Pino, Jon Carlos 329,476
Pizzi, Randolph F. 329,660
Porr, Walter H. Jr. 329,710
Porter, Brian D. 329,520
Porter, David B. 329,610
Portillo, Alan E. 329,498
Pottberg, Robert 329,662
Poussard, Marc D. 329,720
Powers, Robert B. 329,428
Prager, Paul B. 329,730
Pratt, Wyatt B. 329,476
Press, Richard T. 330,562
Presto, Susan M. 330,384
Preston, Charles 330,648
Preston, Wilson D. 330,702
Priddy, David K. 330,372
Prosser, James A. 330,562
Purin, Douglas M. 330,702

Q

Quessenberry, D. L. 330,416
Quigley, John M. 330,562
Quinn, Michael E. 330,520

R

Rader, Karl A. 330,396
Raggo, Steven L. 330,532
Rampp, Lynn M. 331,588
Ramsay, Gregory R. 331,508
Randall, Jerome T. 331,630
Ransom, James P. 331,610
Rascona, Dominick 331,564
Raum, Henry G. 331,404
Ray, David M. 331,486
Ray, Douglas S. 331,710
Rayhill, C. J. 331,458
Raymond, Darryl K. 331,416
Reagan, James K. 331,552
Redenius, Gary K. 331,712
Reed, Jeffrey S. 332,458
Reed, Michael S. 332,680
Reif, Wayne R. 332,404
Remington, Paul A. 332,372
Renken, Bruce C. 332,372
Rhodes, Henry V. 332,362
Riddle, Mark S. 332,648
Riedel, David A. 332,640
Riehm, Brian E. 332,374
Rivera, Manuel R. 332,448
Rivera, Richard T. 332,648
Rives, Ronald H. 332,692
Roberts, C. C. 333,374
Roberts, Donald J. 333,650
Roberts, James S. 333,620
Robinson, Robert 333,598
Roehl, Steven E. 333,476
Rogers, Joseph N. 333,650
Rogers, Richard C. 333,478
Rolfes, Marc H. 333,670
Rose, Francis M. 333,730
Ross, Bruce A. 333,416
Rossano, Mark J. 333,552
Rossetti, Lee V. 333,416
Rossi, Thomas M. 334,564
Ruck, Timothy G. 334,588
Rucker, Claude L. 334,598
Ruoff, William F. 334,522
Russell, Mark H. 334,404
Russell, Robert H. 334,416
Ryan, Richard J. 334,486
Ryan, Thomas M. 334,730
Rymsza, Felix J. 334,418

S

Saballa, Alexis C. 334,436
Saez-Ortiz, R. 334,564
Saldana, Jose W. 334,478
Salyer, James E. 335,374
Samuels, John L. 335,720
Sanagustin, J. A. 335,662
Sanders, Scott E. 335,384
Sayre, Jeffrey M. 335,564
Schlagel, David M. 335,478
Schlesinger, R. D. 335,640
Schmidt, C. W. 335,540
Schmidt, Kurt T. 335,662
Schmidt, Paul S. 335,510
Schoeneck, Robert 335,438
Schrader, David L. 335,406
Schroeder, M. R. 336,670
Schulz, Frederick 336,364
Schwan, Alexander 336,672
Scott, Kevin M. 336,448
Scovil, Douglas H. 336,448
Screeton, Norman 336,552
Seaward, Michael 336,438
Sebrechts, Claire 336,682
Secor, Eugene D. 336,438
See, Victor C. Jr. 336,610
Seiler, Richard A. 336,498
Selby, Edmund R. 336,384
Senerius, Donald 337,458
Sensi, Joseph 337,574
Serafin, Michael 337,460
Settle, Edward N. 337,720
Sexauer, Roger N. 337,468
Shane, Curtis M. 337,692
Shanebrook, K. 337,620
Shaner, Peter A. 337,598
Sharpe, Jonathan 337, 682
Sheairs, James R. 337,692
Sheffield, Sharon 337,406
Shepherd, Dale A. 337,364
Shettle, Michael 338,682
Shintani, Calvin 338,630
Shockley, Ronald 338,730
Shorts, Vincient 338,730
Shultis, Keith C. 338,722
Sieczkowski, K. B. 338,598
Siems, Gary M. 338,386
Sims, Michael J. 338,590
Sizemore, William 338,610
Skerry, John 338,374
Skidmore, Harley 338,498
Skinner, Joseph E. 338,574
Slater, Richard S. 339,468
Slevin, Kathleen 339,702
Sloan, Thomas D. 339,712
Smith, Bradley B. 339,438
Smith, Brice T. 339,374

Smith, Burney E. 339,630
Smith, Conrad L. 339,672
Smith, Douglas C. 339,418
Smith, Jennifer L. 339,406
Smith, Lawrence R. 339,564
Smith, Lee Allen 339,450
Smith, Paula P. 340,540
Smith, Reuben C. 340,396
Smith, Victor C. 340,468
Sneed, Marcus 340,598
Snider, Keith D. 340,566
Snider, Ted L. Jr. 340,566
Sodd, Vincent J. 340,620
Sonnefeld, M. D. 340,576
Sophy, Kevin S. 340,522
Sorenson, Jeffrey 340,374
Southard, Steven 340,460
Sowell, Mark A. 340,450
Spear, Edward L. 341,438
Speer, John G. 341,440
Spehn, Stephen L. 341,640
Spence, James M. 341,532
Spencer, John P. 341,610
Spohnholtz, C. L. 341,440
Springman, R. C. 341,702
Stagliano, Frank 341,598
Stahl, David J. 341,650
Stambaugh, Thomas 341,498
Stanford, Peter W. 341,702
Stanko, Stephen W. 341,450
Stanley, William 342,396
Stapler, Susan M. 342,440
Stapleton, M. J. 342,488
Starr, Dennis M. 342,406
Stefanovic, R. 342,640
Stein, Thomas G. 342,386
Stencil, Ann F. 342,510
Stenzoski, J. J. 342,460
Sternaman, E. A. 342,374
Stewart, Scott D. 342,576
Stoddard, Harold 342,630
Stovall, Harry E. 342,510
Streed, Daniel H. 343,450
Streightiff, S. 343,722
Strnad, Russell C. 343,576
Stroup, Steven R. 343,488
Struble, Steven I. 343,460
Stucky, Robert B. 343,406
Stuehler, William 343,406
Styczynski, R. M. 343,672
Styron, Ernest L. 343,692
Sullivan, Kevin P. 343,622
Sullivan, Sean P. 343,600
Sullivan, Timothy 344,682
Sundsmo, Todd B. 344,540
Supchak, Paul H. 344,468
Sutter, Carl B. Jr. 344,428

T

Taisey, Bradley C. 344,522
Tanner, Daniel A. 344,418
Tatro, Peter R. 344,600
Taylor, Bradley D. 344,460
Taylor, John G. 344,488
Taylor, Patricia 344,542
Taylor, Philip W. 344,376
Thomas, William L. 344,376
Thompson, Carol A. 345,610
Thompson, Charles 345,554
Thompson, John C. 345,576
Thompson, Kenneth 345,566
Thompson, R. D. 345,722
Thompson, R. G. 345,428
Thompson, R. N. 345,612
Thoreson, Brian E. 345,386
Thornton, Charles 345,590
Thrasher, Paul W. 345,682
Thudium, Patricia 345,532
Timmerman, M. J. 345,542
Tindal, C. H. 346,630
Tomb, Mark C. 346,692
Tomeo, Jeffrey A. 346,488
Torres, Gerardo 346,566
Torres, Raymond J. 346,600
Toves, Jose Mesa 346,650
Trass, Reginald E. 346,450
Trautman, Craig A. 346,576
Trop, Byron Paul 346,622
Trueblood, James 346,612
Turner, Michael J. 346,578
Turnock, William 346,600
Tuset, Jeffrey H. 347,364
Tworzyanski, D. W. 347,590

U

Ullrich, Thomas S. 347,478

V

Vanaria, Anthony 347,622
Vandenhende, Eric 347,418
Vaughan, David D. 347,428
Vaughan, Mark B. 347,510
Vaught, Clifford 347,612
Ventura, Alvaro A. 347,376
Verducci, Anthony 347,732
Vonlipsey, R. K. 347,542

W

Wacek, Pamela J. 347,650
Waddel, Richard L. 348,622
Walker, Jerome L. 348,450
Wallace, Michael 348,672
Wallington, Craig 348,612
Walsh, Kathleen A. 348,566
Watkins, Stanley 348,622
Watson, Dennis G. 348,376
Watts, Edwin B. 348,418
Webber, William T. 348,662
Wedge, Michael G. 348,612
Weisheit, Boris A. 348,542
Welch, Susan S. 348,468
Wellesley, Alan K. 349,600
Wells, John A. 349,428
Wendland, Richard 349,578
Wenzel, Martin J. 349,732
Wetmore, Michael 349,450
White, Mark K. 349,522
White, Steven A. 349,364
White, Terry S. 349,712
Whitfield, Mark L. 349,488
Whiting, Michael 349,732
Whitlock, David B. 349,498
Whitlock, Jay D. 349,554
Whittle, Mark Q. 350,386
Widay, John P. 350,554
Wilbert, Dave E. 350,532
Williams, Douglas 350,630
Williams, Montel 350,510
Wilson, Craig A. 350,578
Wilson, James M. 350,662
Wilson, Ricky E. 350,578
Winter, James L. 350,712
Winter, Jeffrey D. 350,650
Winterscheidt, D. 350,578
Wohlschlegel, R. L. 351,396
Wood, Brian P. 351,478
Wooldridge, R. C. 351,590
Woollett, Donald 351,554
Wykoff, Michael D. 351,732

Y

Yates, Thomas M. 351,672
Yoritomo, Glenn 351,532
Young, Danny Kim 351,440
Young, Jerry T. 351,590
Young, Michael A. 351,542

Z

Zerbe, Jeffrey N. 351,732
Zimmer, Emory E. 352,712
Zimmerman, John D. 352,376
Zingler, Charles 352,364
Zmirich, Robert C. 352,722
Zohorsky, Paul J. 352,396

LUCKY BAG STAFF

CO EDITORS- Jeff Sorenson 80
Mike Seaward 80

BUSINESS MANAGER - Rich Vogel 82
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR - Al Thomas 81

COMPUTER LIASON - Brad McGee 80

PRODUCTION STAFF- Chris Cooke 81
Carl Chapman 80
Lewis Gilpin 82
Walt Nobble 82
Marjorie Zap 83

PHOTO STAFF-
Rich Mayer 81
Rick Winslow 81
Steve Hemmelgarn 82
Eddie DiMarco 80
Dennis McVicker 80
Kirk Harness 81
Reggie McKensie 82

OFFICER REPRESENTATIVE- Lt. C. Carte, USN
Cdr. P. Galanti, USN

THE CLASS OF 1980 EXTENDS ITS DEEPEST APPRECIATION TO AL THOMAS 81 AND MANY OTHERS, WHO UNSELFISHLY GAVE UP THEIR TIME AND SUMMER LEAVE TO HELP EXPEDITE THE PRINTING OF THIS YEARBOOK. ALSO A SALUTE TO TONY VERDUCCI 80 WHO IDENTIFIED THE INFORMAL PICTURES CONTAINED HEREIN.

This yearbook was a creation of all the staff members on the preceding page and countless others. Diligent work of these people produced close to 500 pages, a record amount, during the month of July. Thanks to all those who helped unselfishly.

There are so many other people to thank. The Lucky Bag appreciates all the help that Ed Wilson and the Nimitz Photo Lab gave us during the summer to obtain needed pictures for this book. Thanks to Yearbook Associates and Jim Logue for the excellent portraits. Also thanks to Barry Brown of Walsworth Publishing, who put up with our problems and made the publishing of this book possible. Thanks to the class of 1980 for giving $12.00 each at such a short notice. I realize it was a pain, but because of that money our class has a strong financial position for paying for the publishing of our book.

I apologize for any pictures we may have missed. We tried our best, but an organization our size can make mistakes. I thought we eliminated our problems when we reorganized our staff, I guess we did not.

This book was put together by a relatively small group of hard working people representing the Class of 1980. I hope everyone will enjoy it for years to come.

Jeffrey L. Sorenson
Co-Editor, Lucky Bag

... Fair Winds
and Following Seas
to the class of
1980.

WALSWORTH
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
Cruise Book Office
815 West Little Creek Road
Norfolk, Virginia 23505

43

R.G. Smith